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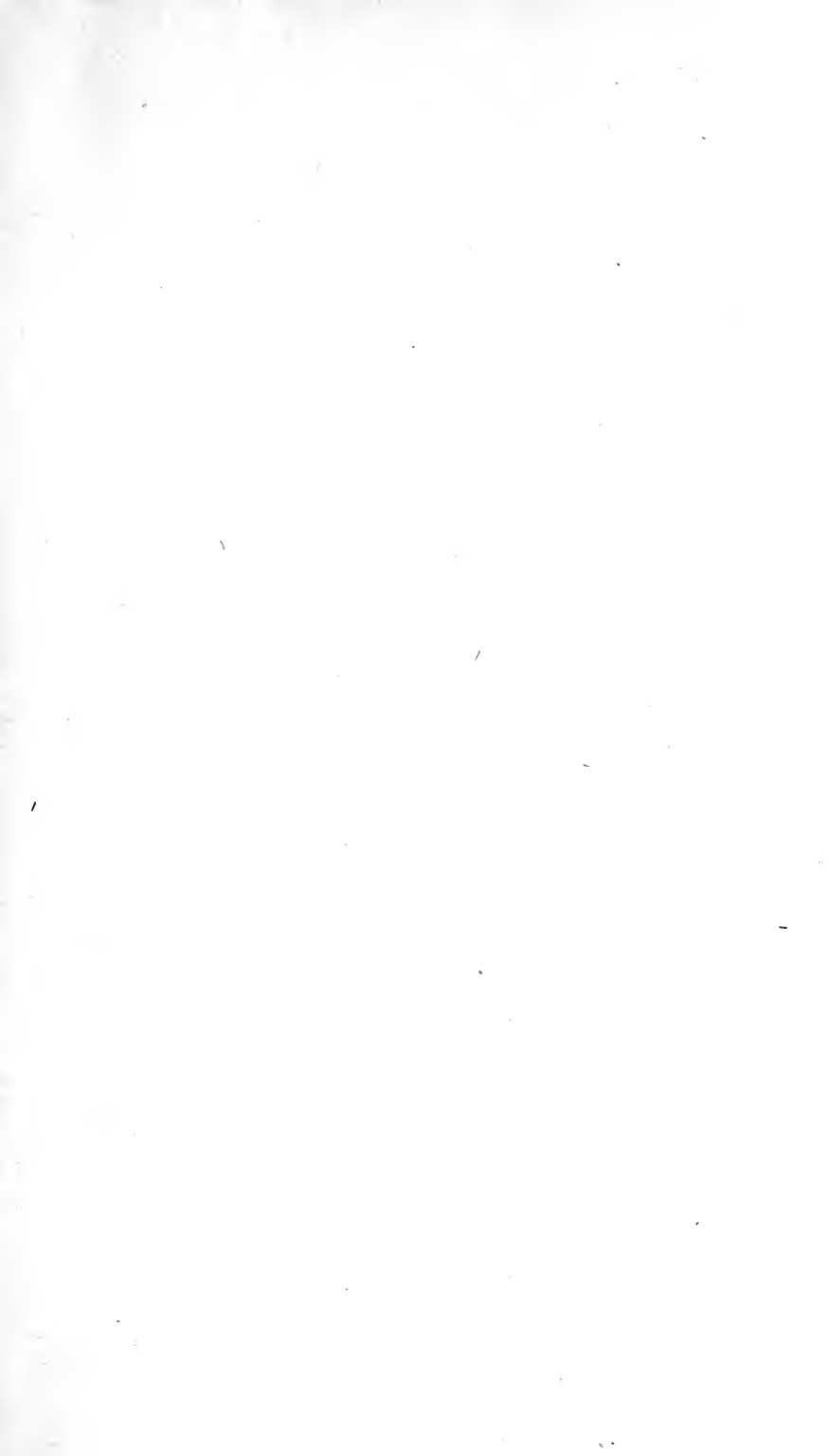
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MRS. PRUDENCE W. KOFOID







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# PEAK SCENERY;

OR,

9

## THE DERBYSHIRE TOURIST.

BY

*E. RHODES.*

---

Ah! who can look on Nature's face  
And feel unholy passions move?  
Her forms of Majesty and Grace  
I cannot chuse but love.—

MONTGOMERY'S *Peak Mountains.*

---

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR

LONGMAN, HURST, REES, ORME, BROWN, AND GREEN,

PATERNOSTER-ROW;

AND THE AUTHOR, SHEFFIELD.

1824.

LONDON :  
Printed by A. & R. Spottiswoode,  
New-Street-Square.

DEDICATION TO THE QUARTO EDITION.

---

TO HIS GRACE THE  
**DUKE OF DEVONSHIRE.**

MY LORD DUKE,

**I**NFLUENCED by my feelings, my predilections, and my wishes, I solicited permission to dedicate the following Sketches of the **PEAK SCENERY** of **DERBYSHIRE** to your Grace. It is apparent that in so doing I had it less in contemplation to compliment you than to do honour to myself: for the permission however, and the handsome manner in which it was communicated, allow me thus publicly to return you my thanks.

In the future progress of this work, your Grace's name can hardly fail to produce advantages probably far beyond what I at present anticipate, and open channels of information which may essentially facilitate its improvement, and extend its utility. Abstracted from this consideration, to what other individual could the following pages be inscribed with

equal propriety? You possess a mansion that may be denominated the PALACE of the PEAK; and the munificence of that noble family, whose wealth and honours now centre in your Grace, has converted some of the wildest scenery of Derbyshire into a terrestrial paradise: the Banks of the DERWENT and the WYE have been adorned and enriched by their bounty.

That your Grace may live to accomplish the plans you have suggested for the still farther improvement of this very interesting district; that you may long enjoy the esteem of good men, and the gratifying consciousness that the splendid honours of the HOUSE of CAVENDISH have been confirmed and enlarged by their present possessor, is the earnest wish of,

My Lord Duke,

Your Grace's most obliged and

Humble Servant,

E. RHODES.

SHEFFIELD, *March* 31, 1818.

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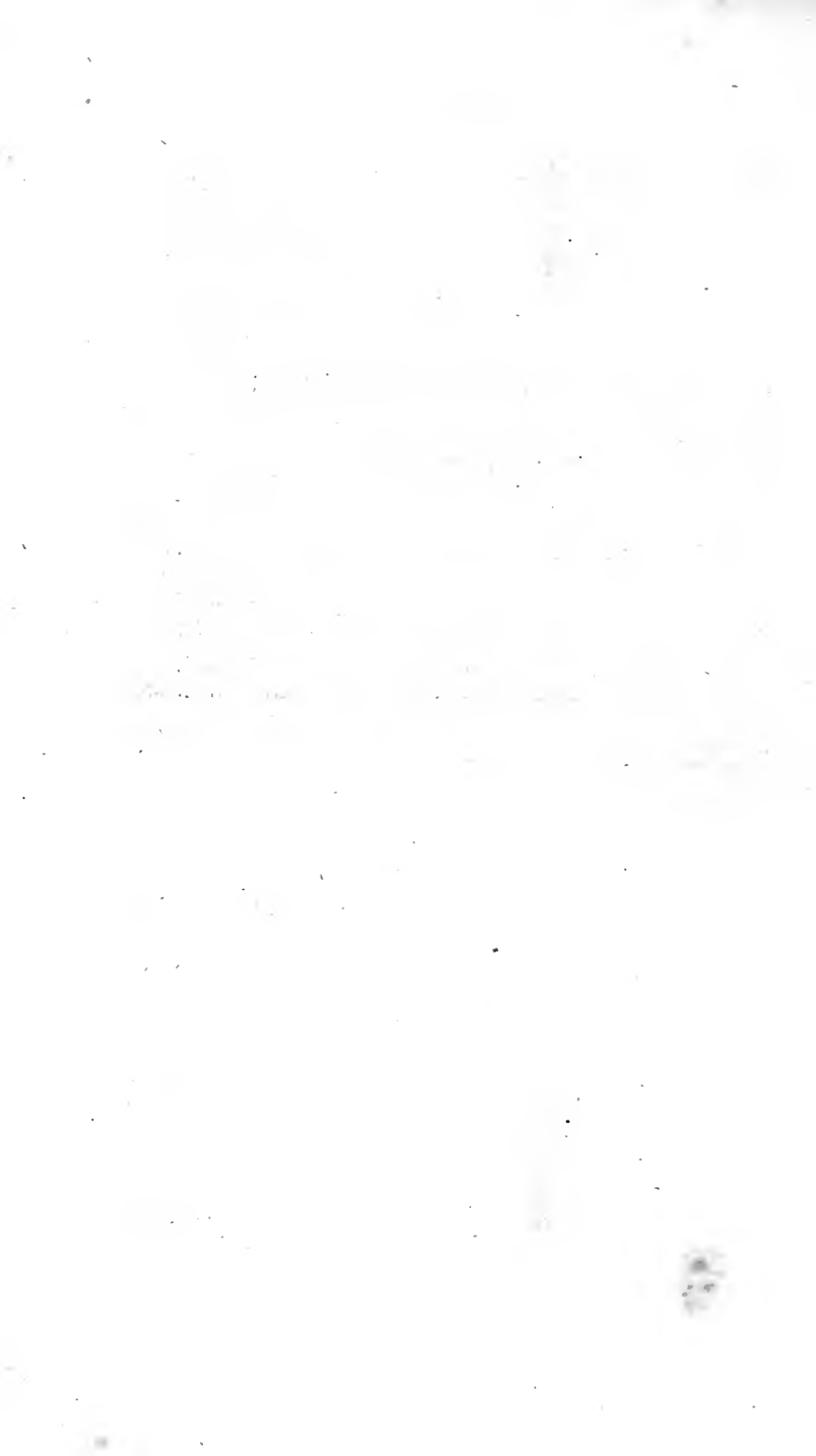
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# INTRODUCTION

TO

THE FIRST EDITION OF THIS WORK.

---

THE Peak of Derbyshire has been often visited by the British tourist, and the pencil and the pen have occasionally been employed to illustrate its most frequented scenery; hitherto, however, it has not been regarded as a place of primary consideration. Gilpin, whose mind was sensibly alive to all that is grand and picturesque in landscape, and who may deservedly be held in the highest estimation as an intelligent and entertaining traveller, has treated Derbyshire with apparent indifference. After passing hastily through several of its valleys, and spending an hour or two on the tops of some of its mountains, he has devoted a few pages only, in one of his works, to a brief detail of its beauties. His accurate and elegant descriptions of Dove-dale and Matlock, leave his readers to regret that he travelled over so small a portion of this remote part of the kingdom, and gave so little of his time and talents to the investigation of those romantic dells with which it abounds. The wild scenery on the banks of the Wye, which every where presents a rich variety of picturesque beauty, occasionally marked with great grandeur, is scarcely noticed by him. Even the magnificent mansion of Haddon, that venerable record of the hospitable manners and

customs of our old English baronage, occupies only a few short sentences. This veteran tourist passed through the Peak of Derbyshire immediately on his return from a journey to the Lakes, at a time when probably nothing less stupendous than the objects which he had left behind, could have attracted his attention.

Derbyshire, however, notwithstanding the neglect it has experienced, is richly stored with the most valuable materials for picturesque purposes. The wildness of its mountains, the beauty of its dales, and the various objects with which they are adorned, entitle it to a distinction it has never yet attained, and constitute a powerful claim to individual consideration. In works principally devoted to other objects, it has occasionally been permitted to appear; yet even then it has occupied but a subordinate situation; expelled the foreground of the composition, it has only served to fill up the distance of the picture. Such are the considerations that have induced the author of these excursions to appropriate nearly the whole of his canvass to the scenery of Derbyshire, and to give it a station more honourable to its character, and more worthy of its pretensions. This highly interesting county abounds with objects of a more important character than rocks and rivers, dales and mountains; objects that may animate the industry, and reward the research of the mineralogist; supply the antiquary with materials that may excite him to penetrate into the secrets of days gone by, and enable him to unfold the records of former times; gratify the lover of local history, and furnish to the geological student, and the man enamoured of philosophic speculation, an ample field for the display of their faculties, and the free indulgence of unrestrained conjecture. These, though not intimately connected with the immediate pursuits of the Picturesque Traveller, will frequently present themselves to his observation, and sometimes

require particular attention. The author of the following pages therefore hopes, that he shall not be closely confined within the narrow limits apparently prescribed by his original design, and the title under which he has chosen to appear; but that, occasionally, he may be permitted to trespass beyond so circumscribed a boundary, whenever the history of the place he visits, or the stores which it may contain, promise to reward his wanderings.

From the preceding remarks it will appear that no regular topographical account of any part of Derbyshire is intended in the following pages; therefore, the author trusts he shall not be censured for not accomplishing what was never in his contemplation. He has selected his own plan, and he has chosen that which not only leaves him free and unshackled in his operations, but gives him an uncontrolled dominion over every object that may be presented to his observation. The topographer is circumscribed in his proceedings, and restrained in all his movements. He must necessarily travel over all the ground *his* design embraces, however dull and uninteresting it may prove; the tourist has higher privileges and a happier avocation; like a bird upon the wing, he explores a wide horizon, flits over all that is uninviting, and rests only on pleasant places.

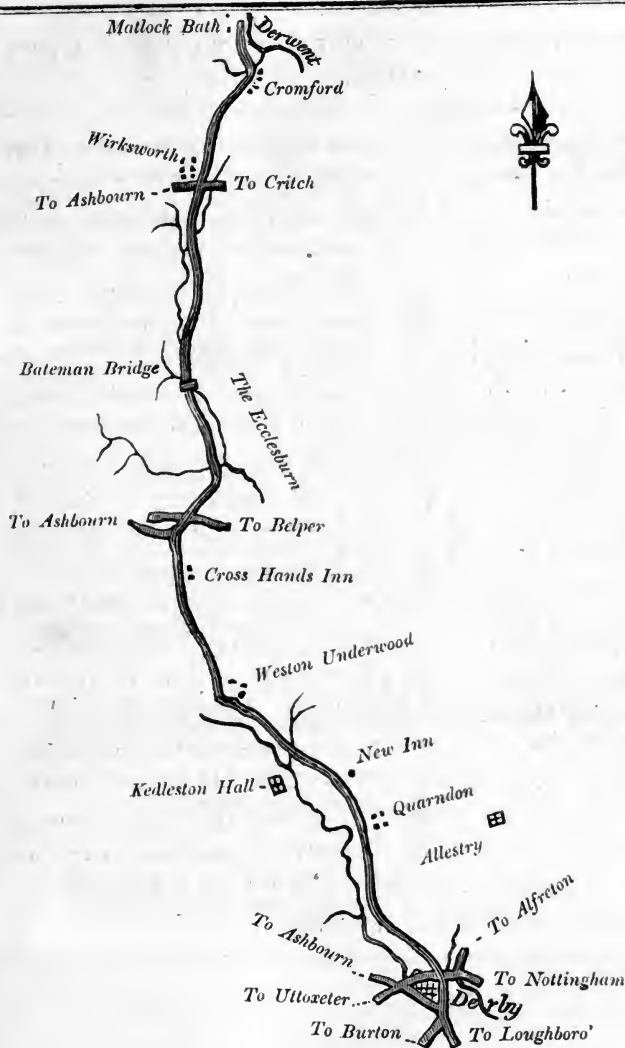
Farther to develope the plan of this work is unnecessary, yet it may not be wholly useless to say that it has originated in a series of Rambles undertaken for the purposes only of pleasure and amusement. The observations suggested, and the memorandums made on these occasions, gradually accumulated in bulk and interest, until they had assumed a form which induced the writer to prepare them for the press. Elegant printing and finely-executed engravings were not then in his contemplation, but, thrown amongst Artists of no inferior estimation, he has gladly availed himself of their as-

sistance, and now rests his hopes of success more on their labours than his own. Such is the history of these Excursions. The author is fully aware of the magnitude of his undertaking, and he knows that it can only be accomplished at considerable expense.\* The tedious and unavoidable procrastination that often attends productions which have their sole dependence on one or two artists only, and those men eminently great in their profession, may render the best concerted arrangements ineffectual. Should delay, or want of success, or any other event terminate these Excursions with the publication of the first or second part, the writer can console himself with the reflection, that he has not only intended well, but that he has left behind him a magnificent outline, which he hopes may yet be filled up by some more fortunate and able tourist.

The author cannot close these introductory observations without acknowledging his obligations to Mr. Chantrey, the artist, whose Sketches of the Peak Scenery of Derbyshire, so essentially contribute to illustrate and embellish the following pages. Remote as this interesting part of the kingdom is from his present residence, he has repeatedly visited it, uninfluenced by considerations of expense, for the purpose of making a series of drawings for this production, which have been gratuitously presented to the writer, as a token of his friendship, and a mark of his attachment to his native county. To say more on this subject might be useless; to say less would be ungrateful.

\* The reader is requested to recollect that this refers to the Quarto Edition only.





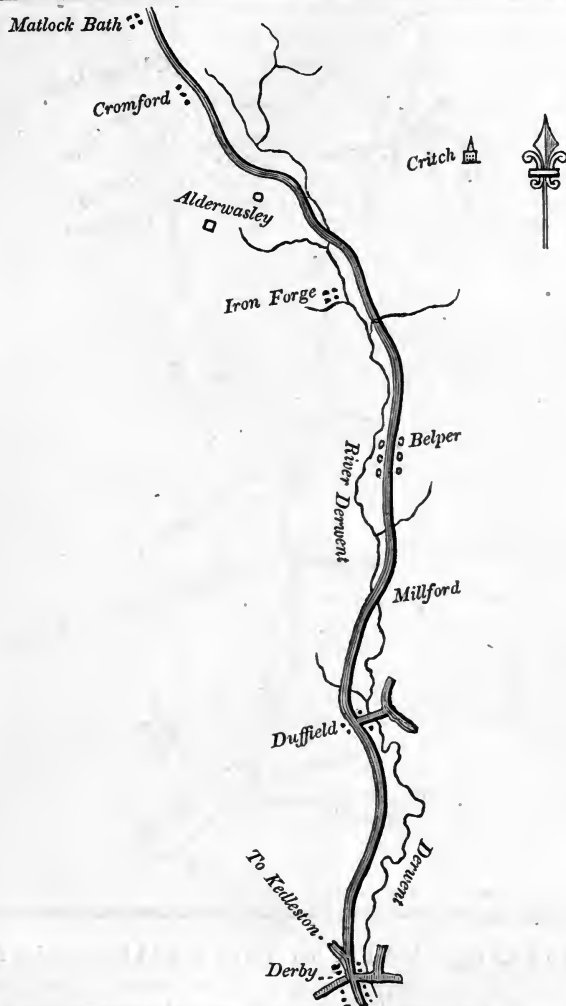
FROM DERBY TO MATLOCK BATH BY KEDLESTON. — 17 MILES.

	Miles	Objects worthy notice.	Page
Derby from London . . . . . }	126	Derby. Porcelain manufactory.	2
* The George Inn.		Brown and Co.'s manufactory of ornaments, made of the marbles	
* The Bell.			

FROM DERBY TO MATLOCK BATH BY KEDLESTON. — 17 MILES.

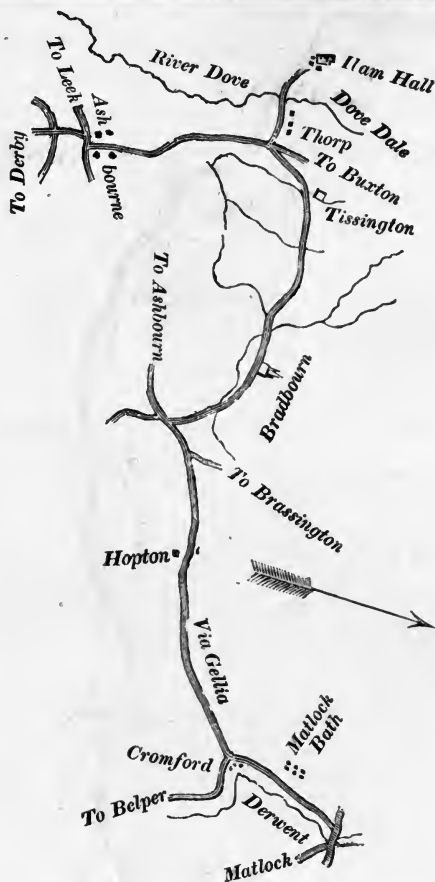
	Miles		Page
* The King's Head.		and fluors of Derbyshire. The infirmary. All Saints church.	2
* The New Inn.			
To Quarndon . . .	3	At <i>Quarndon</i> there is a strong chalybeate spring, which is much frequented during the summer months.	
— Kedleston Hall	0 $\frac{1}{2}$		
New Inn.			
To Weston Un- derwood . . . }	2 $\frac{3}{4}$	<i>Kedleston Hall</i> . A magnificent modern mansion, the residence of Lord Scarsdale. Contains a splendid collection of pictures. May be seen from eleven o'clock to two every day, Sundays excepted.	4
— Cross Hands Inn . . . . . }	2 $\frac{1}{2}$		
— Bateman Bridge	3 $\frac{1}{2}$		
— Wirksworth . .	1 $\frac{3}{4}$		
Red Lion Inn.		<i>Cromford</i> . Near is Willersley Castle, the residence of Richard Arkwright, Esq. The grounds and gardens about this mansion are eminently beautiful.	310
To Cromford . . .	2		
Greyhound Inn.			
To Matlock Bath .	0 $\frac{1}{2}$	<i>Matlock Bath</i> . Rutland and Cumberland caverns. Petrifying wells. Botanic garden. The Museum. The Baths. Mr. Arkwright's grounds. The Romantic Rocks, fenced from general observation by a paling about two yards high, and permitted to be seen for six-pence each person !!!	249
* Old Bath Inn.			
* Saxton's Hotel.			
Museum Hotel.			
<i>Lodging Houses.</i>			
The Temple.			
Fox's.			
Walker's, &c. &c.			
		N.B. The hill called "The Heights of Abraham," may be climbed any hot day in summer for the same reasonable sum, each time.	

N.B. The Inns marked \* are Posting Houses.



FROM DERBY TO MATLOCK BATH BY BELPER.  
17 MILES.

	Miles	Worthy notice.	Page
To Duffield . . . .	4½		
— Millford . . . .	2	Millford. Extensive cotton factories.	
— Belper . . . . .	2	Belper. Large cotton works, and	346
— Cromford . . . .	8	at Bridge Hill, the seat of G.B. Strutt, Esq.	
— Matlock Bath . .	0½		

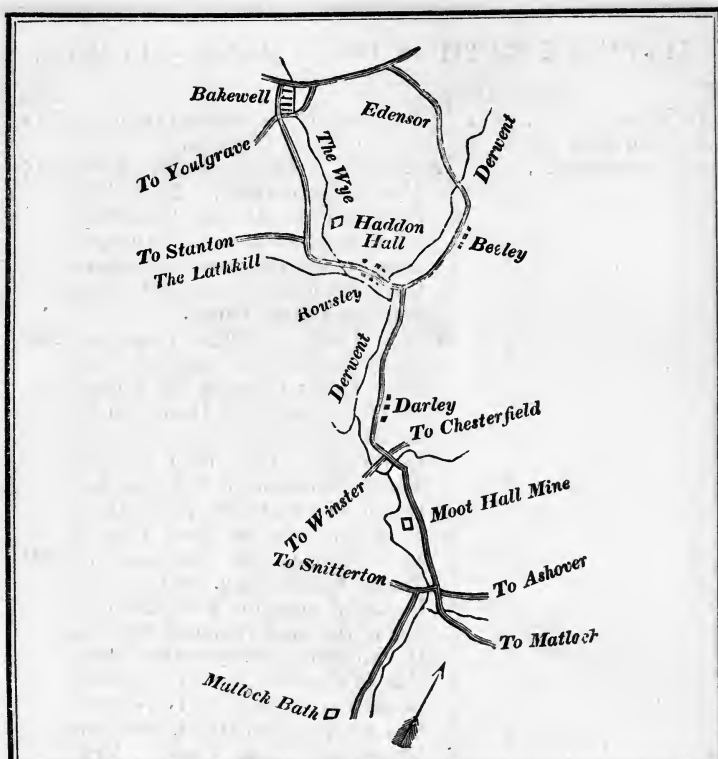


### MATLOCK BATH TO DOVE DALE.—13 MILES.

	Miles	Worthy notice.	Page
Matlock Bath } from London. }	142½	<i>Via Gellia</i> , a picturesque road	311
To Cromford . . .	0½	made through the dales from	
— Via Gellia . . .	1	Bonsal Mill to Hopton, the resi-	
— Hopton . . .	3½	dence of Philip Gell, Esq. M.P.	
— Tissington . . .	5	From Hopton to Tissington leave	
— Spen Lane . . .	1	Brassington to the right. On	

## MATLOCK BATH TO DOVE DALE. — 13 MILES.

	Miles		Page
To Thorp . . . . .	1	Brassington Moor are several curious clusters of rocks.	314
— Ilam Hall . . . .	1		
— Ashbourne . . . .	5	<i>Tissington.</i> The residence of Sir Henry Fitzherbert. Near Tissington, cross the road from Buxton to Ashbourn; turn down Spen Lane to the Dog and Partridge; leave the house on the left hand, and proceed to Thorp.	315
		<i>Thorp Cloud</i> , a high mountain, which guards the entrance into Dove Dale: entering the village of Thorp, leave the Ilam road by a sharp turn into an open meadow on the right, then keeping Thorp Cloud on the left, pass between the hills into Dove Dale. Within a mile of Dove Dale is ILAM HALL, the residence of Watts Russel, Esq. M.P. This beautiful mansion is situated in one of the most romantic vales in the kingdom, on the Staffordshire side of the river Dove: it should be seen by all who visit Dove Dale. The road to Ilam Hall is between Thorp and Thorp Cloud. Travellers with carriages may go to Ilam first, return over the fields to Bunster Dale, and ford the river, which may be done very conveniently at the foot of Thorp Cloud, where Dove Dale commences; or they may take the contrary route, ford the river at the same place, and after passing along Bunster Dale, cross the fields to Ilam.	320 330

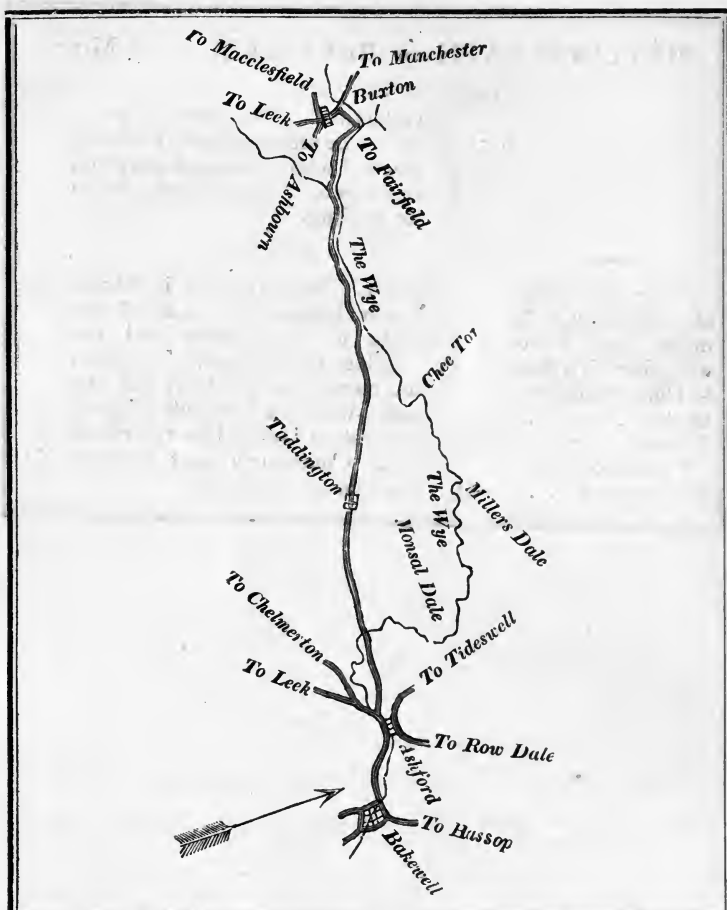


## MATLOCK BATH TO BAKEWELL.—10 MILES.

	Miles		Page
To Matlock Bridge	1½	<i>Worthy notice.</i>	
— Moot Hall Mine	1	<i>Matlock Bath.</i> Pass the High Tor	249
— Darley Church	2½	through the dale to Matlock	
— Rowsley . . . .	2	Bridge.	
— Haddon Hall .	1	<i>Moot Hall Mine.</i> In this mine	246
— Bakewell . . . .	2	beautiful specimens of pyrites,	
* The Rutland Arms.		lead ore, and rose-coloured sulphate of barytes are found.	
		<i>Haddon Hall,</i> belonging to the	140
		Duke of Rutland: a very fine	
		specimen of the old baronial mansion of former times.	
		<i>Bakewell.</i> The church, the bath,	130
		and Mr. White Watson's mineral	

## MATLOCK BATH TO BAKEWELL. — 10 MILES.

	Miles		Page
		collection. The river Wye is here a beautiful stream, and well stocked with trout and grayling. In summer it is much resorted to for angling.	
Near the bridge at Rowsley, $3\frac{1}{2}$ miles from Bakewell, there is a road to Chatsworth by Beeley . . . . .	2		
Edensor . . . . .	$1\frac{1}{2}$	<i>Edensor.</i> Near the inn is Chatsworth House, the seat of the Duke of Devonshire, and the "Palace of the Peak." The park, the house, the gardens, and the water-works, are objects of great interest to Derbyshire travellers.	149
* Edensor Inn.		From Chatsworth pass through	151
To Bakewell . . . .	$3\frac{1}{2}$	Edensor to Bakewell.	



## BAKEWELL TO BUXTON.—12 MILES.

	Miles	Objects worthy notice.	Page
Bakewell from } London . . . . }	152½	At <i>Ashford</i> . Marble mills and the black marble mines. One mile from Ashford leave Monsal Dale on the right, and pass through Taddington Dale.	128
To Ashford . . . .	2		
— Taddington . . .	3½		
— Topley Pike . . .	2		
— Pig Tor . . . .	2		



## BAKEWELL TO BUXTON. — 12 MILES.

	Miles		Page
To Lovers' Leap . . . . .	1	<i>Topley Pike.</i> A very high hill, on the side of which the road is carried along a fearful eminence into the dale below. Chee Tor lies about a mile lower down the river than Topley Pike.	89
— Buxton . . . . .	1½		
* Centre Hotel.			
* Crescent Hotel.			84
* Great Hotel.			
* The Hall.		<i>Pig Tor.</i> A high barren rock on the right of the river Wye.	
* The George.			
* The Grove.		<i>Lovers' Leap.</i> A jutting rock, situated in a picturesque ravine, amongst scenery extremely wild and romantic.	90
* The Eagle.			
* The Shakspeare.			
* The Angel.		<i>Buxton.</i> The baths, the spar shops, Poole's Hall, Diamond Hill, the assembly rooms, and the theatre.	98
<i>Lodging Houses.</i>			
Muirhead	}	Square.	
Boam			
Clayton			
Billinge			
Cotterill	}	Hall Bank.	
Orme			
Crowder			
Wright			
Brandreth	}	Irongate.	
Greenwood			
Jones	}	Market Place.	
Lees			
&c. &c. &c.			

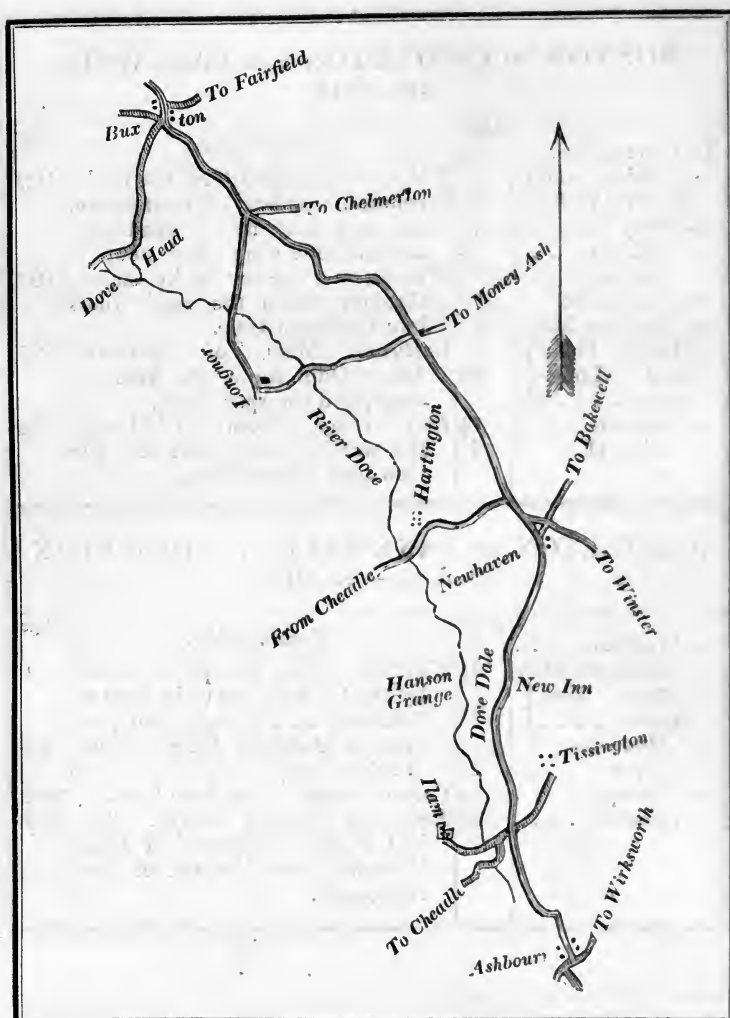


# BUXTON TO CASTLETON AND BAKEWELL. 19½ MILES.

	Miles	Worthy notice.	Page
To Dove Hole . . .	2½		
— Ebbing and } Flowing Well. }	1	<i>Ebbing and Flowing Well</i> , one of the reputed wonders of Derbyshire, lies in a field by the road side, about a mile from Perry Foot.	199
— Perry Foot . .	1		
— Winnats . . . .	1½		
— Castleton . . . .	1½	<i>Winnats</i> . A narrow rocky chasm, through which the road winds into Castleton Dale.	192
* Castle Inn.			
— Wardlow Miers	5		
— Bull's Head } near Long- }	2½	<i>Castleton</i> . Mam Tor, Speedwell Mine, Odin Mine, the fluor ca- vern, and the spar shops.	183
— Ashford . . . .	1½	<i>Bull's Head</i> . From the hill near this public house there is a fine view into Monsal Dale.	124
— Bakewell . . . .	2		

# CASTLETON TO BAKEWELL BY MIDDLETON DALE. — 13 MILES.

	Miles	Worthy notice.	Page
To Wardlow . . . .	5		
— Middleton Dale	1½	<i>Wardlow</i> . Near the public house by the toll bar, leave the road to Bakewell on the right, and pro- ceed to <i>Middleton Dale</i> , a ravine of naked rock.	71
— Stony Mid- } dleton . . . . }	1½		
* Moon Inn.			
— Calver . . . . .	1		
— Hassop . . . . .	1½	<i>Calver</i> , famous for its lime kilns.	222
— Bakewell . . . .	2½	<i>Hassop</i> , a pleasant village. The hall is the residence of Lord Kinnaird, the eldest son of Earl Newburgh.	224

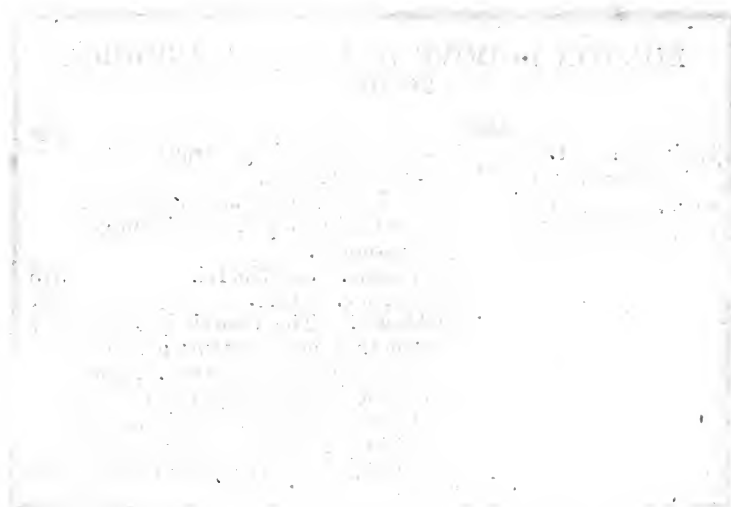


BUXTON TO DOVE DALE AND ASHBOURN.  
20 MILES.

	Miles	Objects worthy notice.	Page
To Newhaven . . .	11	Newhaven, originally an inn only, but now a little village. At this place there is an annual fair for	
— New Inn . . .	3		
— Tissington . . .	2		
— Dove Dale . . .	2		

**BUXTON TO DOVE DALE AND ASHBOURN.  
20 MILES.**

	<i>Miles</i>		<i>Page</i>
Tissington to } Ashbourn . . . }	4	cattle, which is generally numerous attended.	
* The Green Man.		<i>New Inn.</i> Notwithstanding the name of this place, it is only a farm-house.	
* The Moor's Head.		<i>Tissington.</i> See No. III.	315
		<i>Dove Dale.</i> Ditto.	321
		<i>Ashbourn.</i> The church is a fine structure, and contains a monument, by Banks, to the memory of the only daughter of Sir Brooke Boothby, which is exquisitely beautiful, and worthy a visit from all Derbyshire tourists.	317
			320



## PRELIMINARY CHAPTER.

*Derby. — All-Saints' Church. — Porcelain and Derbyshire Spar Manufactory. — the Infirmary. — Kedleston Park. — Kedleston Hall, Pictures, and Statues. — Description of the Road from Kedleston to Wirksworth.*

WITH some trifling alterations and unimportant omissions, the following pages are the reprint of a more costly work, published under the title of "Peak Scenery," and illustrated with a series of engravings from drawings by the celebrated sculptor CHANTREY. It now appears in a less assuming, but, perhaps, a more useful form. The Excursions contained in this volume commence at Sheffield, a place situated within one mile only of the northern extremity of Derbyshire; but as a great majority of those who may make it a travelling companion, may probably approach the more romantic divisions of the county in a contrary direction, a preliminary chapter, beginning with Derby, may neither be an unacceptable nor an useless introduction to the subsequent pages. I shall therefore suppose them snugly seated at an inn, in the principal town of the county, ready to accompany me to the *Peak Scenery* of Derbyshire.

This very interesting portion of the kingdom is distinguished by a great variety of form, soil, and structure. In the more southern districts, where the red marl chiefly prevails, it is flat; and although best adapted to agricultural purposes, it has but few charms for the picturesque tourist, who is most delighted where hills, and dales, and mountain streams make up the prospect. This part of Derbyshire is, therefore, travelled over with comparatively but little interest; but its other divisions, its lands of "red heather," and "mist and mountain," excite more pleasing and more powerful emotions: they are adorned with some of the most beautiful and romantic scenery in the kingdom; and in the con-

templation of those who visit Derbyshire for pleasure, and not for profit, they constitute the county itself. Hence it is that this descriptive tour, passing over thousands of well-cultivated acres and fertile meadows, commences in the immediate vicinity of Derby. Descending the hill from Burton, or approaching the town from Nottingham, it is a good feature in the landscape; and the lofty tower of All-Saints' Church, rising like a magnificent land-mark far above every surrounding object, beautifully intimates the consequence of the place which it dignifies and adorns. This noble tower, which is one hundred and eighty feet high, is ornamented with the richest tracery, and surmounted with light crocketed pinnacles, and embattled parapets of the most exquisite workmanship.

Derby is situated on the banks of the Derwent, in a luxuriant and well-cultivated vale. The town is surrounded with beautiful scenery; and the walks in the meadows near the river, and on the elevated grounds, are peculiarly delightful. Several important manufactures are carried on in this ancient town, and a visit to the Porcelain Works will gratify the traveller. They were established about seventy-five years ago by a gentleman of the name of Dewsbury; and the wares they now produce are unrivalled in richness and elegance. There is a classical taste and beauty in the forms of their urns, vases, and ewers; and some excellent artists are employed to adorn them with landscapes, portraits, groups, and figures. Mineral colours only are used in painting porcelain, and it is finished with a rich enamel. The gold with which it is splendidly ornamented is reduced to a liquid previously to being laid upon the different articles to which it is applied; they are then committed to the fire, when the gold reassumes a solid form, and is afterwards brilliantly polished.

The manufacturing of jewellery has likewise been established at Derby, and pursued with considerable success. The articles made here are much esteemed for their superior neatness and accuracy; no part of the kingdom, the metropolis alone excepted, produces more beautiful jewellery than the town of Derby.

The next place deserving particular notice is the Spar and Marble Manufactory of Messrs. Brown and Co. There is not in the whole mineral world a more beautiful material than the amethystine fluors of Derbyshire; and they are here worked into a variety of elegant ornaments, chiefly from Greek and



Roman models, but partly from designs of a more modern date. At this manufactory, the petroleum, or black marble of Ashford, is made into vases, columns, urns, chimney-pieces, and a variety of other articles of very superior workmanship; and its polish is nearly equal to the surface of a mirror.

Amongst the public buildings at Derby, the Infirmary holds a distinguished rank, whether the architecture, the interior accommodations, or the utility of the structure are considered: its exterior is imposing, and the arrangements within are admirably adapted for comfort and convenience. The fine mechanical talent of Wm. Strutt, Esq. has essentially contributed to the improvement of this benevolent institution. Nearly the whole of its excellent arrangements are attributable to the skill and contrivance of this gentleman. Mr. Charles Sylvester was the practical agent, Mr. Strutt the moving spirit: the ingenious suggestions of the one were confided to the masterly execution of the other, and their combined efforts have produced a system of management and domestic economy in the Derby Infirmary unequalled in any other institution of the kind in the kingdom.

Mr. Charles Sylvester, in his very beautiful and scientific publication on this Infirmary, has added a wreath to his own brow by his liberal acknowledgments of the services rendered him by Mr. Strutt. The praise to which these gentlemen are entitled, may be fairly divided between them: let them, therefore, go down to posterity together as the joint contributors to a noble work.

About half a mile from Derby, closely situated on the banks of the river, is Little Chester, the *Derventio*, or rather one of the *Derventios* of the Romans. On the banks of the Yorkshire Derwent, a few miles north-east of York, near Aldby, they had another town or city of the same name; so denominated, no doubt, from the river near which it stood. Little Chester is now not distinguished by the remains of any ancient works to denote its former consequence, but Dr. Stukely is said to have traced the walls that nearly circumscribed the area where *Derventio* stood: he likewise discovered the foundations of many houses; and near the fields now called Castle Fields, he distinguished the lines of some of the streets. A great variety of Roman coins, both silver and copper, have at different times been found here; some dated as early as the year 14, and others as late as 318; but, as Pilkington observes, "We cannot infer from hence that

the Romans were stationed here for the space of three hundred years."

The easiest and by far the pleasantest road from Derby to Matlock bath is by Duffield and Belper, through a continuity of dales by the side of the Derwent, amidst scenery as beautiful and as picturesque as any in the county. Another road, and one that is frequently travelled, is by Kedleston, the celebrated seat of Lord Scarsdale, which is a powerful magnet of attraction to all who delight to visit the magnificent mansions of English nobility, and who have a soul to feel and relish the excellence of works of art. This splendid building is situated about three and a half miles from Derby, and near the entrance into the park there is a good inn for the accommodation of travellers. Kedleston Park includes an area of the circumference of upwards of five miles, and the trees with which it is adorned are the growth of many centuries: Time has passed silently over them, but the marks of his footsteps he has left behind; their branches are hung with tufts of moss, and they look like the relics of a period that has passed away and been swallowed up by the common despoiler of all things. They are the patriarchs of the forest, and venerable even in decay: a mass of foliage overshadows their mighty trunks, and above, their boughs, stripped of their leafy honours, display their naked ramifications,—the evidences of the many storms they have encountered, and the records of the devastation that time has made amongst their branches. Such are the oaks of Kedleston Park. The house is a modern structure, built about sixty years ago, by R. Adam, Esq. Its exterior is grand and imposing; chaste in design, rich and classical in ornament, and one of the most beautiful specimens of the union of grandeur and utility that can anywhere be found; all its parts are fine, and the combinations intelligible and effective. Kedleston is not only a memorial of the talents of the architect, but it is the depository of a splendid collection of the best works of art. The Hall and the Saloon are two noble apartments. The first is sixty-seven feet by forty-two. The saloon is circular, and it is lighted by a magnificent dome from above. Hamilton has here some excellent paintings of ruins; and the *chiaro-scuro* from subjects of English history, by Rebecca, are amongst the beautiful adornments of this noble apartment. The flower-pieces are by Babbest.

Rembrandt, Cuyp, Vandyke, Tempesta, Zuccarelli, Guido, Anibal Caracchi, and many others, both of the Venetian and

Flemish schools, contribute to adorn the rooms at Kedleston with some of the most successful efforts of their pencils. In this noble mansion the ancients and the moderns vie with each other for mastery in works of art. In the hall there is a beautiful statue of the Belvidere Apollo, and a Meleager by Paulo Pichini. But the saloon contains the finest works in this department of art; it is enriched with some exquisite statuary, amongst which are the Dancing Faun, Antinous, Santa Susanna, a Priestess of Isis, Venus de Medicis, the Muse Urania, a Ganymede, a Flora, and a Mercury, &c. &c. Kedleston is altogether one of the most interesting houses in any part of the kingdom. Travellers are permitted to see it, from eleven o'clock to two, every day in the week, with the exception of Sundays.

From Kedleston to Wirksworth is about ten miles and a half, of very indifferent and uneven road. The first time I travelled from Derby to Matlock, which is now more than twenty years ago, I stopped at the New Inn to enquire my way: a number of loungers, the usual hangers-on about an inn-door, were collected together, and they appeared highly amused with the quizzical replies of their companion. "How many miles to Kedleston?" I asked. "It's no' more than four, belike."—"How many from thence to Matlock?" "Thirteen or fourteen, may hap; an' they're no' very broad ones, I warrant; but no matter for that,—if they ha' no' it in breadth, they ha'n it i' length." The man, I found, was a wit, and fond of talking, and I was in the humour to listen to him. "What sort of road is it for a gig, my good man?" "Marry, Sir, rough enough, a'll conscience; i' some places it will be a' you can do to keep your seat in that thing o' yours. Sometimes it 'ill toss you o' one side, sometimes o' tother,—but it's no' like to rock you asleep for a' that. That cock'ling thing yo' ride in is no' fit for these roads; and I should no' wonder if yo' were to have a fa' before you get to Wirksworth: an' if ye have ye 'ill no find it very soft, for the road is a' covered wi' stones, and they're no some on 'em very little ones either; but may be ye do no' mind a fa' or two."

This quondam post-chaise driver, who had grown old upon the road, and was therefore, as he imagined, privileged to say any thing, would gladly have continued the same strain of observations, but I put an end to his loquacity by thanking him for his information and proceeding on my journey, which I found much less perilous than he had represented.



## SECTION I.

*General Remarks. — Character of Derbyshire Scenery. — Picturesque Beauty. — Sea-coast Views. — Fogs, Mists, and Clouds.*

THERE are but few individuals in this country, possessing the means and the opportunities of travel, who have not, either from curiosity or some other motive, visited the Peak of Derbyshire. It has therefore become generally, though not intimately known, a circumstance which of consequence obviates the necessity of many observations on the prevailing character of the scenery it contains.

A more marked and obvious contrast in form and feature, is scarcely to be met with in any part of the kingdom, than the county of Derby presents. The more southern districts, though richly cultivated, are generally flat and monotonous in outline; to the picturesque traveller they are therefore comparatively of but little value: approaching its northern boundary it wears a more dignified aspect; here the hills gradually assuming a bolder, a wilder, and a more majestic appearance, swell into mountains, which, extending to the most elevated parts of the Peak, mingle their summits with the thin white clouds that often float around them.

That part of Derbyshire known by the name of the HIGH PEAK, is every where composed of a succession of hills, of a greater or lesser elevation, and intervening dales, which play into each other in various directions. Throughout the whole the same general character prevails. A thin mossy verdure, often intermingled with grey barren rock, adorns their sides; and sometimes the interference of what Mr. Farey has denominated "*indestructible lime-stone Rubble*," disfigures their steep acclivities. Yet even then a little brush-wood occasionally breaks in to enliven and diversify the otherwise sterile scene. These remarks particularly apply to the minor dales

of Derbyshire. Those which form the channels of the principal rivers are of a more elevated description, and possess, in an eminent degree, that variety of object, form, and colour, which is essential to picturesque beauty, sometimes united with a magnitude of parts where grandeur and sublimity preside in solitary stillness.

Travellers accustomed to well wooded and highly cultivated scenes only, have frequently expressed a feeling bordering on disgust, at the bleak and barren appearance of the mountains in the Peak of Derbyshire; but to the man whose taste is unsophisticated by a fondness for artificial adornments, they possess superior interest, and impart more pleasing sensations. Remotely seen, they are often beautiful; many of their forms, even when near, are decidedly good; and in distance the features of rudeness, by which they are occasionally marked, are softened down into general and harmonious masses. The graceful and long-continued outline which they present, the breadth of light and shadow that spreads over their extended surfaces, and the delightful colouring with which they are sometimes invested, never fail to attract the attention of the picturesque traveller. But there are persons who, unfortunately for themselves, cannot easily be pleased with what they see; and who, like Sterne's Smelfungus, can "travel from Dan to Beersheba, and cry, — 'tis all barren."

Nature is not only exceedingly arbitrary, but even capricious in the distribution of her treasures: she does not generally arrange the materials that constitute her wildest scenes in strict conformity to the rules and principles of taste. The pictures she presents are not always harmoniously composed; but here, the sloping mountains, turreted with grey projecting rock, not only entertain the eye with romantic forms, but frequently present very pleasing combinations.

It may here be observed that picturesque beauty is not necessarily confined to any peculiar species of landscape: it belongs not exclusively either to a flat or a hilly country. The happy intervention of light and shadow may atone for the absence of variety of form, and impart this delightful quality to scenes and objects apparently at variance with those acknowledged principles on which it is understood to depend: hence it may be found, not only amongst the dales of Derbyshire, but in the level counties of Leicester and Lincoln, where the sight, uninterrupted by hills, freely expatiates over an ex-

tensive range of well-cultivated country. It is refreshing to the spirits, and gratifying to the eye, to wander over ground like this, where no objects intervene to disturb that calm sublimity of feeling, produced by contemplating an expanse of prospect terminating only with the limited powers of human vision; and where one prevailing tone of colour, broad and bold in the foreground, harmoniously unites an infinity of detail that gradually softens into the blue mists of distance, and imperceptibly melts into the horizon.

The gratification derived from beholding a landscape of this description, is nearly allied to the ineffable feeling awakened and cherished by a view of the ocean, under a clear sky, and unruffled by a breeze; when the mind, moving over a world of mighty waters, is sensibly impressed with the grandeur arising from a "long continuation of the same idea," and when contemplating immensity above, beneath, and around, it becomes expanded and sublimed to the loftiest pitch of human feeling.

Sea-coast scenery is indisputably more captivating than any other. The bold promontory shooting far into the deep, the broad expanded bay, the busy beach, the airy lighthouse, the towering cliff, and the shifting lights which play upon the waters, are objects of no common attraction to the lover of picturesque beauty.

Storms at sea, from the awful effect which they never fail to produce upon the mind, have great sublimity; and fogs, mists, and clouds, sometimes subserve the purposes of grandeur. Who that has travelled along the coast has not had his feelings powerfully excited by the phenomena attendant on a retiring fog? Who has not watched with the most lively interest, the progressive unfolding of the sea, and the gradual development of the ships upon its bosom? A vane or a topsail descried above, through the vapour that encompasses and renders undistinguishable all below, excites lively emotions of pleasure, mingled with intense curiosity; and we watch, with an absorbing anxiety, the vessel slowly emerging from its obscurity, and leaving behind the clouds that hung upon its way.

Inland landscape may likewise derive an accession of picturesque effect from the incidental intervention of mists and clouds, for nature has a thousand ways of enriching the many views she has spread before us. These shadowy nothings, these thin and evanescent visitants, not only serve to vary and diversify the scene, but in a mountainous country they are,

occasionally, the source of considerable beauty. To trace the white clouds floating across the bosom of the hills of Derbyshire, their highest peak sometimes illumined with a bright sunny ray, and sometimes compassed around with the majesty of darkness, is at least an amusing, if not a sublime employment : it calls into play the reveries of imagination, a faculty which is always more delighted with objects of its own creation, than with what it finds definitively formed and incapable of its arbitrary modifications.

Such are the appearances that often occur amongst the mountains of Derbyshire. Descending into the dales, especially those through which the Derwent, the Dove, and the Wye meander, the eye is enchanted with brilliant streams, well cultivated meadows, luxuriant foliage, steep heathy hills, and craggy rocks, which administer to the delight of the traveller, and alternately sooth or elevate his mind as he moves along.



## SECTION II.

*Abbey Dale. — Autumnal Morning. — Beauchief Abbey. — East Moor. — View into Hope Dale. — Froggat Edge.*

PARTLY from a conviction that the scenery of Derbyshire may be best explored on foot, and partly from a predilection for walking, the following excursions have been chiefly pedestrian. Sometimes they have been performed alone; but more frequently the tediousness of a solitary journey has been relieved by the presence of a friend. Occasionally they were attended by one whom the author once anticipated would have been the companion of the whole; who was the sweetener of many a happy hour, and the delight of many of his rambles; whose pencil could pourtray with fidelity the various features of the landscape, and sometimes arrest an evanescent beauty; but who has been removed from her native home by one of the most important events in the life of a female. The sweet dales of the Derwent and the Wye she has now exchanged for the more magnificent scenery of Sicily, and a residence in the midst of the “Golden Shell” of the Italian poets.”

In the detail of excursions so performed, the author trusts he may be permitted to speak as if none of them were undertaken alone; unless when an individual feeling or opinion is intended to be expressed: on such occasions, personal responsibility may perhaps soften the egotism that attaches to the self-important pronoun I, and tolerate a mode of expression which he knows not how to avoid.

In undertaking the following excursions, which have been chiefly, though not entirely, made for the purpose of picturesque observation, it was my intention to travel through the mountainous parts of Derbyshire, and visit every place worthy of notice in the high and low PEAK, especially those sequestered spots which lie within the Dales that determine the course of

\* The name given by the poets of Italy to the Vale of Palermo.

the three principal rivers, the WYE, the DERWENT, and the DOVE.

The investigation of the scenery of the Wye was my first object; we therefore bent our way towards the source of that river in the neighbourhood of BUXTON, by the way of STOKE, MIDDLETON, EYAM, and TIDESWELL.

Approaching the partition line that separates Derbyshire from Yorkshire, and skirting a part of its northern extremity through Abbey Dale, we crossed the river Sheaf, near Beauchief. Independently of the lovely valley through which our road lay, this monastic ruin was the first object that claimed our attention in our progress to the PEAK.

The hills in the vicinity of Beauchief are singularly graceful in form, and the long line of luxuriant wood with which they are adorned gives them an air of grandeur. It was a calm autumnal morning as we passed through Abbey Dale. The sun had just ascended above the horizon; his slant lines of light played through the leafy branches of the woody acclivity on the left, and illuminated the tops of the trees; the smoke, from the cottage chimneys on the side of the hill, slowly curling from out the surrounding foliage, enlivened the landscape with a beautiful incident. The whole was a delightful morning picture; every feeling acknowledged its influence, and paid an involuntary tribute to the sweet scenery of Abbey Dale. A thin misty veil, exquisitely soft and tender, was thrown over the principal part of the scene; the surrounding objects, enveloped in the haziness that prevailed, were blended harmoniously together, and they assumed a magnitude, from the medium through which they were beheld, that strongly evinced how nearly allied obscurity is to grandeur. Shortly, the sun shone out in all its splendour, the mists disappeared, and the charm dissolved. Its existence, though lovely, was fugitive. A new picture succeeded, extremely unlike the one which had passed away: every object it contained was clearly defined; fresh in colouring, and glowing with light, it came upon the eye like an island slowly emerging from a sea of vapour, and gradually unfolding its rich variety of parts. I know not that I ever beheld a more pleasing and beautiful effect than the transition presented.

In a part of this valley, near the foot of the hill, on which Beauchief House stands, are the remains of a once magnificent abbey, founded by Robert Fitz-Ranulph, Lord of Alfreton; as an expiation for the part he is said to have acted in the mur-

der of Thomas à Becket. The late Dr. Pegge, the learned antiquary of Whittington, discountenances this tradition. His arguments, however, which are chiefly founded on the circumstance of the brother of Robert Fitz-Ranulph being afterwards in great favour with Henry the Second, do not appear conclusive; particularly when opposed to the authority of Dugdale, Fuller, Bishop Tanner, and others who have written on the subject.

Dugdale says — “ Robert Fitz-Ranulph, Lord of Alfreton, Norton, and Marnham, was one of the four knights who martyred the blessed Thomas à Becket, Archbishop of Canterbury; and afterwards founded the monastery of Beauchief, by way of expiating his crime, in the reign of Henry the Second.”

Bishop Tanner writes — “ Beauchief, an abbey of Premonstratensian, or White Canons, founded A. D. 1183, by Robert Fitz-Ranulph, Lord of Alfreton, one of the executioners of Thomas à Becket, Archbishop of Canterbury; to whom canonized, this monastery was dedicated.”

The walls of this abbey, with the exception of the west end of the chapel, where parochial service is still performed, have long since either been removed, or have mouldered into dust; and nothing now remains to point out the original form of this once extensive pile of building.

The exterior architecture of the chapel is so extremely plain, that with the exception of the reeded windows, and the double buttress at the angles, it is almost destitute of ornament. The elevation of the tower is said to have been “ curtailed of its fair proportion;” but the parapet with which it is surmounted is, in my opinion, an existing evidence against the correctness of such a supposition.

On the east side, two angular lines mark the connection which the chapel had with the other buildings, and a part of the ground-plan may be traced by an old adjoining wall, in which are the remains of two circular Gothic arches, very little impaired by time or accident. A wreath of ivy which falls from the top of the tower, and nearly invests one side of it, breaks the dull monotony of its outline, and produces a tolerably good effect; in other respects, it is not strikingly attractive as a picturesque object. The Abbey of *Bello-Capite* will ever be dear to the antiquary, who will visit it with veneration and delight; nor will the artist pass it by unnoticed. The magnificent woods, and the beautiful hills that

environ the Abbey of Beauchief, amply compensate for any deficiency of grandeur in the subordinate adornments of so rich a scene.

This monastery, though once a considerable structure, was never wealthy. At the time of its dissolution, in the reign of Henry the Eighth, the whole of its revenues were estimated at only one hundred and fifty-seven pounds.

On the summit of the wood-crowned hill of Beauchief, a mansion has been erected of the materials furnished by the demolition of the abbey: it is built in that broken style of architecture which was introduced in the reign of Elizabeth, and was regarded as the standard of excellence in the beginning of the seventeenth century. Of this peculiar style of building many splendid examples yet remain in different parts of the kingdom. The principal entrance to the best front of the house is through a gateway formed by two heavy stone pillars, surmounted with busts, which are now completely enveloped in ivy. I remember visiting Beauchief before this parasitical plant had become so luxuriant: it had then aspired to the height of one of the busts; a branch of it had climbed obliquely across the breast, and threw a light mantle of verdure gracefully over the right shoulder. It was one of the little sports of nature that pleased by its elegance.

Beauchief House was built by the descendants of Sir William Shelly, to whom the estate was given by Henry the Eighth, in the twenty-eighth year of his reign. It is now the residence of B. Steade, Esq.

When the Romans, after invading Britain, had made themselves masters of its coasts, and extended their conquests into this remote part of the kingdom, (the northern extremity of the ancient CORITANI,) the smelting of lead, and the manufacturing of iron, were alike essential to the permanent possession of the country which their valour had acquired. Hence it is that we find scattered over every district, where iron ore abounds, the remains of furnaces and forges where they have ceased to exist for centuries. That they once prevailed in Abbey Dale, is indisputable: large mounds of cinders, evidently produced from the smelting of iron ore, have been recently broken up in this valley; and others, of still greater dimensions, yet remain. Dr. Whittaker, in his History of Manchester, remarks, that "the manufactory of iron must have been undoubtedly enlarged, and the forges must have been multiplied by the Romans. One forge, perhaps,"

he adds, "was erected in the vicinity of every station; and within the West Riding of Yorkshire, in the neighbourhood of North Brierly, amid many beds of cinders, heaped up in the adjacent fields, some years ago was found a quantity of Roman coins carefully deposited in one of them."

The Romans, the Anglo-Saxons, and their successors in the sovereignty of this island, appear to have separated both lead and iron from their native ores by a process extremely simple: they erected their furnaces sometimes in narrow valleys, sometimes on hills; and they were always so situated as to be exposed to the free operation of the most prevailing winds.

We now passed the village of Totley, which stands at the foot of that immense range of mountains that takes its rise in the vicinity of Ashover, and is continued thence through the Peak of Derbyshire, Westmoreland, and Cumberland, into Scotland; and which has been dignified, by Camden and others, with the appellation of the *English Appeninus*.

[To enumerate the many beautiful pictures which occur in the first six miles of this delightful road, would require a pause almost at every step: the hills and the woods, the cottages embosomed in trees, and the water sparkling with light, present a continued succession of objects rich in picturesque beauty, and sometimes very tastefully combined.]

Leaving Totley, the transition from cultivation to barrenness is forcibly impressed upon the mind. All before us was now naked and unadorned; while in the immediate neighbourhood of Sheffield, the hills, with a few exceptions only, are thickly wooded, and fringed with foliage from the summits to the river's brink, and the fields and the meadows are in the highest state of culture.

Near the Toll-Bar-House, which is built on the side of the East Moor, about a mile and a half from Totley, we had a vast retrospective view of the country we had passed. Minutely to describe the scene here presented would perhaps be tedious: all its features are ample and agreeably varied, both in form and colour. The foreground is well broken; sometimes thrown up into rugged knolls, and sometimes sinking, with an easy sweeping line, into gentle declivities, which are every where adorned with fern, and heath, and verdure. A long slope of hill succeeds, which declines into, and forms one side of, Abbey Dale: the other, extremely beautiful in outline, and clothed with magnificent wood, rises more ab-

ruptly from the dale, blending its topmost foliage with the horizon. A part of Sheffield, including the three churches, occupies the extreme point of the valley; beyond which the hills gradually ascend, presenting a continued succession of woodland scenery to the vicinity of Wentworth. The three architectural monuments of Hooper Stand, Keppel's Pillar, and the Mausoleum erected by Earl Fitzwilliam to the memory of the late Marquis of Rockingham, embellish the remote distance of this richly diversified prospect.

Another two miles of ascending road brought us to the summit of the hill that first presents a view of the fine open valley through which the Derwent runs. What a noble prospect is here unfolded! Boldly featured hills crested with rock, retire into mid-distance: beyond, embosomed in a capacious amphitheatre of mountains, the beautiful eminences that stud the dales of Hathersage, Hope, and Castleton, display their graceful variety of outline.

“ With rude diversity of form  
 “ The insulated mountains tower :  
 “ Oft o’er these hills the transient storm  
 “ And partial darkness lower ;  
 “ While yonder summits, far away,  
 “ Shine sweetly through the gloom,  
 “ Like glimpses of eternal day  
 “ Beyond the Tomb.”

MONTGOMERY'S *Peak Mountains*.

The Dale of Hope looked lovely from this commanding situation. A mild gleam of sunny light fell broad upon it, and for a while it was the only illuminated spot of ground within the wide horizon: the name of this sweet vale — the soft yet cheerful ray that now rested upon and lighted up its meadows, produced an association of pleasing images round which the mind lingered with delight.

This is one of the lofty stations from whence the scenery of the Peak of Derbyshire assumes an appearance of grandeur; and the sudden change we had experienced from one species of landscape to another, made the contrast more forcibly felt. We had just enjoyed a sweeping and highly diversified view of fine flat country, which included many parts of the counties of Nottingham, Derby, York, and Lincoln, every where cultivated like a garden, enriched with the fairest park and woodland scenes, and ornamented with some of the most magnificent mansions of our nobility.

The hand of industry was busily employed even in this

rude place, where stone walls, intersecting each other at right angles, have obtruded on the wildness of these moorland wastes, and robbed them of a beauty which they once possessed. In a few years they will wear a different appearance, and corn will wave where the yellow gorse and the purple heath now flourish; and the oak, the ash, the elm, and the pine, will each contribute to enrich and ennoble the scene. To accomplish so important an object, a society has been formed in Sheffield, for the purpose of purchasing and planting those parts of the Derbyshire moors which lie nearest to the town, and their plan includes the district which has excited the preceding observations. The establishment consists of a limited number of shares of fifty pounds each, no person being permitted to subscribe for more than ten. The management is confided to a committee, and they annually plant a stipulated number of acres.

Derbyshire was new to my companion; and, feeling ourselves now completely within the boundaries of the Peak, we paused awhile to contemplate the country around us.

Strangely insensible to the beauties of nature must that man be who can approach these hills with indifference, and unmoved behold the varying and graceful outline of form which they occasionally exhibit, the subtle admixture of light and tint that play upon their surfaces when near, and the soft blue misty colouring which pervades them in distance. Yet the mountains of Derbyshire, remotely seen, are not always distinguished by this pleasing and shadowy hue. When the black clouds that crown their summits portend a storm, they wear a darker colour, and display a more awful aspect. Even at sunset I have sometimes beheld them invested with a purple tint, so firm and deeply toned, that, with the exception of the great landscape painter, Turner, who delights in the strong opposition of light and shadow, and in those sublime effects which gloom and storm produce, but few artists could be found hardy enough to transmit to canvass so striking and singular an appearance, unless they hesitated not to incur the imputation of having

“ O’ersteept the modesty of Nature.”

Every turn in the road now varied the picture, and every object that presented itself attracted attention, and charmed by its novelty. The abrupt knoll, the rocky projection, and the broken foreground, are not often defective in picturesque

beauty; and, when combined with the heathy hills of Derbyshire, they sometimes produce a landscape in which the parts have a dependance on each other, where the same general character prevails, and where nothing glaringly incongruous intervenes to disturb the harmony of the composition.

On a flat plot of ground, contiguous to the situation we now occupied; several piles of stones formerly stood, which were rudely built in a conical form, without lime or cement: they were removed about fifty years ago, and used for the purpose of repairing the road, when it was discovered that they contained urns or vessels of earthen-ware, in which some human bones were deposited: they were placed at regular distances, and, in connection with each other, they described nearly a circle: they were the cemeteries of the ashes of the dead; and one cannot but regret that their hallowed character, and their antiquity, have not preserved them from violation. I recollect once observing some uncouth heaps of stones of a similar construction, in a wild and very singular dell in the neighbourhood of Bretton, about half way between Highlow and Eyam: they greatly excited my curiosity; but, at that time, I had neither the means nor the opportunity to ascertain their contents, and information is extremely difficult of attainment in the Peak of Derbyshire.

The Lows and Barrows that so frequently occur in this now cheerless district, may probably justify the supposition, that it was once inhabited by a more numerous population, and that these naked hills and barren moors have heretofore been fertile places; a conjecture which may require more particular attention, when traversing those parts of Derbyshire where these burial-places of the earlier ages are more frequently found.

The road from the summit of East Moor is carried with a gentle descent along the brow of the hill to a steep rocky knoll, which may be regarded as the commencement of that lofty ridge of mountains denominated Froggat Edge; then crossing the Derwent, near the village of Calver, it proceeds to Stoney Middleton.

The view from this rocky elevation, in grandeur and sublimity, is unsurpassed in Derbyshire: indeed it would be difficult to find in one short mile of road, in any other part of the kingdom, a succession of scenery more richly and beautifully varied than is here presented. The hills which form the capacious dale of the Derwent, even when individually



considered, are noble objects: they are beautiful in outline; and, in connection with each other, they exhibit all the grace and majesty which rock, and wood, and heath, and verdure, can possibly possess, when spread over a long chain of hills, sometimes rising boldly and abruptly into lofty and magnificent masses, at others declining into easy dales. The banks of the Derwent, from Stoke upwards, and throughout the whole of its windings, as far as the eye can trace its course, is every where luxuriantly wooded. On one side of the river the highest eminences are turreted with broken crags of rock, which is the grand marking feature of every lofty projection from Froggat to Mill-stone Edge, and from thence to the vicinity of Hathersage; beyond which the blue misty hills of the Peak present a succession of faint and shadowy outline, scarcely distinguishable from the clouds of heaven.

He who undertakes, in passing through a country, to describe the scenes he admires, and who hopes to excite a correspondent picture in the minds of his readers, will often have to lament the inefficiency of the means he is under the necessity of employing. The pencil, by an accurate delineation of forms, may speak to the eye, and the canvass may glow with the vivid tints of nature; but it is not through the medium of words, with whatever felicity they may be selected and combined, that an adequate idea of the finest features of a landscape can be communicated. The language of description is likewise so very confined, and its phrases so extremely few, that similar appearance will often suggest a similarity of expression; hence the choicest terms become tiresome from repetition, and the impression they produce faint and imperfect.

## SECTION III.

*View from near Stoke. — Stoney Middleton. — Stoke Hall. — Middleton Church. — St. Martin's Bath. — Middleton Dale. — Lover's Leap. — Roman Coins.*

FROM the village of Froggat we crossed the bridge to Stoke. The day was now declining; and as it was our intention to visit Eyam before we took up our lodgings for the night, we clambered to the top of the mountain terrace which connects the high grounds near Stoke with that interesting and pleasant village.

The Peak of Derbyshire has here a new character; the wildness of its native features is adorned with the ornaments of art, and the general austerity of its aspect is softened into beauty. Immediately below, sloping to the brink of the river, waves the thick and ample foliage of Stoke; within whose shades the Derwent for awhile retires, only to burst again upon the sight with increased force and beauty. The rocky chasm called Middleton Dale lay on our right: the hills near Calver rose majestically from the valley. Their base was lost in smoke, which, issuing in clouds from the lime-kilns below, had spread like an obscuring fog over this part of the landscape, where it seemed to rest, while a mild and steady light played on their summits. Scattered down the vale, which is distinguished by the beautiful meanderings of the Derwent, several little villages and groups of cottages appear. In mid-distance the extensive woods that surround the splendid mansion of Chatsworth, backed with the hills which form one side of Darley Dale, stretch across the valley. The extent of the scene, the features by which it is marked, the time of the day, and the peculiar circumstances under which it was beheld, all conspired to impress upon it a character of grandeur.

" In the western sky, the downward sun  
 " Looked out effulgent from amidst the flush  
 " Of broken clouds, gay shifting to its beam."

THOMSON.

Notwithstanding the promise of a most lovely morning, we had a day of partial rain. A sweet evening succeeded, and the sun set with unusual splendour. A bright gleam of light burst from the clouds which yet rested on the western horizon, and spread a rich misty glow over the woods and the Palace of Chatsworth.

" 'Twas one of those ambrosial eves  
 " A day of storm so often leaves  
 " At its calm setting — when the west  
 " Opens her golden bowers of rest,  
 " And a moist radiance from the skies  
 " Shoots trembling down, as from the eyes  
 " Of some meek penitent, whose last  
 " Bright hours atone for dark ones past,  
 " And whose sweet tears o'er wrong forgiven,  
 " Shine as they fall, with light from heaven !"

MOORE'S *Lalla Rookh*.

From this commanding station the steep ridge of mountains called FROGGAT EDGE form the back-ground of Stoke Hall. They are the loftiest eminences on this part of the Peak, and their towering summits are often covered with clouds. Stern, rugged, and apparently impassable, they frown over the valley below; from whence, to an active and ardent imagination, they look like "the barrier of unwrought space."

" A rocky coronet adorns their brows ;  
 " A verdant wreath, with purple heath-bells gay  
 " And many a wild flower twined, plays on their sides ;  
 " And humble dwellings shelter at their base." M. S.

Many of the hills in this part of Derbyshire are thus turreted, and Froggat Edge presents a striking specimen of their prevailing character. Generally their summits are unblest with verdure; and they look as if at some remote period their soil had been washed away by the rains of heaven, and their heads left bald by the storms of time.

From Stoke we passed by a pleasant road to Eyam, a village containing about one hundred houses, scattered over a gently rising ground, and chiefly inhabited by miners. Hills of steep ascent rise high above the village on one side; on the other the view is bounded, at a distance of several miles,

by the mountains in the neighbourhood of Calver, Baslow, and Chatsworth.

Night had now closed upon us; and as we were aware that Eyam would occupy our attention the greatest part of the following day, we paid a hasty visit to the church-yard there, and then proceeded through a narrow craggy defile to Middleton Dale. The moon rose majestically over the hills: the soft dubious light thrown on the rocky projections, the dark mass of intervening shadow, and the obscurity that now pervaded this wild and singular dale, wonderfully enhanced its grandeur. We passed it in silence, as if we feared to disturb the stillness of the scene, and interrupt its solitude by conversation.

The uncertainty in which the mind is involved when it contemplates objects undefined in form, and only indistinctly seen, is a source of sublime and elevated feeling. Participating the emotions thus excited, we leisurely rambled down the dale to Stoney Middleton, where we took up our residence at the Moon Inn. Here we found excellent accommodations, a neat room, a clear fire, civil treatment, and good beds.

The long chain of mountain we had previously passed on our way from Sheffield, is generally denominated EAST MOOR. It is the barrier that separates the coal and limestone districts of Derbyshire, and it constitutes an enormous stratum of millstone grit. The highest hills on the opposite side of the Derwent are of similar formation, but more argillaceous and laminated: they rest on an immense bed of limestone, which, in one direction, extends from Eyam beyond the river Wye. At Middleton, where it makes its first appearance, it has evidently been rent asunder by some strong convulsion in nature, at a period of time too remote for historical record. A great variety of shells and marine impressions are found in the rocks, and the rugged walls in the dale contain many curious combinations of organic remains.

No part of the kingdom is better calculated to facilitate the study of mineralogy and geology, than the Peak of Derbyshire: it is here that nature, in a peculiar way, lays bare her operations. The various strata here exhibited, in some places highly elevated, in others greatly depressed, and broken into rents and chasms by frequent dislocations, unfold the interior formation of the earth we inhabit, and carry the mind back to that era of time when it was shaken and tumbled together, and the hills and dales assumed their present form and positions.

Whitehurst, in his theory of the formation of the earth, has deduced his most powerful arguments from the strata of Derbyshire, which, he contends, exhibit irrefragable testimony of their volcanic origin. St. Fond, who entertained a different opinion, professes his astonishment, that a man so gifted as Whitehurst should discover any proofs in support of his peculiar theory, in a country where, as he remarks, "every thing is evidently of an aqueous origin."

Thus it is that the disciples of Werner and Hutton, the Neptunists and the Vulcanists of the present geological school, support their different theories from appearances strikingly similar, if not essentially the same. The basaltic stratum which, in various places, alternates with calcareous rock, and which is provincially called toadstone, has furnished Whitehurst with his most triumphant arguments: that it is obviously and indisputably lava, he maintains, cannot be denied. Wherever it occurs, it occupies and fills up the space that intervenes between the different limestone strata; and the manner in which it cuts off or intercepts the metallic veins is, in his opinion, conclusive on the subject.

It may be here remarked, that though the toadstone of Derbyshire differs materially in its external appearance, it has one general character by which all its varieties are decidedly marked. So indeed has lava. It breaks with an equal fracture in all directions: so does volcanic lava. It is likewise of various colours: so are the lavas of Etna and Vesuvius, and there is a striking similarity in their internal structure.

I have attentively examined more than a hundred specimens of lava, now in my possession, and have repeatedly compared them with the toadstones of Derbyshire, without being able to detect any thing like a characteristic difference; and I have now by me a tablet composed of nine varieties of each, which forcibly illustrates their general affinity.

The lavas of Etna exhibit every degree of compactness and hardness, from the close texture of granite and marble to the most porous. The interior of the molten mass, being generally in a more fluid state, when hot and flowing, differs in appearance from that which floated on the surface; and the part which appears to have been in immediate contact with the earth is, in many instances, but little more compact than half-burnt clay. I have indeed observed only one specimen of lava that does not closely correspond with some one or

other of the toadstones of Derbyshire: it is of a dark blueish-green colour, intermixed with streaks of a dirty earthy yellow; and it contains a great number of quartz crystals of various sizes, sometimes closely imbedded in the surrounding matter, and sometimes congregated together in small caverns.

I feel it would be presumption in one so superficially acquainted with geology, to offer an opinion on a subject necessarily requiring long previous investigation. I shall therefore, after first apologizing for the preceding observations, resume the detail of my excursions, reserving to myself the privilege of again adverting to the subject on my visit to Matlock Dale; where, if I am not mistaken, a vein of lead ore occurs, and is regularly worked, in a stratum of toadstone. This fact indeed is far from being fatal to the theory of Whitehurst, as several instances of metallic veins being found in the very craters of volcanoes are known to exist.\*

The following morning we revisited Stoke: the sun that had set so gloriously the preceding evening, and seemed to give

“ The promise of a golden day to-morrow,”

was partially obscured with clouds when he arose. A brisk wind prevailed, which we did not regret, as it imparted to the scenery around us a pleasing variety, and impressed upon the mind a new train of images. At intervals the sun shone brightly in the heavens; the clouds were driven rapidly along by the violence of the gale: every object was at one moment strongly illuminated, then instantaneously dark with shadow. The quickness of the change, the freshness of the breeze, the elastic motion of the branches of the trees as they strained and struggled with the blast, the rustling of the leaves, — all conspired to produce a very interesting effect.

Motion, amidst the eternal repose of fixed objects in nature, is always pleasing to the eye, and frequently exhilarating to the mind. The course of clouds, changing place, and shape, and colour continually; the flight of birds, whether suddenly startled from the bushes, sailing aloft in the air, or darting to and fro near the earth; the visible lapse of waters in the variable bed of a river; the fluttering of the foliage of hedge-

\* Gold-mine in the island of Ischia. The whole island is entirely volcanic. Breislav Mine of mercury at Guanica Velica, is in the crater of a volcano; and also the gold-mine of Naggag. — *Bakewell on Geology*.

row trees, or the verdant undulations of a sea of wood, tossing in the gale and shifting its lights and shadows in the sun; the revolutions of a water-wheel or a wind-mill; the alternate glimpse and disappearance of carriages on an interrupted line of road; the progress of solitary passengers seen here and there in contrary directions; the rambling of animals, herds on the mountains, sheep on their walks; — all these various forms of motion, if such they may be called, either present life, or resemble it, and excite peculiar feelings of sympathy, curiosity, and pleasure.

These are but the adventitious adornments of a landscape; they are, nevertheless, some of its richest and most attractive appendages. Rocks and hills, dales, plains, and mountains, are fixed and permanent; their forms and their positions change not. Unvisited by life and motion, they repose in undisturbed tranquillity, and their stillness is often grand and awful; but their most picturesque effects are transient and incidental.

The beauties of Stoke have often excited the admiration of travellers. It is indisputably one of the most delightful mansions in the north of Derbyshire; and though not sufficiently capacious for the purposes of magnificence and splendour, it might yet be selected as a fit and happy home for the comforts and elegances of life. Its architecture is neat and simple — neither poor for want of ornament, nor gaudy with profusion; and it stands on a graceful eminence near the brink of the river, embosomed in some of the most lovely wood-scenery in Derbyshire. The Derwent, as it passes the grounds of Stoke, is a noble stream; black with shadow, it moves majestically along, its dark surface occasionally relieved by the transparent reflection of the foliage which overhangs its banks.

This beautiful place was formerly the residence of Orlando Bridgman, Esq., now Lord Bradford, of Weston Hall, in Staffordshire. It is at present occupied by Robert Arkwright, Esq., a grandson of the late Sir Richard Arkwright; a man who was the artificer of his own fortune, the founder of a highly respectable family, and a benefactor to the commerce of his country.

Returning over the fields to Middleton, and descending by a by-path from a farm-house on the brow of the hill, we had a pleasing view of the village, which is romantically situated at the entrance into Middleton Dale. The cottages

are scattered amongst the rocks in a very picturesque manner, one rising over another from the base to the summit of the mountains.

In the Church-yard of Middleton we found but little to attract attention. The most interesting object we observed was an old stone-font of a very elegant form, and carved in a good Gothic style. It stands in a corner of the church-yard, overshadowed by some light trees. It is difficult to conjecture why so graceful a piece of workmanship should be cast, like useless lumber, into an obscure corner, rapidly to moulder away, when, by being removed into the interior of the church, it might be long preserved, an ornament to the building that gave it shelter.

A church-yard, to the contemplative mind, is a school of instruction. It is not always an easy task to analyse feeling, or trace the emotions we experience to their source; but surely it is not possible to approach a place dedicated to the moral and religious improvement of the living, and which is the sacred depository of the dead, without associations and impressions calculated to elevate the mind and improve the heart. The lessons of mortality taught by the silent monitors that crowd these hallowed receptacles, and the conviction that we hold our dearest enjoyments by a frail and uncertain tenure, come forcibly upon the heart which is softened to receive instruction, by the contemplation of our common home, where so many of our brethren rest in peace together, who, perhaps, by their little feuds, once agitated and disturbed each other; and our feelings become exalted as the mind, dwelling on what we are, and on that event which connects time with eternity, thinks on what we MAY BE.

The uncouth tributes of respect paid to the departed, and the humble memorials of their virtues which abound in a country church-yard, however offensive to good taste, frequently excite our sympathy. They are the records of affection; and that heart must be cold indeed, that can seriously condemn these lowly offerings of the Muse, even though the whimsical absurdities by which they are occasionally marked, may sometimes produce a feeling not altogether in unison with the solemnity of these homes of the departed.

“ Their names, their years, spelt by th’ unlettered muse,

“ The place of Fame and Elegy supply ;

“ And many a holy text around she strews,

“ That teach the rustic moralist to die.”



We do not indeed expect to find the poetry of a Gray on these simple tablets of fond remembrance: — the stonemason, the parish clerk, and the village schoolmaster, generally divide the trouble and the honour of their embellishment.

An ancient bath, supposed to have been originally established by the Romans when they occupied a station at Brough and Buxton, still exists in Middleton; but it now wears a modern appearance. Two neat stone buildings have lately been erected on the site of the old bath, for the accommodation of bathers. The heat of the water is about two degrees higher than the warmest springs at Matlock; and it is said to possess very salutary qualities: it is dedicated to St. Martin, by whose name it is still known.

That this bath was constructed by the Romans may not be easily established, at this remote period of time; but, when we consider that they long occupied this part of the kingdom, and that the use of the tepid bath was probably introduced by them into this country, the opinion appears not altogether groundless. The form and composition of the wall that formerly surrounded it, and which was evidently Roman, may likewise be adduced in support of the supposition. The finding of Roman coins in the vicinity of the bath is another circumstance of no trivial importance. So late as the summer of 1814, some workmen employed in removing the soil from a part of the Limestone Rock, near where the road branches out of Middleton Dale to Eyam, discovered a quantity of Roman coins; about one hundred of which are now in the possession of Mr. Bird, of Eyam; they are chiefly copper, but some of them are covered with a thin silvery coating: they are in a good state of preservation, and bear the inscriptions of the Emperors Probus, Gallienus, &c.; and of Victorinus, a successful usurper of imperial power.

Nearly at the time we were at the village of Middleton, the Bishop of Litchfield passed through it on his way to the North, and changed horses at the Moon Inn. The church had then been for many months without a pastor; and the landlord of the inn availed himself of the opportunity, which the presence of the bishop afforded, to represent to him the circumstance, and solicit redress. After an apology, in his plain way, for the intrusion, he told his lordship that at Stoney Middleton they had a church, as well as their neighbours at Eyam; but then they had not a parson, nor had they

had any service on a Sunday for sixteen months: that they had many Methodists in the village, who were very industrious, and had their preachings and their prayer meetings several times a week. "Then," added he, "if this is not giving them an advantage over us, your lordship, I do not know what is." He concluded his appeal to the bishop with a great deal of simplicity, by informing him, that he was no way personally interested in the application; that the church being shut up did not affect him at all, for he had not been there for several years. This application, plain and honest as it was, obtained redress for the evil complained of, and reopened the doors of Middleton Church.

From Middleton we proceeded up the Dale, for the purpose of revisiting the village of Eyam. This part of Derbyshire has been frequently noticed, and some travellers have either felt or affected a contempt of its pretensions to picturesque beauty.

Passing through Middleton, a high perpendicular rock, called the Lover's Leap, marks the first grand opening into the Dale. From the summit of this fearful precipice, about the year 1760, a love-stricken damsel of the name of Baddeley threw herself into the chasm below; and, incredible as it may appear, she sustained but little injury from the desperate attempt: her face was a little disfigured, and her body bruised, by the brambles and the rocky projections that interrupted her fall; but she was enabled to walk to her home with very little assistance. Her bonnet, cap, and handkerchief were left on the summit of the rock, and some fragments of her torn garments, that waved in the few bushes through which she had passed, marked the course of her descent: she therefore returned to her dwelling shorn of part of her habiliments. Her marvellous escape made a serious impression on her mind, and gave a new turn to her feelings: her fit of love subsided; and she ever afterwards lived, in a very exemplary manner, in the vicinity of the place which had been the scene of her folly; and she died unmarried.

The crags which form one side of Middleton Dale are boldly featured, and the parts are broad and massy. Half way from their base they are much broken, and present many smaller projections and recesses; then commences a lofty range of perpendicular rock, the different strata of which are defined by lines running horizontally athwart its sides. The regular tower and turret-like forms which the stony heights

in this dale assume, have, in many places, so much the effect of an old castellated building, that, viewed from the road below, the eye sometimes doubts whether it contemplates the works of nature or of art. A little foliage, introduced to remove the prevailing appearance of barrenness, and a few trees scattered amongst the declivities to break the regularity of the parts, would render this dale beautiful as well as romantic. This improvement, however, even if it were admitted to be one, would impair, if not entirely obliterate, its present character of naked and savage grandeur.

The best view of this stupendous piece of rock scenery is obtained from the base of the ascending ground, which forms the left side of the dale, near the smelting mill, about half a mile from Stoney Middleton. Before you, seen in distance, is the chasm through which the road winds to Tideswell and Buxton: on the right is the Delve, a deep dell, whose rocky sides are partly covered with verdure, and profusely adorned with underwood, elm, and ash. A little nearer the foreground is Eyam Dale; one side of which is strongly characterised with what I have chosen to denominate castellated rock, and the other is fringed with pine, fir, and sycamore. Directly opposite this dale, another branches out on the left; the whole presenting a singular combination of hills, and rocks, and deep ravines.

The wild scenery of Middleton Dale is often greatly improved by the fires of the lime-kilns, with which it abounds. The smoke that issues from them, curling about the rocks, renders their forms indistinct, softens down the asperity of lines by which they are in some places distinguished, wraps them in obscurity, and communicates an imposing sublimity to the whole: sometimes the smoke rolls in dark masses, beyond the broadly-illuminated surface of the boldest projections; sometimes the turreted summits only are seen gleaming with light, while all below is involved in the indistinct and shadowy medium that floats at their base.

A short distance from the smelting mill, a deep cavern enters the foot of the rock, near the side of the road. It has been explored to the extent of about two hundred paces, when a deep water prevented all further progress. The roof is in some places so low, that the cavern cannot be penetrated in an erect position; in others, the passage is of considerable capacity; and it furnishes many beautiful crystallizations: it is a dreary hole; and the entrance into it is now nearly closed up by the

falling of a mass of rubbish from above. Even when more easy of access, it was but rarely visited, as appears from a circumstance which occurred about forty years ago. An itinerant Scotch pedlar, well known and much respected, who periodically attended most of the villages in the Peak of Derbyshire, was found murdered in this gloomy cavern: he had remained undiscovered until his corpse was nearly a skeleton. His person was identified by the buckles in his shoes, and the dress that he wore: his bones were removed to Eyam church for sepulture, where they remained unburied, until the late rector, the Rev. Mr. Seward, consigned them to the grave.

The entrance from Middleton into Eyam Dale is marked by a high rock, whose sides are adorned with ivy, interspersed with branches of yew. A boy, in a perilous attempt to take a bird's nest from the top of this part of the rock, lost his hold, and his life became the forfeit of his temerity: he was precipitated into the depth below, and nearly dashed to pieces.

Lord Duncannon, passing along this dale in the summer of the year 1743, observed a piece of spar upon the road, which his horse accidentally trod upon. He examined and admired this elegant production of Derbyshire; and, anxious to have it formed into a vase, he sent it to Mr. H. Watson, of Bakewell, for the purpose. Thus originated the manufacturing of that beautiful fluor provincially known by the name of Blue John, into columns, vases, urns, and obelisks. It has since become a source of considerable profit; and the splendid ornaments that are now produced from this exquisite material frequently adorn the houses and the palaces of the wealthy and the great.

## SECTION IV.

*Eyam visited by the Plague 1666. — Riley Grave-Stones. — Mr. Mompesson. — Cucklet Church.*

UNCONNECTED with the local history of the place, Eyam is of little importance; but having been afflicted with the plague, in the year 1666, it has become an object of considerable interest. Suffering has sanctified its claim to notice, and the curious and enquiring traveller feels a melancholy pleasure in tracing out the records of the ravages made in this little village by that depopulating scourge of nations.

Dr. Mead, in his narrative of the great plague in London, has noticed the circumstance of its communication to this remote part of the kingdom; and he particularly mentions its introduction into Eyam, through the medium of a box of clothes, sent to a tailor who resided there. The person who opened the box, from whence the imprisoned pestilence burst forth, was its first victim; and the whole of the family, with the solitary exception of one, shared the same fate. The disease spread rapidly, and almost every house was thinned by the contagion. The same cottage, in many instances, contained both the dying and the dead. Short indeed was the space between health and sickness; and immediate the transition from the death-bed to the tomb. Wherever symptoms of the plague appeared, so hopeless was recovery, that the dissolution of the afflicted patient was watched with anxious solicitude, that so much of the disease might be buried, and its influence destroyed. In the church-yard, on the neighbouring hills, and in the fields bordering the village, graves were dug ready to receive the expiring sufferers; and the earth with an unhallowed haste was closed upon them, even whilst the limbs were yet warm, and almost palpitating with life; and

“ O’er the friendly bier no rites were read,

“ No dirge slow chanted, and no pall outspread;

“ While death and night piled up the naked throng,

“ And silence drove their ebon cars along.”

Such is Dr. Darwin's description of the interment of those who died of the plague in London; but here "night piled not up the naked throng," nor was darkness resorted to, to veil the unseemly sight. The open day witnessed the "frequent corse," not decently conveyed to its last home, not only unattended by friends; but uncoffined, and hurried to the grave with the precipitation of panic. The population of Eyam, at this time, was about three hundred and thirty; of whom two hundred and fifty-nine fell by the plague.

Visiting this village, and traversing its environs, the "Mountain Tumulus," distinguished by the name of *Riley Grave-Stones*, claims particular attention. When I first beheld this little spot of ground, I came suddenly upon it from a ramble over the hills above. Its insulated appearance, and the freshness of its verdure, bedded in surrounding heath of the brightest purple, together with the hallowed purpose to which it had been appropriated, induced me to pass a serious half hour within its walls. Miss Seward has informed us that this was the burial-place of the dead when the plague raged at Eyam, and the church-yard had become too crowded to admit any more of its victims.

The situation of Riley Grave-Stones is on an elevated piece of ground not half a mile from the village. A wall has been erected round the stones that remain; but many, whose resting places are not distinguished by any mark, except a gentle swell in the turf that covers them, are not included within this humble paling.

I know not that I ever felt more seriously and solemnly impressed than on my visit to this place. The dreadful power of that disease, which, while it prevailed in London, appalled the whole empire, and in the following year unpeopled the village of Eyam, is here strikingly exemplified. Six headstones and one tabular monumental stone, yet remain to tell the tale of the total extinction of a whole family, with the exception of one boy, in the short space of eight days. The inscriptions, though much worn, may still be distinctly traced. The respective dates are —

Elizabeth Hancock, died August	3, 1666.
Jno. Hancock, sen. ....	4, .....
Jno. Hancock, jun. ....	7, .....
Oner Hancock.....	7, .....
William Hancock .....	7, .....
Alice Hancock.....	9, .....
Ann Hancock .....	10, .....

What a mournful memorial of domestic calamity do these few stones and their brief inscriptions present ! On the four sides of the tomb, which contains the ashes of the father of this unhappy family of sufferers, are the words — *Horam Nes-citis, Orate, Vigilate.*

As an inhabitant of the town of Sheffield, and interested in whatever is connected with its prosperity, I trust the following short digression from this afflicting subject may be forgiven.

About the year 1750 a Mr. Joseph Hancock, a descendant of this family, discovered, or rather *recovered*, the art of covering ingots of copper with plate silver, which were afterwards flatted under rollers, and manufactured into a variety of articles in imitation of wrought silver plate. This business he introduced into the town of Sheffield, where it has since become one of its most important and lucrative concerns. Birmingham has attempted to rival this elegant manufacture, but, with the exception of the Soho establishment, its pretensions are humble.

I have not hesitated to use the term *recovered*, as applicable to the art of which Mr. Joseph Hancock has been considered the founder, for I am well aware that the practice of covering one metal with another more precious is of great antiquity. That articles plated with silver, particularly candlesticks, were in use during the reign of Henry the Seventh, can hardly admit of controversy. A specimen of the work of that period of time was lately taken out of Lady Idonea Percy's Monument, in Beverley Cathedral : a circumstance of itself sufficient to establish the correctness of the opinion here expressed.

Some few years ago, when fewer restraints were imposed on commercial pursuits, nearly five thousand of the inhabitants of the town of Sheffield derived employment and support from a manufacture recently brought into existence by a branch of the unfortunate family of whose rapid and almost total extinction *Riley Grave Stones* are the melancholy record.

We are informed by Miss Seward, that, nearly a century after the plague had thus afflicted Eyam, five of the villagers employed in the Summer of 1757, in digging near *Riley Grave Stones*, found some linen or woollen cloth not entirely consumed, and that even at this distant period of time "the subtle, unextinguished, though much abated power of the most dreadful of all diseases, awakened from the dust in which it so long had slumbered." She adds, "the men all sickened of a putrid fever, and three of the five died; the disorder was contagious, and proved mortal to numbers of the inhabitants of Eyam."

From this account it appears that the very ghost of this terrible pest, rising from the tomb, gave awful proof of its former malignancy, after the lapse of a century.

Respectable as the authority is on which this singular fact rests, its accuracy is doubtful. The bare mention of a circumstance so very extraordinary, naturally excites enquiry, and after all I have heard upon the subject, I am inclined to think that Miss Seward has been mistaken in point of fact. Nor is it more correct that a particular place was appropriated to the burial of the dead, during the ravages of the plague. A promiscuous grave, dug hastily in the nearest convenient place to the dwelling of the deceased, would more probably, be the receptacle of his remains, and the many stones yet to be found in the fields adjoining Eyam, with the dreadful year 1666 inscribed upon them, may determine a question now scarcely worth agitating. It must, however, be admitted that the place known by the name of Riley Grave Stones, appears to have been more generally resorted to than any other, on this mournful occasion. A few years ago a small plot of ground, immediately contiguous to the village, contained many of these memorials; now only one is to be found within it; the others have been removed by the sacrilegious hands of some of the inhabitants. As materials for the purposes of building, they lay convenient for use; and one man has floored his house, and another his barn, with the very stones that told the story of the calamities of Eyam. The dates on those melancholy tablets of mortality, wherever I have observed them, are August and September, but chiefly August, which, probably, being the hottest month in the year, proved the most fatal.

Every thing connected with this awful contagion has, even at this remote period, a powerful and affecting interest; and the traveller, anxious to trace out its history, will find it perpetuated in the fields that surround the village of Eyam in characters too obvious to be misunderstood. Riley Grave Stones, Cucklet Church, and the tomb of Mrs. Mompesson, the impressive memorandums of this desolating scourge, are the last places in the neighbourhood of Eyam that should have suffered violation; but even these have not escaped. Riley Grave Stones: alas! the busy hand of agriculture has nearly obliterated this part of the record, and corn now waves over the charnel-house of the dead. The stones, agreeably to the custom once prevailing here, were originally, as I have been informed, laid horizontally upon the sod that covered the re-



mains of the departed : but this sacred spot, or rather this spot which ought to have been regarded as sacred, being included within the operation of an enclosure act, they have been placed in a perpendicular position, and the plough has passed around them. — May we not enquire, why was this permitted ? and why did not the inhabitants of Eyam preserve this depository of the dead from being thus rudely violated by the living ?

Mr. Bird, a gentleman of Eyam, has lately possessed himself of this interesting plot of ground, and, for the purpose of restoring and preserving to it that character of sacredness which it never should have lost, he has planted a few fir trees within the walls that now enclose Riley Grave Stones. When I last saw them they had lost their leafy honours, and their branches were withered ; a circumstance which aggravated the dreariness of the scene, and conspired to impress more forcibly upon the mind the images of death and decay.

Mr. Mompesson, who held the living of Eyam during the ravages of the plague, was eminently successful in preventing the spread of the disease to the surrounding country. The salutary measures that he adopted, and the enthusiastic affection with which they were carried into fulfilment, were all attended with the happiest results. He was the priest, the physician, and the legislator of a community of sufferers ; and the bond by which they were connected, had a melancholy influence over the minds of his parishioners. His will, nay even his wish but half expressed, had the force and effect of a legislative enactment ; and even at a time, and under circumstances, when men usually listen to the suggestions of personal safety only, he was regarded with reverence and obeyed with alacrity. He represented to the inhabitants the consequence of leaving their homes, and communicating to others the pestilent malady with which they were visited, and the little probability of escaping the contagion by flight. His character and example, combined with his authority, drew a circle round the village of Eyam which none attempted to pass, even though to remain within it was to hazard almost inevitable death. At his suggestion an arrangement was made, by which supplies of food, and every thing necessary to mitigate the horrors of the disease, were deposited, from whence they were regularly removed by some of the villagers to whom this task was assigned. The Earl of Devonshire was at this time at Chatsworth, where, undeterred by the dread of the plague, he remained during the whole of

its ravages, assisting Mr. Mompesson by his exertions, his influence, and his example.

Troughs, or wells are now shown which were then filled with water, and placed at the boundary line of communication, to receive and purify the purchase-money used in this perilous traffic; and I have been informed that a little rivulet, whose stream was devoted to supply and replenish them, was long known by the hallowed appellation of Mompesson's Brook.

This excellent man, conceiving that the assembling of his congregation in the church during the hottest parts of the year, would in all probability aggravate the virulence of the disorder, and give a wider range to the evil, collected his little flock together in a deep romantic dell in the immediate vicinity of Eyam, where on Sundays, and occasionally again during the week, he addressed them from a rocky eminence, now called Cucklet Church.

When we figure to ourselves this admirable man surrounded by his parishioners, under circumstances so awfully impressive; preaching to them as it were in a wilderness, from the point of a projecting rock; imparting to them the consolations of heaven, at a time when such consolations were peculiarly needful, and inspiring them with fortitude in the hour of danger and of dread; is it possible to conceive a picture more truly sublime? Paul preaching at Athens, or John the Baptist in the wilderness, scarcely excites a more powerful and solemn interest than this minister of God, this "legate of the skies," when contemplated on this trying and momentous occasion, "when he stood between the dead and the living, and the plague was stayed." — *Numbers*, chap. xvi. v. 48.

To this pious pastor was committed one of the most arduous and important duties ever confided to man. The zeal and fidelity with which he discharged the functions of his high office, have an everlasting claim on the gratitude of mankind, by whom the memory of his benevolent exertions, connected with the tale of the calamity by which they were called into action, should be reverently cherished.

Mr. Mompesson, was, at this time in the prime of life. He lived to see the disorder subside, and to witness the success of his endeavours to prevent its extension beyond the precincts of the little village that was his peculiar care, and which it had afflicted for nearly seven months. He was, however,

personally destined to participate in the general distress, and to drink of the cup of sorrow that went round among his parishioners. His wife, an amiable woman, only twenty-seven years of age, and the mother of his two children, was one of the victims of the plague. She died in the month of August, and her remains lie near the church of Eyam. How much, and how severely, the good man felt on this occasion, and how feeble were his hopes of escaping the infection, may be ascertained from the following letter addressed to Sir George Saville, patron of the living of Eyam.

“*Eyam, Sept. 1, 1666.*”

“Honoured and Dear Sir,

“This is the saddest news that ever my pen could write. The destroying Angel having taken up his quarters within my habitation, my dearest wife is gone to her eternal rest, and is invested with a crown of righteousness, having made a happy end. Indeed, had she loved herself as well as me, she had fled from the pit of destruction with the sweet babes, and might have prolonged her days; but she was resolved to die a martyr to my interest. My drooping spirits are much refreshed with her joys, which I think are unutterable.

“Sir, this paper is to bid you a hearty farewell for ever, and to bring you my humble thanks for all your noble favours; and I hope you will believe a dying man, I have as much love as honour for you, and I will bend my feeble knees to the God of Heaven, that you, my dear lady, and your children and their children, may be blessed with external and eternal happiness, and that the same blessing may fall upon Lady Sunderland and her relations.

“Dear Sir, let your dying Chaplain recommend this truth to you and your family, that no happiness or solid comfort can be found in this vale of tears, like living a pious life; and pray ever remember this rule, *never do any thing upon which you dare not first ask the blessing of God.*

“Sir, I have made bold in my will with your name for executor, and I hope that you will not take it ill. I have joined two others with you, who will take from you the trouble. Your favourable aspect will, I know, be a great comfort to my distressed orphans. I am not desirous that they should be great, but good: and my next request is, that they be brought up in the fear and admonition of the Lord.

“ Sir, I thank God I am contented to shake hands with all the world; and have many comfortable assurances that God will accept me upon account of his Son. I find the goodness of God greater than ever I thought or imagined; and I wish from my soul that it were not so much abused and contemned.

“ I desire, Sir, that you will be pleased to make choice of a humble, pious man, to succeed me in my parsonage; and could I see your face before my departure hence, I would inform you in what manner I think he may live comfortable amongst his people, which would be some satisfaction to me before I die.

“ Dear Sir, I beg the prayers of all about you that I may not be daunted by the powers of hell, and that I may have dying graces: with tears I beg, that when you are praying for fatherless orphans, you would remember my two pretty babes.

“ Pardon the rude style of this paper, and be pleased to believe that I am, dear Sir, &c.

“ WILLIAM MOMPESSEON.”

This letter, written when the disease was making the greatest havoc, when it had already entered the writer's dwelling, prostrated his hopes, despoiled, and almost desolated, his affections, and evidently produced under the expectation of an immediate attack from the destroying Angel, and an approaching dissolution, is beautifully illustrative of the character of its amiable author. It is, indeed, a heart-rending appeal, and deepens our regret that so little is known of the history of so good a man. His were unobtrusive virtues, and they moved in a narrow circle, but their salutary effects were not confined to the village in which he lived. The disorder, the virulence of which he unremittingly endeavoured to mitigate, was fatal beyond example; and when we reflect, that it was chiefly owing to his benevolent exertions that the surrounding hamlets escaped the contagion, gratitude requires that they should not be forgotten. He was not only the preserver of a small remnant, who were saved at Eyam, but, perhaps, the saviour of many in the vicinity.

A short time after the date of the preceding letter the disease happily subsided, and in a subsequent one addressed to John Beilby, Esq. Nov. 20th, 1666, his sensations, though strong, appear to be less acute, and the prospect of death removed farther from him. In this letter he says—

“ The condition of this place has been so sad, that I per-

suade myself it did exceed all history and example: I may truly say that our place has become a Golgotha, the place of a skull; and had there not been a small remnant of us left 'we had been as Sodoma and been made like unto Gomorrah.' My ears never heard such doleful lamentations, and my eyes never beheld such ghastly spectacles.—Now, blessed be God, all our fears are over, for none have died of the infection since the eleventh of October, and all the pest-houses having been long empty. I intend, God willing, to spend most of this week in seeing all woollen cloaths fumed and purified, as well for the satisfaction as the safety of the country.

"Here has been such burning of goods that the like I think was never known, and, indeed, in this we have been too precise. For my part, I have scarcely left myself apparel to shelter my body from the cold, and have wasted more than needed, merely for example.—As for my part, I cannot say that I had ever better health than during the time of the dreadful visitation, neither can I say that I have had any symptoms of the disease. My man had the distemper, and upon the appearance of a tumour, I gave him several chemical antidotes, which had a very kind operation; and with the blessing of God, kept the venom from the heart, and after the rising broke, he was very well.

"I have largely tasted the goodness of the Creator, and, blessed be his name, the grim looks of death did never yet affright me. I always had a firm faith that my dear babes would do well, which made me willing to shake hands with the unkind, froward world; yet I hope that I shall esteem it a mercy if I am frustrated of the hopes of a translation to a better place: and God grant that I may make a right use of his mercies: as the one hath been tart, so the other hath been sweet and comfortable."

Near the entrance into the chancel of Eyam Church I noticed the tomb of Mrs. Mompesson, which for some time I endeavoured to find in vain. I had taken, as my guide, the description given of this burial place by Miss Seward; I therefore expected to see it "surrounded with iron paling," of which, at present, no trace remains. There is, indeed, as it now appears, no indication of its having been so honoured at any time. At the corners of the tomb are placed four rude stone pillars, or rather posts (for they merit no better a name), and recently some lime trees, which were planted on each side

of her grave, far more worthily distinguished the place where she was interred. The trees flourished, they became valuable as timber, and the sacrilegious axe had just levelled them with the earth when I first visited Eyam. The tomb, however, is permitted to remain: on one end of it is an hour glass placed between two expanded wings, intended, no doubt, as an emblem of the rapid flight of time; and underneath, on an oblong tablet, CAVE<sup>E</sup> is inscribed; and nearer the base appear the words *Nescitis Horam*. On the other end of the tomb is a death's head, resting on a plain projecting tablet; and below I traced the words *Mihi lucrum*, now nearly obliterated.

Peace to her ashes and to the ashes of that excellent man whom she left to deplore her loss. Though the village of Eyam cease to protect the relics that record her sufferings, though the consecrated use of Cucklet Church be effaced from the memory of man, and Riley Grave Stones prove unfaithful to their trust, yet the name of Mompesson, the rival in virtue of the good Bishop of Marseilles, shall not be forgotten, if the pen or the press can save it from oblivion.

The conduct and character of Mr. Mompesson procured him many friends, who sedulously promoted his advancement in the church; through their influence the prebends of York and Southwell, and the rectory of Eakring, in Nottinghamshire, were conferred upon him. At Eakring, where his bones repose, he terminated his labours at a good old age. Had this pious man, in his progress through life, been solicitous of ecclesiastical preferment, he might have attained to yet higher honours in the church. The deanery of Lincoln was offered to him, but, anxious to promote the interest of his friend, Dr. Fuller, the author of "the British Worthies," &c. he declined accepting it, and generously transferred the influence he possessed to the service of a man whom he sincerely esteemed. Dr. Fuller succeeded to the deanery, and he had the gratification to reflect, that he had been placed in the situation to which he had aspired, by an act of friendship as noble and as disinterested as ever dignified the human character.—A fervent piety, a humble resignation, a spirit that, under circumstances peculiarly afflicting, could sincerely say, "not my will but thine be done;" a manly fortitude, and a friendly generosity of heart; were blended together in the life and conduct of Mompesson. He died in the year 1708; but, as Miss Seward

emphatically observes, "his memory ought never to die; it should be immortal as the spirit that made it worthy to live."

In the year 1766, the Rev. Mr. Seward, the father of the poetess of Litchfield, preached a centenary sermon in the church of Eyam, in commemoration of the event recorded in these pages. It was written with great power of description, and appealed so forcibly to the hearts of his auditors, many of whose ancestors had fallen by the plague, that he was frequently interrupted by their tears, and overpowered by his own sensations. The sermon and the effect it produced are yet remembered by some of the villagers of Eyam, and when they recur to the character and the talent of their late minister, they estimate the powers of his mind and the feelings of his heart by their display on this occasion.

About a mile from Riley Grave Stones, and at the contrary extremity of the village, stands CUCKLET CHURCH, which is situated in a deep and narrow dingle called the Delf or Delve. A range of fine ash trees, probably planted from a feeling of veneration for this consecrated place, form the boundary of the little area where it stands. The rock, thus denominated, projects from the side of a steep hill, where it appears like an irregularly-formed building. It is excavated through in different directions, the arches being from twelve to eighteen feet high. From the portico of these arches, in the midst of a romantic dell, and surrounded with the rocks and the mountains of the Peak, Mompesson administered the consolations of Religion to his mourning people, during a period of sorrow and suffering almost unparalleled in Village History.

Cucklet Church consists of a flinty combination of what the miners denominate Chert Balls, and of consequence it is almost impenetrably hard. The dell in which it is placed is rich with verdure, wood, and rock. Its steep and rugged sides are embellished with the hazel, the wild-rose, the dog-berry, and the yew; beautifully checquered with the light and silvery branches of the birch, and the more ample foliage and deeper colouring of the oak and the elm. The tall aspiring ash, which from its prevalence in this part of Derbyshire may be called the TREE OF THE PEAK, is likewise profusely scattered throughout the dell. The ash, indeed, is peculiarly entitled to the appellation here bestowed upon it. Wherever a cottage rears its head, there flourishes the ash: wherever the side of a hill or the base of a rock is adorned with trees, there wave the graceful branches of the ash; and the rivers

that circulate through the dales of Derbyshire, have their banks decorated and their various windings marked by this graceful tree, which universally characterises the woodland scenery of the Peak.

This dell opens into Middleton Dale, the wildness of which it softens and improves by its milder features. Here its extremest width prevails; nearer Eyam the two sides rapidly approximate, and a little above Cucklet Church they form the entrance into a narrow chasm, called by the villagers the SALT PAN. The name is sufficiently undignified, but the picture it presents is exquisite of its kind. Two perpendicular rocks terminate the dell, and on their nearest approach, where they meet within a few paces only, the lofty trees and thick underwood with which they are crested, cast an almost midnight darkness into the deep space that separates them; while the elm and the ash, which flourish at their base, throw their boughs athwart the gloomy cleft, and intermingle their topmost foliage with the descending branches from above.

The trees in this lovely dell have a majestic character, and during the summer months the tufts of brushwood which are scattered along its steep sides, are fancifully festooned with honeysuckles and roses. The wild roses in Derbyshire, wherever the limestone soil prevails, are peculiarly beautiful, and exhibit not only a luxuriance of growth but a richness of colour unsurpassed in any part of the kingdom. The last time I visited this place was in the month of July 1817. The wild rose was then in its greatest glory, and the trees had on their fullest foliage. It was a fine summer's day, and they afforded a delightful shelter from the warm rays of an unclouded sun. The breeze that breathed through the dell, loaded with the fragrance of a thousand flowers, came upon the senses with a voluptuous softness that almost wrapt them in forgetfulness.

“ Though a thousand branches join their screen,  
 “ Yet the broken sunbeams glance between  
 “ And tip the leaves with lighter green,  
 “ With brighter tints the flower.  
 “ Dull is the heart that loves not then  
 “ The deep recess of the wildwood glen,  
 “ When the sun is in his power.”

*From Harold the Dauntless.*

Contemplating the scenery of this secluded spot, and calling to recollection the sublime incident by which it has been dig-



nified and hallowed, I have always regarded it as a subject admirably adapted for the pencil. Historic landscape painting is one of the most exalted departments of art, and one that powerfully affects and elevates the mind. Hannibal's march over the Alps, which Turner has treated with great force of imagination and genuine poetic feeling; Joshua commanding the sun to stand still, by Martin, a picture that cannot be beheld without the sublimest emotions; John the Baptist preaching in the wilderness, by Salvator; and many others might be enumerated, if necessary, in illustration of this opinion. And what artist would wish for a finer opportunity for the display of his talents than the dell near Eyam presents? The foreground is a happy composition of rock, and hill, and wood, and verdure. Cucklet Church, the place consecrated by Mompesson to the most awful and solemn of all human purposes, might be made an extremely picturesque object. The jutting crags on which his hearers sat, the verdant slopes where they reclined in melancholy sadness, the dark rocky cleft behind crested with trees, the whole backed in distance with the mountains of the Peak, furnish altogether, an assemblage of objects but rarely combined in nature. Water is, perhaps, the only adjunct wanted in the composition; and this, though sparingly, is sometimes supplied: during an inundation of heavy rains a troubled stream issues through the chasm called the *Saltpan*, and foams and bubbles down the dell.

## SECTION V.

*Eyam Church-Yard. — Ancient Stone Cross. — The Rev. R. Cunningham. — Miss Seward.*

THE church-yard of Eyam was the next object that attracted our attention. The traveller fond of antiquarian research will be pleased with the rare relique it contains. Near the entrance into the chancel of the church stands an old stone cross, which, according to village tradition, was found on some of the neighbouring hills. It is curiously ornamented and embossed with a variety of figures and designs characterised by different symbolic devices; and its sides are liberally adorned with *Runic* and Scandinavian knots.

Were the value of this antique specimen of the workmanship of former times more accurately appreciated, it might easily be made a more engaging object: as it now appears, the earth covers a portion of its shaft, no part of which should be so obscured: lifted from its present bed, a distinction which it eminently deserves, it would not only be a valuable fragment, rich with the uncouth sculpture of former times, but an ornament to the church-yard and the village of Eyam. This cross has suffered dilapidation from the culpable neglect of those who ought to have felt an interest in its preservation. About two feet of the top of the shaft is wanting, as may be seen by referring to the engraved sketch which was taken in the year 1815. The present sexton of the church, who is an old man, well recollects the part now missing being thrown carelessly about the church-yard as a thing of no value, until it was broken up by some of the inhabitants, and knocked to pieces for domestic purposes.

The cross at Eyam is probably indebted for its present appearance to the circumstance of its having, about thirty years ago, attracted the attention of a man who had spent the ripest years of his existence in mitigating the horrors of a prison, and ameliorating the condition of a forsaken and friendless class of his fellow creatures. When the benevolent

HOWARD visited the village of Eyam he particularly noticed the cross, even though at that time the finest part of this vestige of antiquity was laid prostrate in a corner of the church-yard, and nearly overgrown with docks and thistles. The value this hitherto unregarded relique had in the estimation of Howard made it dearer to the people of Eyam: they brought the top part of the cross from its hiding-place, where it had long lain in utter neglect, and placed it on the still dilapidated shaft, where it has ever since remained. Condemning, as I most cordially do, the little attention which has been paid to the cross at Eyam, it is, nevertheless, some gratification to know that it owes its present state of preservation to the intervention of no less a man than Howard.

Other crosses, similar in appearance and workmanship, have been found on the hills of Derbyshire, particularly one in the vicinity of BAKEWELL, which is now in the church-yard there. It evidently originated with the same people as the one at Eyam, though it is extremely inferior in its embellishments, and more mutilated in its parts. These crosses are of remote antiquity, and, from their prevailing character, and the rude sculpture they exhibit, they have generally been regarded as Saxon or Danish structures. The interlaced and curiously involved tracery work, with which they are frequently invested, have been denominated Runic and Scandinavian knots; but I have not yet learnt that any of them are marked with characters decidedly Runic, and it is highly probable that the ornaments they contain were adopted from buildings of a different nature, for they do not appear to have any thing peculiarly national about them. That they are not Roman may perhaps be inferred from the very uncouth figures sculptured upon them, and the general inferiority of their workmanship. They must therefore have originated amongst a people less acquainted with art than the Romans were at the time they invaded this country; and the Danes being only "almost and not altogether Christians," and being moreover but little removed from barbarism, were, perhaps, not likely to indulge in the erection of these external emblems of their newly acquired faith; nor am I inclined to adopt the supposition that the civilised Britons were the founders of those crosses, which have generally been regarded as Scandinavian. On the whole the probability is in favour of a Saxon origin of this monument. The Saxons used the sign of the cross on many occasions; and so highly did they venerate this

sacred symbol, that they always affixed it to their signature, even whether they could write or not : hence, no doubt, arose the custom of making a cross instead of writing a name, a custom which is recognised as a valid mode of signature on the most important occasions.

Mr. Clarke, F. S. A. in a letter addressed to Mr. Britton, the author of the *Architectural Antiquities of Britain*, says, "the cross became a part of the decoration of every church and of every altar. It was employed in every sacred rite, and occurred in the diplomas as an inviolable test of every compact ; nor can we be surprised to find it sculptured on so many of our public monuments, when designed to excite sentiments of piety or compassion ; or on land-marks which no man was, for conscience sake, to remove. It was frequently fixed at the entrance of the church, to inspire recollection in those persons who approached, and reverence towards the mysteries at which they were about to be present. On the high road the cross was frequently placed with a view to call the thoughts of the passenger to a sense of religion, and to restrain the predatory excursions of robbers. In the market-place it was a signal for upright intention and fair dealing, and was in every place designed as a check upon a worldly spirit." — The preceding extract is taken from the first volume of "*THE ARCHITECTURAL ANTIQUITIES OF GREAT BRITAIN*," by J. Britton, F. S. A., and its introduction here has afforded me an opportunity of paying a tribute of respect to the author of that excellent and splendid work. With a spirit not less enlarged than honourable to himself, he has undertaken a series of successive productions, equally interesting and important in their object ; and, if possible, more beautifully executed. It would be a libel on the taste of the country to suppose that this deserving author was not even now enjoying the rich reward of his exertions. He may truly be regarded as the patron of those artists, whose labours, in conjunction with his own, will probably preserve the recollection of many a beautiful specimen of Gothic architecture, even when the structure itself has mouldered into ruins.

We likewise noticed in Eyam church-yard a cemetery, or family burial place, of a singular construction. It is an oblong structure, formed by eight stone columns placed at regular distances, and surmounted with urns, the intervening space between the columns being built up with stone walling ; and on two sides are small iron-grated windows, not unlike

the light-holes in a prison. Originally this building had a heavy leaden roof, which is now removed. Nothing in this place appertaining to the dead, appears to have been held sacred. It was “thrift, thrift, Horatio,” that unplumed this repository. The material which covered this house of departed mortals, like the trees that lately distinguished the tomb of Mrs. Mompesson, was of value; the roof was an accommodation not necessary for the dead, and the produce might be useful to the living; it was therefore taken down and sold to the best bidder. This, though not a very delicate mode of proceeding, is, at any rate, making the most of one’s ancestors.

This church-yard appears to be poetic ground; scarcely a stone but has its distich commemorative of the virtues of the deceased, and the sorrows of surviving relatives. The following inscription, which is sufficiently whimsical to amuse the reader, may be found on a humble tablet, placed against the south side of the church, near the tomb of Mrs. Mompesson: I have preserved the spelling, and the division of the lines, as they occur upon the stone.

HERE LITH THE BODY OF ANN SELLARS  
 BURIED BY THIS STONE—WHO  
 DYED ON JAN. 15TH. DAY, 1731.  
 LIKEWISE HERE LISE DEAR ISAAC  
 SELLARS, MY HUSBAND AND MY RIGHT,  
 WHO WAS BURIED ON THAT SAME DAY COME  
 SEVEN YEARS, 1738. IN SEVEN YEARS  
 TIME THERE COMES A CHANGE—  
 OBSERVE, & HERE YOU’LL SEE,  
 ON THAT SAME DAY COME  
 SEVEN YEARS, MY HUSBAND’S  
 LAID BY ME.

Many of the modern epitaphs in this burial place are by the Rev. R. Cunninghame, who was the officiating curate of Eyam Church nearly eighteen years, and who often strewed upon the graves of those he buried, the offerings of his not “unlettered muse.” The following stanzas, inscribed upon a stone to the memory of a young man of the name of Froggat, exhibit a fair specimen of the style and manner of those little productions, on which he was frequently employed.

- “ How eloquent the monumental stone,
- “ Where blooming modest virtues prostrate lie,
- “ Where pure religion from her hallowed throne,
- “ Tells man—it is an awful thing to die.

" Is happiness thy aim ? or death thy fear ?  
 " Learn how their path with glory may be trod,  
 " From the lamented youth who slumbers here,  
 " Who gave the glory of his days to God."

Some of Cunninghame's compositions were amongst the earliest of my poetic readings, and I therefore remember them with pleasure and affection. He was a poet, studied in the school of Gray and Mason; elegant and tasteful in expression, rich in imagination, and often highly animated in description; but cold in feeling. His lines, though generally graceful, and not unfrequently polished to excellence, are occasionally cumbersome and sluggish, from a redundance of epithet. His mind was amply fraught with the rich stores of classic literature, on which he liberally drew to embellish his productions, and which he sometimes used with a commanding skill and an enviable felicity. As a poet he had many beauties chequered with a considerable portion of defect. If, in the estimation of the reader, the accuracy of the preceding remarks be not established by the following quotation, let him be reminded that they have a general application to whatever I have read from the pen of Cunninghame, and not a particular one to the passages here selected, which are introduced not with a view to their justification, but to induce an enquiry after those productions of his muse that are worthy of being preserved. Collected together, they might do honour to his memory; and if they did not add much to the stock of poetic excellence, they might, at least, contribute to the gratification and amusement of mankind.

Three of his poems, the NAVAL TRIUMPH, the RUSSIAN PROPHECY, and his CHATSWORTH, were written during his residence at Eyam, and were published separately about thirty years ago. His Chatsworth, which opens with an apostrophe to the "dells and woodlands wild" of Derbyshire, is, throughout, a very pleasing poem, and contains a number of fine passages. Being strongly characterised by the peculiar traits of his poetry, I have ventured to extract entire a few of the first stanzas.

" Ye dells and woodlands wild, in song unknown,  
 " Receive a wanderer's tributary strains,  
 " Here wont to muse, where nature on her throne  
 " In awful solitary grandeur reigns.

- " And ye, sublime sequestering mountains, hail !  
 " Whose hoary ridges waving pines adorn,  
 " Where roseate health that courts the vernal gale,  
 " Hears the shrill sky-lark wake the blushing morn.  
 " Struck with th' inspiring scenes, your bard hath rung  
 " His sylvan shell till orient suns have hurl'd  
 " Their latent beams, and Hesperus hath hung  
 " His diamond lustre o'er the peaceful world.  
 " Nor when the vernal Pleiads cease to rise,  
 " When summer to his southern courts retires,  
 " Nor less when snow-robed winter rules the skies,  
 " His awful reign the poet's soul inspires.  
 " 'Tis thine, stern power, to raise his soaring song,  
 " When the grim tempest hovers on thy brows,  
 " Or night's pale spectres glide thy wastes along,  
 " When heaven's blue cope with streaming brilliance glows.  
 " On storm-clad Zembla's unfrequented shores  
 " The wandering mariner, by fortune tost,  
 " While the rough ocean round him raving roars,  
 " Thus views with awe stupendous piles of frost.  
 " Where on eternal winter's ice-built throne  
 " Pale lingering suns a pensive radiance throw,  
 " And but the shaggy sullen bear alone,  
 " Tracks his wild realm of ever-during snow.  
 " But chief amidst thy proudly pendant groves,  
 " Majestic Chatsworth ! and thy fair domains,  
 " The Muse with loitering step delighted roves,  
 " Or thoughtful meditates her sylvan strains.  
 " There in receding Scorpio's tranquil hour,  
 " She loves, sweet Autumn ! in thy train to hear  
 " The red-breast, hid in golden foliage, pour,  
 " Slow-warbled requiems o'er the parting year.  
 " Or wrapt in fancy's bright elysian dream,  
 " She wanders, Derwent ! where, with lingering pride,  
 " The amber-tressed Naiads of thy stream  
 " Through bending woods and vales luxuriant glide.  
 " Fair, when the parting sun's mild golden light  
 " A mellower radiance on thy bosom throws,  
 " But fairer when the silver beams of night  
 " With trembling lustre on thy stream repose.  
 " On Latmos thus, as Grecian bards have sung,  
 " When Night's fair Queen forsook her starry road  
 " And o'er Endymion's face enamour'd hung,  
 " His sleeping form with silver radiance glow'd.  
 " And thus near fair Florentia's shining towers,  
 " Her Arno's tide, immortalized in song,  
 " Rolls from her silver urn through myrtle bowers,  
 " And purple vineyards lucidly along.

“ Oh ! could my verse immortalize thy name;  
 “ Derwent ! thy praise in song should ever flow  
 “ With dulcet murmurs and increasing fame,  
 “ Like yellow Tiber, or resounding Po.”

I cannot dismiss the preceding extract without particularly noticing the picture in the seventh stanza of the “unfrequented shores of Nova Zembla.” The ice-built throne of eternal winter, on which pale lingering suns shed a pensive radiance, and the shaggy sullen bear prowling alone through his wild realm of ever-during snow, are happy and appropriate images, that have been selected with judgment, and disposed with felicity. There is altogether a dreariness, a desolation, and a chilling coldness in the scene here described, which may be sensibly felt. The stanza on the red-breast—the bird of autumn, hid in golden foliage, and singing her “slow warbled requiems o’er the parting year,” is genuine poetry: it is “music, image, sentiment, and thought.”

In a subsequent passage the author pays an elegant tribute to his favourite river, the Derwent, when beheld under the effect of moonlight, or, as he poetically expresses it, “when the silver beams of night with trembling lustre on its stream repose;” and the comparison that follows, “where night’s fair queen forsakes her starry road,” and hangs enamoured o’er the face of Endymion, whose sleeping form glows with the silver radiance that emanates from her, is exquisitely beautiful, and I believe original. This is a charming subject for the pencil, and I remember seeing some years ago an old painting of the Italian school, in which it was treated with great taste and feeling, and executed with a most fascinating effect. The stillness and repose of Endymion were uninterrupted by the pleasant images that evidently played round his fancy in sleep, while the figure of Diana, of feminine grace, and softness, and light and buoyant as the clouds on which she rode, hung enamoured over him, or rather seemed to steal a kiss from his forehead as she passed; his sleeping form glowing at the same time with the mild light poured upon him. It was a combination of loveliness, and altogether one of the sweetest little pictures I recollect having beheld. To this circumstance, perhaps, my admiration of Cunningham’s poetical picture may be partly ascribed. I have likewise a recollection of the same subject being attempted in bas-relief, by Rossi, but not with equal success.

Cunninghame’s next poem, “The RUSSIAN PROPHECY,”



was written in the year 1785; and was, as he informs us, occasioned by a remarkable phenomenon in the heavens, said to have been observed in Russia, Feb. 19th; a particular account of which was given in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, July, 1785, page 531. In this poem the genius of Russia foretels the decline and extinction of the Ottoman Empire, and the establishment of a Russian dynasty on the throne of Constantinople. It is a very spirited production, and contains some excellent stanzas, which I regret cannot be quoted in connection with each other without making the extracts too voluminous. His description of the approach of the Russians is highly animated.

- " See where the fierce Muscovian eagles fly,
- " As conscious of their heaven-devoted prey,
- " Hang like the night o'er all the Thracian sky,
- " And strike the turban'd legions with dismay.
- " See the grey Mufti smites his troubled breast
- " Within his mosque, with gleaming crescents crown'd,
- " And dashes, fill'd with Araby the blest,
- " His fuming censer on th' embroidered ground.
- " Big with the fates of oriental powers,
- " See where sublime her \* eagle genius soars, —
- " Her eyry builds on Theodosia's towers,
- " And flies in triumph round her Euxine shores."

The poet then pourtrays some of the happy results of the accomplishment of his prophecy, and he anticipates the revival of Greece in all its glory.

- " Near lucid fountains, where the muses trod,
- " Lo ! Poesy her new born laurel rears,
- " That at a sultan's torpor-shedding nod,
- " Slept a long triple century of years.†
- " I see o'er each poetic mountain roam
- " Shades of great bards, reviving freedom's fire,
- " By genius welcomed to her Grecian home
- " With hymns of rapture on his classic lyre."

His poem called the *NAVAL TRIUMPH*, written in commemoration of the victory obtained over the French fleet, under the command of Admiral De Grasse, by Lord Rodney, on the 12th of April, 1782, contains the following picture of detraction, which, with the exception of an incongruous image in the last line, is a spirited sketch, and it affords a fair specimen of the general style of Cunningham's versification.

\* The late Empress of Russia.

† Constantinople was taken by the Turkish Sultan, Mahomet, May 2d; 1455.

" And see where foul Detraction rears her head,  
 " 'Midst the rude clamours of a sordid throng;  
 " Her bloated form, with venom'd rumours fed,  
 " She rolls, with snaky glance, her folds along;  
 " Breathes her dark vapours on the victor's crest,  
 " And plants, with hand unseen, her dagger in his breast."

The eloquent Burke, it appears, participated at this time in what the poet has chosen to characterize as the "rude clamours of a sordid throng."

" He from whose lips such elocution flows,  
 " As peace to stormy senates can impart;  
 " He, who with softness of the feather'd snows,  
 " Falls on the sense, then melts into the heart;  
 " Not he upon whose lips prophetic hung  
 " The clustering bees — more sweet or more divinely sung."

The third and fourth lines in the preceding stanza are imitatively fine, though the simile itself is borrowed from Homer. They likewise suggest the recollection of a very beautiful couplet in BURNS, which Cunninghamame could not have seen.

" Or as the snow falls in the river,  
 " A moment white — then gone for ever."

The subsequent extract is from a poem to the memory of R. R. Esq., in which the writer intimates that it is the peculiar office of the muse to consecrate her sweetest strains to departed virtue. Many of the lines are beautiful, and one cannot but regret that he did not oftener use the same versification.

" For this the muse, the plaintive muse was given,  
 " Train'd in the lore and melodies of heaven;  
 " For this the sweetest lyres of yore were strung,  
 " Departed virtues graced the poet's tongue:  
 " To each bright name the muse fresh lustre gave,  
 " And taught the living to defy the grave.  
 " — What art thou, life! unless some fairer sky  
 " Cheer other worlds where virtue ne'er can die?  
 " What is thy dream of happiness we prize?  
 " But a fair blossom that expands and dies;  
 " Unless some bright reversion gild the scene  
 " Where life ne'er fades, nor pain can intervene,  
 " Where hope ne'er sickens, where the cup of joy  
 " No tears embitter and no deaths destroy.  
 " There, only there, affliction finds her stay,  
 " Looks up reviving to the realms of day:  
 " Sees by the eye of faith her prospects bloom,  
 " Beyond the dreary horrors of the tomb;  
 " Sees death divested of her awful frown,—  
 " —Sees future immortality her own."

Having indulged thus liberally in quotation, I have necessarily circumscribed the space that, otherwise, might have been devoted to a more ample account of the writer. The Rev. R. Cunninghame left the village of Eyam in the year 1790; where, "through evil and good report," he had spent the flower of his days. Though now not exactly in the decline of life, he was yet not young, and his mode of living had left him poor; he was, therefore, under the necessity of selling all that he possessed, even his books, to enable him, as he expresses it, "to encounter the expensive outset of the new life he was entering upon." In a letter to one of his friends, written the week before his departure, and which is now before me, he says, "I am disposing of all my books and every thing else, as you may suppose I shall need all the money I can raise to encounter the very expensive outset of the new life I am entering upon; and, from what I can discover, I must chiefly depend upon myself for the means. You have a set of the elegant Swinburne's Travels in Spain belonging to me: they cost me 6s. a volume; if you choose to purchase them you shall have them for 10s. 6d.; which you will be so good as to remit me immediately, or the books, that I may dispose of them elsewhere. I should suppose you will have an opportunity of doing either by R. Blackwall or the old post on Sunday. By those *carrier pigeons* you can likewise oblige me with the copy I desired; I wish my circumstances enabled me to offer you the books gratuitously. But, alas!—"

The majority of Mr. Cunninghame's parishioners were poor and ignorant, and he strove to better their manners and improve their situation in life by informing their minds. His attention to the education of the youth of the village was, at one time, truly exemplary; regardless of pecuniary compensation, he took them under his tuition, and devoted much of his time to their improvement. So long, indeed, as he remained at Eyam none were permitted to want instruction; hence he was beloved, and the grateful recollections of his pupils still dwell upon his name with delight. His farewell sermon, and the effects which it produced, are well remembered and frequently mentioned, even at the present day: it was a composition of great eloquence and the most powerful pathos, full of recollected kindness, and delivered in the tenderest tones of affection. This sermon was never printed, but some copies were circulated in manuscript among his hearers, after he had bidden them a last farewell. These are yet preserved with

something like a religious veneration; and I have occasionally seen them brought from the place where they were carefully deposited, and viewed and contemplated with a melancholy feeling of reverence and regret, that forcibly indicated how strongly attached the villagers of Eyam yet are to the name of Cunninghame.

On leaving Eyam he obtained an appointment as chaplain to the English factory at Smyrna, where he remained for several years. There he was singularly unfortunate: in the Archipelago he almost miraculously escaped from shipwreck; and at Smyrna, where he was involved in equal peril by the casual occurrence of a fire, his life was narrowly preserved, and he lost his papers and manuscripts in the conflagration.

A residence at Smyrna was banishment to Cunninghame, and he soon determined to revisit his native country. Returning homeward, an English lady, who had become acquainted with his misfortunes, his merits, and his wants, presented him with a volume of poetry, which she remarked might occasionally amuse him on his way. Desolate, unknown, without friends or money, far from home, and travelling on foot through Germany on his way to Paris, he sustained much fatigue and suffered many privations. Approaching a town on the borders of Hungary, after a hard day's journey, he sat down to reflect on his forlorn condition, when he took his volume of poetry from his pocket, for the first time, and read to relieve his mind from the pressure of those unpleasant thoughts and gloomy presagings that now began to harass and torment him. Reading was a pleasure which he had not enjoyed for several days; a particular poem had been recommended to his perusal by his female friend, and he anxiously turned to the page, where he found, "close nestled within the leaves," a note, or order, for fifty pounds: thus delicately did an amiable woman contrive to administer to the necessities of a stranger in a foreign land.

Shortly after his return to the country he so reluctantly had left, he undertook the duties of a humble curacy in the vicinity of London, a situation which he soon relinquished for a small living, obtained for him through the influence of the Devonshire family, during the last short administration of that friend of his country, Charles James Fox. This he did not long enjoy. Invited to preach an annual sermon to a society at Islington, to whom he had become endeared, he attended and dined with the members, after delivering to them his last and one of his

best discourses. He appeared in perfect health and high in spirits, but soon after the cloth was removed, while conversing with a gentleman near him, he fell back in his chair, and immediately expired without a sigh or a groan: such was the end of Cunninghame. Enough has been said to excite an enquiry after his poetic effusions, even if they are worthy of being remembered and preserved, and, certainly, too much if they are not. The local history of Eyam has afforded an opportunity, of which I have gladly availed myself, of devoting a few pages to the memory of a man who was once the admiration of all who knew him, afterwards the object of their pity, and lastly of their condemnation. Contemplating his character, as presented to us by the Rev. Mr. Seward in his farewell sermon to his congregation at Eyam, how amiable does it appear! who would wish to turn his eyes from such a picture to fix them on one less perfect?

“I hope and trust,” says Mr. Seward, “that I shall return to you and frequently address you from this pulpit; but, in the mean time, I have the greatest consolation and joy that I leave you under the care of so excellent a preacher; whose piety to God, whose delight in the performance of the duties of his office, whose amiable, engaging, courteous, and affectionate behaviour to the rich, and condescending, affable, and charitable treatment to his poorer neighbours, is a continued living sermon to us all, and has so endeared him to us already, that he has become our general friend, our delight, and our joy. Like holy Job, when the ear heareth him then it blesseth him, and when the eye seeth him it giveth witness to him: one hearer telleth another how rational and clear he is in his arguments, how affecting and convincing he is in his persuasions, and how zealous and devout in his prayers; and one neighbour certifieth to another how cheerful he is in his common conversation, how candid and charitable in his opinions and characters of others, and how ready in showing pity to all who are in the least distress. Think not that I have put so much of the pulpit duty upon him, since we have been here together, through idleness and indolence; no, it was that I would not disappoint so many longing ears that wished to hear him; it was that I rejoiced at the occasion of really preferring his sermons to my own, and of giving so eminent and worthy, though so young a man, the right hand of fellowship: grey hairs may receive instruction from his lips, and the aged bow

down to him, and that because he keepeth the commandments of the Lord, and delighteth in the law of his God."

Eyam, in the person of Miss Seward, furnishes another and a more successful candidate for literary honours. Her claim to notice in the history of her native village cannot be disregarded here, though her talents as an author are too well known to admit of much controversy, and almost every circumstance of her life is already before the public. She was born at Eyam, where her earliest years were spent at the residence of her father, previously to his removal to Litchfield. A manuscript from the pen of Mr. William Newton, of Cressbrook Dale, to whom she gave the honourable appellation of the PEAK MINSTREL, strongly expresses her attachment to the place of her birth. He had a personal knowledge of this eminent female: I have therefore chosen to use his language rather than my own. "In this seat of inspiration," he observes, "she passed many of her earliest years, and I have heard her say in more advanced life, her eyes swimming in delight, that in her childhood rambles about her native village, the views of the Alpine scenery around her first elicited the poetic spark, which afterwards mounted into as pure and as bright a flame as ever issued from the altar of the Muses."

The same manuscript, when speaking of the blandishments of her conversation, and her various accomplishments, adds — "the grace and elegance of her form were equal to the energies of her mind and the brilliancy of her imagination. Born and nurtured in the bosom of those mountains which gave her birth, I knew her very early in life, and when she was in her twentieth year, to her might have been applied the language of one of our most eminent writers, 'I saw her at \*\*\*, and surely never lighted upon this earth, which she scarcely seemed to touch, a more delightful vision.'"

To high personal accomplishments and great mental acquisitions, Miss Seward added benevolence of heart, sweetness of disposition, and an enthusiasm in her friendships and affections that was almost unbounded; but "the most amiable trait in her character," Mr. Newton observes, "was her filial piety." In the latter years of her father's life he shared the fate of SWIFT, STEELE, MARLBOROUGH, and other men of superior talents and great sensibility. In the paroxysms of his disorder she attended his bedside, and for whole nights I have known her watch him with the kindest and most sedulous attention, administering to him his cordials and medicines with her own

hand: and I have seen the tears of joy trickle down her cheek when she found him in a lucid moment. It was her delight, as it was her honour,

“ To rock the cradle of declining age.”

Miss Seward was removed from Eyam early in life, yet so strong was her attachment to her native village, and so delightful were the recollections that it revived, that she made a pilgrimage to it every year of her life; and many of her letters evince that she visited it with an enthusiastic affection.

From the many volumes of Miss Seward's letters which have been published, she may be regarded more as a writer of prose than poetry. They manifest an intimate acquaintance with polite literature, and occasionally they display a considerable portion of critical taste; at the same time they have more of the stateliness and formality of studied lectures, than the ease and familiarity of private and friendly correspondence. In their production the *head* has evidently been more consulted than the *heart*.

The history of Miss Seward's life is too well known, and her talents as a writer too accurately appreciated, to require any illustration from the pen of a Peak Tourist; but her poetic character, and some circumstances connected with it, are sufficiently important and interesting to justify the critical observations that are here indulged.

Cunninghame, from his friendly connexion with Miss Seward, his admiration of her powers, and the fascination of her manners, had become one of her imitators in verse, and his talents as a poet were at one time the theme of her commendation, and at another the object of her unfriendly animadversions: yet his sins in verse, whatever they were, may partly be charged upon herself; she it was who first seduced him from the ease and simplicity of nature, and taught him to indulge in those splendid trickeries and glittering coruscations of artful composition, with which her works too much abound. Early in life she appears to have been under the influence of this error in judgment, if I may so term it; and the maturer compositions of her riper years, though they evince a more vigorous imagination and a greater command of language, are nevertheless tainted with this predominating fault. Perhaps her frequent association with the eccentric Dr. Dar-

win, when he resided at Litchfield, was but little calculated to improve her taste. A fire that sparkles and dazzles, but warms not, pervades the productions of both these writers of modern poetry: pictures for the eye, and not the mind, crowd their respective canvasses, and towards the close of their intimate connexion there was a marvellous assimilation in the style and construction of their verse. It was late in life when Dr. Darwin appeared before the public in the character of a poet: there can, however, be no doubt but long previous study was required, and much mechanical construction and management practised, before he could so eminently succeed in elaborating his versification into such splendid feebleness. In this unprofitable labour he was probably assisted by Miss Seward, and the lines that occupy the first four or five pages of the *BOTANIC GARDEN*, and which are the exordium of the poem, appear to warrant the supposition; they were published originally as Miss Seward's, in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, eight or nine years before the *BOTANIC GARDEN* blazed on the literary world. She has claimed them as her own, by a last solemn act, and they appear as her's in the volumes of her works edited by Walter Scott, to whom her papers were entrusted for publication. Dr. Darwin, without any acknowledgment that he had received them from another, has used them as his property, and they certainly afford a fair and ample specimen of the general style and manner of the whole work. They contain his peculiar beauties, and they are marked with his faults. It is, however, remarkable that Miss Seward never reclaimed those lines till after Dr. Darwin's death. There was a reason why the Doctor should permit them originally (supposing they were his own) to be erroneously ascribed to Miss Seward; namely, that his great work was not even known to be in contemplation, much less in progress, for many years after the appearance of these introductory lines. If Miss Seward had been the inventor of this peculiar form of verse, the ground-work of it at least would have been traceable in all her poems; whereas it is only found, in a high degree, in her *Elegy on Captain Cook*, many passages of which are so thoroughly in the style of Dr. Darwin, both with respect to diction and illustration, that it seems as probable that he was the author of them, as that Miss Seward was the writer of the lines in question. Her largest poems in the heroic measure — the *MONODY ON MAJOR ANDRE*, and



the poetic novel of **LOUISA**, scarcely bear a mark of the Darwinian cadence of metre, and are but little assimilated in imagery to the manner of the author of the **BOTANIC GARDEN**, throughout all whose works this peculiar manner prevails. In him it is an original characteristic; in Miss Seward it is evidently only incidental and imitative.

## SECTION VI.

*William Peveril. — Eyam Mineral Charter. — Hammer of Thor. — Druidical Circle and Ancient Barrow. — Effects of an Earthquake in a Mine on Eyam Edge.*

WHEN William the Conqueror, after the overthrow of Harold at the battle of Hastings, found himself at leisure to attend to the distribution of the lands which his prowess had obtained, he bestowed the Peak of Derbyshire upon his natural son William Peveril, whom he appointed lord and governor of the counties of Nottingham and Derby. The rich domains thus acquired continued in the family of the Peverils until the reign of Henry the Second, who deprived the then possessor of his honours and his lands, on a charge of poisoning Ranulph, Earl of Chester. The correctness of the accusation was hardly disputable, and he ignominiously fled to another country, stigmatised with the character of a murderer: so terminated the brief honours of this once wealthy family. Afterwards Richard the First gave and confirmed to his brother John, then Earl of Mortaine, the "counties of Nottingham, Lancaster, and Derby, with the honours belonging to them, and also the honour of Peveril." \*

Those parts of Derbyshire which are included under the general denomination of the KING'S FIELD, are subject to the operation of a peculiar system of mineral law, which declares "that by the custom of the mine it is lawful for *all* the King's liege people to dig, delve, search, subvert, and overturn, all manner of grounds, lands, meadows, closes, pastures, mears, and marshes, for ore-mines, of *whose inheritance soever they be*; dwelling-houses, orchards, and gardens, excepted." From the inconvenient effects of this comprehensive and sweeping clause, the freehold tenures of the parish of Eyam are happily exempt, in consequence of a mineral charter granted by KING JOHN, when Earl of Mortaine, previously to his being created Duke of Lancaster.

\* Cambden.

From King John the Eyam estate descended to the Stafford family, on whom it was bestowed in consideration of certain military services, and on the express condition "that a lamp should be kept perpetually burning before the altar of St. Helen, in the parish church of Eyam." The lamp has ceased to burn, and the estate has passed into other hands: it now constitutes a part of the immense property of his Grace the DUKE of DEVONSHIRE.

In the reign of Richard the Second, a period when the rights of the subject were but inaccurately defined, and his liberty but imperfectly secured by law, a violent and outrageous assault was made on one of the Staffords, who was at that time lord of the manor of Eyam. Attacked by an armed force when in the bosom of his domestics, he was forcibly carried away from his home to the residence of his enemy, and there detained close prisoner until he was ransomed by his friends. A new mansion was erecting for the last of the Staffords who resided at Eyam, at the time of the plague, when the family left the place never to return: the building, part of which yet remains, was never finished.

The wild moorlands which surround this village have lately been brought into cultivation, a circumstance that has obliterated the traces of many mountain tumuli which were before conspicuous: some, evidently of a very ancient date, in which urns, bones, and arrow heads, were found, have lately been opened on Eyam Moor; and not far from Hucklow, a brazen axe and a beautifully polished stone hammer, supposed to have been used by the Druids in sacrifice, were turned up by the plough: they are now in Mr. Bird's collection.

The hammer was the weapon or sceptre of THOR, one of the Gods of the Saxons, who long possessed this part of the country, and where undoubtedly they had erected altars to their divinities. It is therefore probable that this hammer may be a Saxon, and not a Druidical relique. Whatever may have been its use, the instrument has evidently been manufactured with the nicest care, and as it appears not to have been intended for common occasions, the supposition of its Saxon origin may not be entirely groundless. In the Honourable W. Herbert's Miscellaneous Poetry, published in 1804, there is a very curious and romantic ballad, called "THE SONG OF THRYM, or the RECOVERY OF THE HAMMER." Thor was the Mars of the Scandinavians, and the

hammer was not only the symbol but the depository of his power. Thrym, the King of the Thursi, being acquainted with this important secret, stole upon the god in his hour of sleep, and carried away this mysterious ensign of his prowess. He now demands that Freyia, the wife of Thor, shall become the partner of his bed, and he declares that on no other terms shall the hammer be restored. This proposition suggests the adoption of a mischievous stratagem; and Thrym's fit of love, which, like many a mortal attachment, was fraught with ruin, becomes the means of his destruction.

" High on a mound, in haughty state,  
 " Thrym, the King of the Thursi, sate;  
 " For his dogs he was twisting collars of gold,  
 " And trimming the manes of his coursers bold.

\* \* \* \* \*  
 " He had the thunderer's hammer bound  
 " Fathoms eight beneath the ground :

\* \* \* \* \*  
 " Then busked they Thor as a bride so fair,  
 " And the great bright necklace gave him to wear ;  
 " Round him let ring the spousal keys,  
 " And a maiden kirtle hang to his knees ;  
 " And on his bosom jewels rare,  
 " And high and quaintly braided his hair."

Thus disguised, he visits Thrym, who as an earnest of his "love and fondness," commands his attendants to "bear in the hammer to plight the maid." The hammer is laid upon the lap of Thor; his strength immediately returns, and he finds himself once more mighty in power. The enormous supper he had just made would have unfitted any mortal for great and extraordinary undertakings, but it was the regale of a God, and we find him not only exempt from the stupifying influence of good eating, but prepared for the most active and important exertions. The poet informs us that,

" He ate alone  
 " Six salmons and an ox full grown,  
 " And all the cates on which women feed,  
 " And drank three firkins of sparkling meed.  
 \* \* \* \* \*  
 " The thunderer's soul smiled in his breast  
 " When the hammer hard on his lap was placed :  
 " Thrym first, the King of the Thursi, he slew,  
 " And slaughtered all the giant crew. —  
 " He slew that giant's sister old  
 " Who prayed for bridal gifts so bold ;  
 " Instead of money and rings, I wot,  
 " The hammer's bruises were her lot.  
 — " Thus Odin's son his hammer got."

The district, included under the general denomination of Eyam Moor, occupies a space of several miles. In one direction it extends to Bretton, and in another to the vicinity of Highlow. Spears, and arrow heads, axes, hatchets, and other remains of antiquity, have been frequently found in this wild moor; and very recently, before the introduction of the plough, it contained one of the most perfect and interesting barrows in the Peak of Derbyshire. Near this ancient place of sepulture, the remains of a druidical circle are yet to be seen, the circumference is about nineteen yards, and a rude altar of unhewn stone occupies the centre of the area. The adjacent barrow is indisputably of remote antiquity, and it is formed by a circle of stones, which includes a space of greater extent. In the middle of this circle there is, or rather *was*, a mound composed of an admixture of earth and stones: on opening this mound an unbaked urn was found, containing human bones, an arrow head of flint, and some fragments of the charcoal with which the body had been burnt. That this was the cemetery of some person of distinction, is highly probable, and the peculiarity of its construction might induce one to ascribe it to the Danes, had not the arrow head of flint been found within it; a circumstance which intimates that it was formed antecedent to the use of metals in this country. A part of Eyam Moor, called Wet-withins, is the site of this interesting monument of antiquity.

Wormius, describing the funeral ceremonies of the Danes in that early period of their history which he denominates the age of burning, says, "The defunct was brought out into the fields near the highway or estate that belonged to him while living, where they made an oblong place with great stones, for the reception of the body, and there burnt it, collecting the ashes into an urn, round which they set great stones; then with sand, gravel, or earth, they threw up a little hillock in form of a mound." The same writer afterwards details the mode of sepulture which succeeded to that of burning, from which it seems highly probable that both methods were occasionally united. Some of the barrows that have been opened in Derbyshire, and particularly one near Ashford, are confirmatory of this opinion. "The body," Wormius observes, "was brought entire with its ornaments, and laid *unburnt* in the middle of a large circle of stones: then over it they raised a mount of earth, &c. These mounts were sometimes plain, made only of earth, and cast up like a cone, and sometimes

they were ornamented with a *circle of stones* ; but this was only for their generals and great men."

That these modes of burial existed in all countries with which we are acquainted at a very early period, is evident both from historical and poetical record. STRUTT, in his account of the Manners and the Customs of the Ancient Saxons, tells us in a note, vol. i. page 18, "that WODEN made a law that the bodies of the dead slain in battle should be burnt, together with their arms, ornaments, and money; and over the ashes of their kings and heroes, to raise large hills of earth; and on the sepulchres of those who had performed great and glorious actions to erect high monuments, inscribed with Runic characters." The custom of burning the dead and depositing their ashes in urns, probably originated in those correct and better feelings to which many of our ancient usages may be referred. Respect for the dead is a sentiment that seems to have been interwoven with our nature, although in times of semi-barbarism it may occasionally have been contemned or neglected. Achilles conquered Hector, and then dragged his dead body round the walls of Troy; an unmanly outrage, which may be traced to a ferocious practice, rather than to a want of decorous and honourable feeling. Burning the dead became therefore a pious duty, and the performance of this ceremony was sometimes necessary to preserve the body of a fallen hero from being ill-treated and mangled by a cruel enemy. Hence, no doubt, arose this ancient custom; and it was the peculiar privilege of the next of kin carefully to collect the bones and ashes of the deceased, and place them in an urn for sepulture.

The spoils of war, the weapons of dead chieftains, and the bones of animals, have been frequently found in those barrows which have been opened in Derbyshire and other parts of the kingdom; and the poetic reader cannot fail to recognise the existence of a similar mode of interment in the days of Homer and Virgil. What a sublime tumulus Homer has thrown over the ashes of Achilles! and how interesting is the ceremony of consigning his remains to their last earthly home, as described by him in the twenty-fourth book of his *Odyssey*.

"To flames we gave thee, the succeeding day,  
"And fatted sheep and sable oxen slay;  
"With oils and honey blaze th' augmented fires,  
"And like a God adorn'd, thy earthly part expires:  
"Soon as absorb'd in all embracing flame,  
"Sunk what was mortal of thy mighty name,

" We then collect thy snowy bones, and place,  
 " With wines and unguents, in a golden vase. —  
 " Now all the sons of warlike Greece surround  
 " Thy destin'd tomb, and cast a mighty mound;  
 " High on the shore the growing hill we raise,  
 " That wide the extended Hellespont surveys;  
 " Where all, from age to age, who pass the coast,  
 " May point Achilles' tomb, and hail the mighty ghost."

Virgil, in the eleventh book of his *Æneis*, has given a very minute and interesting description of the funeral of Pallas, and it closes with a few lines that beautifully refer to the last sad office which the living had then to perform for the dead.

" The conquer'd Latians, with like pious care,  
 " Piles without number for their dead prepare :  
 " Part in the places where they fell are laid,  
 " And part are to the neighb'ring fields convey'd.  
 \* \* \* \* \*  
 " Now had the morning thrice renew'd the light,  
 " And thrice dispell'd the shadows of the night,  
 " When those who round the wasted fires remain  
 " Perform the last sad office to the slain:  
 " They rake the yet warm ashes from below;  
 " These and the bones unburnt in earth bestow:  
 " These relics with their country's rites they grace,  
 " And raise a mount of turf to mark the place."

It has been noticed as a curious and interesting fact, that the great earthquake which, on Saturday, the first day of November, 1755, destroyed nearly the whole of the city of Lisbon, was very sensibly felt in many parts of Derbyshire, and particularly in the lead mines near Eyam. The narrative of Francis Mason, an intelligent overseer of the mines on Eyam Edge, has already appeared in print, and I have not hesitated to compress it into a smaller compass, yet in so doing I have faithfully preserved the leading features of his detail.

About eleven o'clock in the forenoon of the first of November, 1755, as Francis Mason was sitting in a small room at the distance of from forty to fifty yards from the mouth of one of the engine shafts, he felt the shock of an earthquake, so violent that it raised him up in his chair, and shook some pieces of lime and plaster from the sides and roof of his little hovel. In a field about three hundred yards from the mine he afterwards observed a chasm, or cleft, in the earth, which he supposed was made at the same time: its direction was parallel to the vein of ore the miners were then pursuing, and its continuation from one extremity to the other was nearly one hundred and

fifty yards. Two miners, who were employed in the drifts about sixty fathoms deep when the earthquake took place, were so terrified at the shock, that they dared not attempt to climb the shaft, which they dreaded might run in upon them, and entomb them alive. They felt themselves surrounded with danger, and as they were conversing with each other on the means of safety, and looking for a place of refuge, they were alarmed by a second shock, much more violent than the one preceding. They now ran precipitately to the interior of the mine: it was an instinctive movement that no way bettered their condition; it only changed the spot of earth where they had previously stood; but their danger and their fears were still the same. Another shock ensued, and after an awful and almost breathless interval of four or five minutes, a fourth and afterwards a fifth succeeded. Every repercussion was followed by a loud rumbling noise, which continued for about a minute; then, gradually decreasing in force, like the thunder retiring into distance, it subsided into an appalling stillness more full of terror than the sounds which had passed away, leaving the mind unoccupied by other impressions, to contemplate the mysterious nature of its danger. The whole space of time included between the first and the last shock was nearly twenty minutes. When the men had recovered a little from their trepidation, they began to examine the passages, and to endeavour to extricate themselves from their confinement. As they passed along the drifts, they observed that pieces of minerals were scattered along the floor, which had been shaken from the sides and the roof, but all the shafts remained entire and uninjured.



## SECTION VII.

*Mineral District. — Haycliff Mine. — Slickensides. — Accident in a Mine near Hucklow. — Wardlow Mears. — Wheston Cross. — Tideswell Top. — Marble Rocks in Tideswell Dale; — Singular Stratum there. — Cotton Factories. — Tideswell. — The Church. — Bishop Pursglove. — Sampson Meurrills. — Tideswell Church-Yard. — Conclusion.*

WE had now bidden adieu to the wild and naked rocks of Middleton Dale, and to the fertile and romantic valley of the Derwent, and had entered on a track of flat country terminating on every side with gradual eminences of a greater or lesser elevation. Nothing can be more uninteresting, in a picturesque point of view, than the road from Eyam to Tideswell. Scarcely one pleasant object occurs in the tedious course of the intervening four miles, to relieve the uniform dreariness of the prospect. In such a scene the mind loses its tone, and sinks into heedlessness or apathy. Such, indeed, was the feeling I experienced in passing along this important mineral district; for, as Dr. Fuller quaintly expresses it, when speaking of the Peak of Derbyshire, "though poor above, 'tis rich beneath the ground;" and the refuse dug from the openings into the mines every where encroaches upon the scanty verdure of the fields, where "it lies like marl upon a barren soil, encumbering what it cannot fertilize."

The business of mining, once a source of considerable profit, appears to be rapidly declining in this part of Derbyshire. The workmen are gradually withdrawing from an employment, the unpleasantness and the danger of which are but indifferently compensated by the scanty wages they receive; and the capital that once invigorated the industry of the miner is diverted into other channels. The mineral tithe of the Eyam estate alone has produced from eight to nine hundred pounds a year: it is now not worth more than as many shillings.

Haycliff mine, now no longer worked, was once the grand depository of that extraordinary phenomenon in the mineral world, provincially called SLICKENSIDES. The external appearance of this curious species of Galena is well known wherever mineralogy has been studied. At the present time good specimens of it are extremely rare, and can only be met with in cabinets that have been long established. In those mines where it has most prevailed, it exhibits but little variety either in form or character. An upright pillar of limestone-rock, intermixed with calcareous spar, contains this exploding ore: the surface is thinly coated over with lead, which resembles a covering of plumbago, and it is extremely smooth, bright, and even. These rocky pillars have their polished faces opposed to each other: sometimes they nearly touch, sometimes they are farther apart, the intervening space being filled up with smaller portions and fragments of spar and particles of lead ore; and a number of narrow veins of a whitish colour, and a powdery consistency, intersect and run in oblique directions amongst the mass.

The effects of this extraordinary mineral are not less singular than terrific. A blow with a hammer, a stroke or a scratch with a miner's pick, are sufficient to rend those rocks asunder with which it is united or embodied. The stroke is immediately succeeded by a crackling noise, accompanied with a sound not unlike the mingled hum of a swarm of bees: shortly afterwards, an explosion follows, so loud and appalling, that even the miners, though a hardy race of men, and little accustomed to fear, turn pale and tremble at the shock. This dangerous combination of matter must, consequently, be approached with caution. To avoid the use of the common implements of mining, a small hole is carefully bored, into which a little gunpowder is put, and exploded with a match; the workmen then withdraw to a place of safety, to wait the result of their operations. Sometimes not less than five or six successive explosions ensue at intervals of from two to ten or fifteen minutes, and occasionally they are so sublimely awful, that the earth has been violently shaken to the surface by the concussion, even when the discharge has taken place at the depth of more than one hundred fathoms.

When the Haycliff mine was open, a person of the name of Higginbottom, who was unused to the working of Slickensides, and not much apprehensive of danger, was repeatedly cautioned not to use his pick in the getting of the ore. Unfortunately

for himself, he paid little attention to the admonitions of his fellow-miners. He struck the fatal stroke, that by an apparently electrical communication set the whole mass instantaneously in motion, shook the surrounding earth to its foundation, and with a noise as tremendous as thunder, scattered the rocky fragments in every direction, through the whole vacuity of Haycliff mine. Thick boards of ash, at the distance of twenty or thirty paces, were perforated by pieces of rock six inches diameter. The poor miner was dreadfully cut and lacerated, yet he escaped with life. The impression made on his mind by this incident determined him, on his recovery, to discontinue the dangerous trade of mining. He now resides at Manchester, still bearing the marks of his temerity about him.

Some attempts have been made to account for the wonderful properties of this fulminating ore, but hitherto with little success. A very intelligent miner, with whom I have conversed on the subject, supposes the exploding power to reside in the white powdery veins which fill up the fissures of the rocky substance that produces Slickensides; a suggestion that may probably assist in the developement of the strange qualities of this mineral phenomenon.

The loudest explosion remembered to have taken place in Haycliff mine has been mentioned by Whitehurst, in his "Theory of the Formation of the Earth." It occurred in the year 1738, and he affirms that "the quantity of two hundred barrels of materials were blown out at one blast, each barrel being supposed to contain from three to four hundred pounds weight. During the explosion," he adds, "the ground was observed to shake as if by an earthquake." The accuracy of this statement can hardly be questioned; and, if correct, what an idea it conveys of the immense force required to dis sever, from a solid mass of internal rock, so formidable a weight!

The miner, in the pursuit of his daily occupation, is so frequently exposed to danger, that his life may be said to be in continual jeopardy; and yet but few fatal accidents occur: an interesting circumstance "of hair-breadth 'scapes i'th' imminent deadly breach" sometimes takes place. At Hucklow, a little village on our right, in the winter of 1815, a man of the name of Frost, who was engaged in one of the mines, had a miraculous escape from a very perilous situation, in which he was involved by the falling in of the earth where he was at work. His voice was heard from beneath the ground in which he was entombed, and it was ascertained that his head and his body remained

unhurt, the principal weight having fallen upon and bruised his thighs and legs. Great care was required to accomplish his release, and some of the most experienced miners were employed. A mass of earth was strangely, and almost miraculously, suspended over his head, where it hung like an avalanche, ready at the slightest touch to crush him to pieces with its fall. The miners, aware that his situation was one of infinite peril, durst not attempt the attainment of their object by the most direct and expeditious means: slower operations were, in their opinion, essential, even though they dreaded the consequences that might attend their protracted efforts. Had that impetuosity of feeling, which, however honourable to our nature, sometimes defeats its most benevolent purposes, been alone consulted on this occasion, the poor man must inevitably have perished. They therefore proceeded with great caution, and the most unwearied perseverance, from Monday, the day when the accident took place, until the evening of the following Thursday, at which time they had the satisfaction of witnessing the complete success of their exertions, and the restoration of a fellow-creature to his family and the world. The man was extricated from his dreadful situation with only a few slight bruises and a broken leg, after a temporary burial of upwards of seventy-five hours. A drop of water that fell near his head, which he contrived to catch in the hollow of his hand, allayed his thirst, that otherwise would, probably, have become excessive: this fortunate occurrence, no doubt, contributed to the preservation of his existence. He was a Wesleyan Methodist, and his strong religious feeling supplied him with fortitude. Neither pain nor apprehension destroyed his composure, and he employed many of the hours of his premature interment in singing those psalms and hymns he was previously acquainted with. Under any circumstances, this man would have been a hero.

As we passed along the road to Tideswell, Brosterfield, formerly the residence of Captain Carleill, and the little villages of Wardlow and Litton, lay on our left, and the two Hucklows occupied a part of the foot of the high chain of mountains on our right. One would suppose that there was but little on these bleak hills and plains to excite the cupidity of the robber, or to induce the commission of the crime of murder, particularly amongst a people whose wants are necessarily as circumscribed as their means; but even here, at a little distance on the left of the road, we observed a man

suspended on a gibbet, but newly erected. He had entered the cottage of a poor woman who kept the toll gate at Wardlow-Mears, and for the paltry consideration of a few shillings, he had violated the law of God and man, which says, "*Thou shalt not kill.*" He then, with an inconsiderate infatuation which often attends the commission of enormous offences, gave the shoes of the woman he had just murdered to another who resided near, a circumstance that led to his immediate detection. Only a few weeks passed between the perpetration of the crime and the execution of the murderer.

Approaching Tideswell, we found the prospect improve in picturesque beauty. Some well-grown trees, scattered around the town, hide a part of the dwellings, and obscure what otherwise might be offensive to the eye. The church is a large handsome structure, and a fine object in the landscape. The steep hills behind, rising high above the topmost pinnacles of the tower, are not only peculiarly characteristic of this part of the Peak of Derbyshire, but they form a good back ground to the scene.

We passed through Tideswell on our way to Wheston, a small and pleasant village, which is situated on an eminence that forms one side of Monks-dale, and which at this place is known by the name of Peter-dale. Wheston, though consisting of a few houses only, is a very picturesque little place: the trees, which are mingled with the cottages, are so abundant, and every where so finely foliaged, that the place appears more like a copse, or wood, than a village. Lime, elm, oak, and sycamore, of the most luxuriant growth, line each side of the road, and surround every dwelling. In one part of the village, near the road-side, stands an old stone cross, which, like every thing else that the place contains, is closely embosomed in trees. The upper part of the cross, which is evidently of an ancient date and of a singular construction, resembles in some of its ornaments the foliated ramifications of a Gothic window: the shaft is unadorned and more modern. One side of this curious relic of former times represents the infant Saviour in the arms of his mother; over their heads there is a faint indication of a star, emblematic of the ray that directed the wise men of the East to the birth-place of Jesus. The other side of this venerable cross exhibits the crucifixion of Christ, whose birth and death it has apparently been the design of the sculptor to commemorate in the erection of this symbol of his faith. Several of these ancient structures have been found

in this part of Derbyshire, but only a few have escaped the dilapidating progress of time ; others have been destroyed, as objects of no value. The shaft of a cross, originally of no mean workmanship, has in one place been converted into a gate-post ; at another, one has been scooped or hollowed out, and made into a blacksmith's trough. I have seen one, which is richly sculptured on the three remaining sides, with figures and a variety of ornaments, all well executed, that was long applied to this humble purpose. It is now in the possession of Mr. William Staniforth, of Sheffield. A small portion of the cross at Wheston has been lately broken off, which I observed had been used as a common piece of stone, and built and cemented into an adjoining wall. Where so little interest has been felt in the preservation of these relics, it is only surprising that so many of them yet remain.

From Wheston, a short walk of about a mile brought us to an eminence called Tideswell Top ; a place that curiosity had very recently opened, for the purpose of ascertaining its contents. It was a tumulus composed of a series of narrow caverns, formed with stones and earth, in which several skulls and many human bones were found. There is something unseemly, if not unfeeling, in thus disturbing the relics of the dead, and leaving them to bleach in the sun, or be preyed on and gnawed by animals. Some of the bones had been carried away, but many remained unburied, and lay scattered about that earth-built sepulchre, which those who consigned them to it vainly hoped might have "canopied them until doomsday."

I recollect passing over this particular place in the year 1813. It was then a heathy moor : not a shrub or blade of grass, excepting what immediately bordered upon the town of Tideswell, was to be seen. I now revisited the same ground, the same geographical spot of earth, but so differently clothed that every trace of what it had been was obliterated. The objects around me were so new, that I felt myself a stranger where every thing had previously been familiar to me. The sterile waste had vanished, and in its place a sea of corn, far as the eye could reach, waved plenteously around. That spirit of agricultural improvement which has pervaded nearly the whole of the kingdom, with the extraordinary exception of the vicinity of London, has penetrated into the Peak of Derbyshire, and the plenteous corn field has succeeded to the bleak and heathy moor.

A circuitous ramble round Tideswell brought us to a road,

newly made through Millar's Dale to Buxton, the cutting of which has laid open a bed of marble richly variegated, and but little inferior to any in the neighbourhood of Money-Ash. Incumbent on the marble a curious stratum occurs, totally dissimilar to any other yet observed in the Peak of Derbyshire, and its structure and composition may probably amuse the geologist in the midst of his speculations. This stratum is from fifteen to eighteen inches thick: it is of a reddish brown colour, and, when pounded, it resembles *Crocus Martis*, and though hard and compact when it is first obtained, it is easily reduced to a fine powder. Externally it lies in small particles, but the interior is composed of a series of five-sided angular prisms, that closely adhere together, but may be readily dis-united. Its whole appearance is curious and singular, and it furnishes many exquisite specimens of the basaltic columns of the isle of Staffa and the Giants' Causeway. The stone generally used in constructing the beds of smelting furnaces, when highly vitrified by fire, assumes a very similar formation.

Re-entering Tideswell, we observed a great portion of its inhabitants employed in spinning and weaving cotton—a business that since its introduction into this little place has almost excluded every other. Nearly one-half of the present population are now engaged in some one branch or other of this widely-spreading manufacture. I was surprised to find, that the moral-murdering system of congregating a great number of boys and girls together in the same factory had ramified so extensively into this part of the Peak of Derbyshire: it is no doubt a source of wealth; but may not the riches thus acquired be obtained at the expence of public morals? Modesty, the chief ornament of one sex, and the delight and admiration of the other, by being thus early exposed, too often gives place to something far less amiable and of infinitely less value. The leading charm of the female character is sullied, if not obliterated, and opinions and habits are formed, hostile to the regulations of domestic life, and subversive of its dearest and most substantial comforts. Women, on whom the well being and happiness of society principally depend, are thus early unfitted for the discharge of the important duties of wife and mother; and the offspring committed by nature to their care, deprived of a guide and a salutary example, are thrown upon the world to be educated by those who may or may not have an interest in their welfare, either at a Sunday School, a Lancasterian, or a Belleau establishment. Perhaps

it may be worse than useless to condemn a system which is so intimately interwoven with the commerce and manufacturing interests of the country, that it may be regarded as their vital principle; if so, I trust I may be permitted to express my regret, that a practice so obviously fraught with evil should so exclusively prevail in a nation that more than any other has long maintained a proud pre-eminence, not only in domestic comfort but in public morals.

Though Tideswell ranks amongst the market-towns of Derbyshire, yet, with the exception of the church, it is but a humble looking place. The houses are low, irregularly situated, and ill built, and there is altogether an air of poverty and meanness about it, with a want of cleanliness and comfort in its general appearance. Its name is said to have been derived from a well near it, which tradition represents to have possessed the remarkable property of ebbing and flowing at regular intervals. The spot where the well once was is still pointed out to the traveller who enquires for it, but it is now choked up, and its ebbings and flowings have long since terminated. This town was a part of the princely patrimony derived by William Peveril from his father, William the Conqueror. It was afterwards vested in King John, who bestowed it upon one of his favourite attendants, from whom it passed by marriage to one of the Stafford family, who in the reign of Richard the Second obtained a charter for the establishment of a weekly market, and a yearly fair at Tideswell. The church is a fine edifice, built in the form of a cross, and the chancel is lighted by nine richly-ornamented Gothic windows. It is spacious, light, and beautiful; but the most striking peculiarity in this country church is the tower, which is surmounted at the four corners with octagonal Gothic towers, having embattled parapets, from whence ornamented spires arise: the intervening space is occupied by pinnacles of a lighter construction and lesser altitude. The effect of the whole is rather heavy, as the dimensions of the base of this part of the building are too contracted to admit of such a crowded assemblage of spires and towers. Its appearance has, therefore, more of singularity than elegance. The chancel contains a monument to the memory of Robert Purslove, once prior of Gisburn Abbey, and afterwards bishop of Hull. This churchman has been represented as one of the pliant instruments of Henry the Eighth, by whom he was pensioned, in reward for his services. It is related of him, that he not only quietly surrendered his own



religious establishment to the cupidity of Henry, but that he accepted from him the office of commissioner, and undertook to prevail upon others to follow his example. In the succeeding reign he was made archdeacon of Nottingham and bishop of Hull: of these ecclesiastical honours he was deprived in the year 1560, for refusing to take the oath of supremacy to Queen Elizabeth. The remaining part of his life was spent in retirement at Tideswell, the place of his nativity.

If by a mean subserviency to the wishes of an arbitrary monarch he had sullied his character in one part of his life, its close was brightened by a series of benevolent actions. His native town of Tideswell, where he founded a school, and an hospital for twelve poor people, will long retain a grateful recollection of the name of BISHOP PURSGLOVE. — The property he bequeathed to the school originally produced only 13*l.* 6*s.* 8*d.* per ann.; and one-third of it was directed to be appropriated to the maintenance of the poor of the parish. The present income derived from the same source amounts to upwards of 400*l.* yearly: two-thirds of this sum is now received by the master of the school at Tideswell, for the instruction of from twenty to thirty boys. A more striking instance of increase in the value of property does not often occur.

Another benefactor to the town of Tideswell was a Sampson Meurrills, to whose memory there is a tabular monument in the chancel of the church. He was a brave and intrepid warrior; and when the great Duke of Bedford, after a series of splendid successes in France, found himself suddenly discomfited by a woman, whose shameful death was a disgrace to England and a stain upon the name of Bedford, Sampson Meurrills fought in defence of that military glory which his bravery and skill had contributed to establish. In less than two years, as appears from the inscription on his tomb, he fought in eleven battles, and was knighted by the Duke of Bedford at Saint Luce, for his eminent services. He was likewise honoured with the dignity and title of KNIGHT CONSTABLE of ENGLAND. He died at the age of seventy-four, in the year 1462. On the tomb of this brave soldier, bread is given away every Sunday to some of the poor inhabitants who reside in the parish of Tideswell. The continuation of this custom will preserve the remembrance of the donor, and the name of Sampson Meurrills will be recollected and revered

when the inscription on his tomb, though written in brass and marble, has been long obliterated.

Tideswell appears to be a strangely-neglected place, and it may truly be said to have degenerated from its former consequence. Once it was more deserving the notice of the topographer and the tourist, and it had a fairer claim to estimation. Sir John Statham, who was a loyal and active knight, and who, in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, raised and equipped a troop of horse for the service of his sovereign, had his residence in this humble town, where his descendants remained to a late period. A chapel and dormitory, on the south side of the church, still retain the name of this family. The grandfather of the witty Earl of Chesterfield, the preceptor of politeness, of whom every graceless youth has heard, built and resided in one of the most respectable houses in the place, which has been lately taken down and sold for the value of the materials. In another, yet standing, one of the Beeches, of Shaw, in Staffordshire, lived; but all now is ruin and dilapidation. The most interesting specimen of antiquity that Tideswell possessed was a stone chapel, or oratory, which stood on the left of the road, on the entrance into the town from Middleton. This structure was apparently much older than the church, and it was probably erected before the reign of King John; but its antiquity could not preserve it from being taken down and sold to the best bidder. When it was unfloored and dug up, at the time of its demolition, many human bones were found within it. Two large Gothic windows, of two compartments each, occupied the ends of this building; one looked upon the road, and the other faced the eminence called the Cliff. These windows were formed by three equal pilasters, surmounted with male and female heads, sculptured in stone; and a pointed Gothic arch, rising from two slightly ornamented buttresses, composed the porch or entrance into this old structure. Such a place, in such a country, must necessarily have something supernatural attached to it; it was accordingly peopled, by village superstition, with the visionary beings of another world. From this place, so long as it existed, unseen choristers were sometimes distinctly heard hymning the sweetest strains, as they seemed to pass in slow procession along the vaulted passages of the chapel to the chancel of the church, where the sounds gradually died away. This ceremony, whenever it happened, indicated the approaching death of some of the most important personages in the

place; and no gospel truth was ever more religiously believed than was the occasional occurrence of these supernatural sounds. Persons whose veracity on other occasions could not be doubted have solemnly averred this pretended fact.

This place, of which no trace now remains, was probably "the chapel that King John gave to the canons of Lichfield for their common provision of bread and beer."

The church-yard at Tideswell, which we perambulated when the day was far declined, affords but few original poetic inscriptions, and certainly none that are particularly curious or interesting: there is, however, in such a place, and especially at the hour of evening, a solemn influence that prepares the mind for the reception of serious instruction, however homely or uncouth the garb in which it may be clothed.

"Contemplate, as the sun declines,  
 "Thy death with deep reflection;  
 "And when again he rising shines,  
 "Thy day of resurrection."

This stanza is inscribed on a humble grave-stone, and though not distinguished by any peculiar excellence, it forced itself upon our attention, and became impressed upon our memories. The thought on which it turns is given with so much brevity, that it may be said to be more hinted at than expressed; yet, situated as it is, it may be read and recollected with pleasure — perhaps with improvement. Tideswell is but ill calculated to induce the traveller to remain long within it; yet, pedestrians as we were, we were not inclined to proceed farther on our journey; we therefore passed the night at the George Inn, where we had no reason to be dissatisfied with our accommodation.



I have now brought the FIRST PART of my EXCURSIONS IN DERBYSHIRE to a close, and I look back with pleasure on the seventeen miles of road that separate Sheffield from Tideswell, where our first ramble terminated. Abbey Dale, East Moor, Froggat Edge, the Dale of the Derwent, Stoke, and Middleton Dale, furnish in rapid succession a series of views, differing in feature, and varying in character, from the beautiful to the romantic, from the romantic to the sublime; and

the local history of the village of Eyam has left a thousand tender impressions — aye, and salutary ones too, upon the mind. Having accomplished one portion of the pleasant task which I have imposed upon myself, I now find how very difficult it is to withdraw from a subject to which, perhaps, whatever may be my present intentions, I may never return. How reluctantly the heart bids adieu to what it loves ! and, “ loath to depart,” how fondly it lingers round those scenes and objects that are mingled and identified with happy feelings and pleasurable sensations ! Thus unwillingly I close this excursion : my next will include the whole of the scenery of the RIVER WYE — that busy stream, which, winding through the most romantic dales of Derbyshire,

“ Makes sweet music with the enamell’d stones,  
“ Giving a gentle kiss to every sedge  
“ He overtaketh in his pilgrimage ;  
“ And so by many winding nooks he strays  
“ With willing sport.”

SHAKSPEARE.

END OF PART I.

# **PEAK SCENERY.**

## **PART II.**



## SECTION I.

*New Road from Tideswell to Buxton. — Monksdale. — Thunder Storm. — Wormhill. — Chee Tor.*

My second Excursion (in Derbyshire) commenced at Tideswell. The night by which it was preceded was full of turbulence and uproar; the rain and wind beat violently against the roof and sides of our dwelling, and at intervals the lightning gleamed on the towers of the church, that were distinctly seen from the apartment in which I slept. In the morning the storm somewhat abated, and in the hope that it might soon entirely subside, my companion and myself commenced our journey. We were only seven miles from Buxton, and as it was our intention to traverse the banks of the river Wye, we took the road through Monks-dale to Wormhill and Chee Tor.

The new road from Tideswell to Buxton is carried through a continued series of romantic dales: immediately after leaving the town it winds round some rocky knolls, and descends along the side of a steep hill into Millers-dale, where it crosses the river Wye, amidst some of the most delightful scenery in the Peak of Derbyshire; then skirting the base of Priestcliff by Diamond Hill, it passes through Blackwell-dale, and joins the Bakewell road about two miles from Taddington. The road formerly travelled to Buxton is now nearly deserted: its direction is through Monks-dale, which it crosses near Wormhill, then passes over a tract of uninteresting ground newly claimed from the moors, but now in a state of tillage, and everywhere disfigured with stone wall-fences. In a newly enclosed country there is but little to attract attention; its features, if not absolutely repulsive, are unlovely, and must remain so, until a lapse of years has introduced the softer graces and the richer clothing of cultivation.

We left Tideswell early in the morning, and from the threatening aspect of the sky we anticipated a return of the storm. The hills before us stretching beyond Buxton, were of a deep purple colour, approaching to blackness, and they

were only distinguishable from the clouds that hung over them by a pale streak of light which ran along the horizon. Shortly the lightning began to dart its fiery lines across the darkness of the hills, and the thunder murmured hoarsely at a distance. We pressed onward, and when we arrived in Monksdale we were in the midst of the storm.

Monks-dale is a narrow deep ravine, whose steep and rugged sides are partly covered with heath and fern, intermixed with a thin mossy verdure. Grey barren rock occasionally breaks through the soil in large perpendicular masses, which though not sufficiently stupendous for the purposes of grandeur, gives to this dell a peculiar wildness, which is rather increased than subdued by the few trees and scanty brushwood that are scattered about it, as if intended only to remind one of their general absence. Wildness, however, was not the only feature by which Monks-dale was distinguished at this particular time; it assumed another, and a more imposing character. Enveloped in deep gloom, and visited with fire from heaven, it was terrific and sublime. The frequent and vivid flashes of lightning coming athwart the darkness of the storm, and the thunder loudly reverberating from rock to rock, had an awful and even an appalling effect. Peal on peal burst from the clouds on every side in rapid succession; the real and the mimic thunder clashing and blending together in terrible confusion.

In a confined part of this dell, at the foot of a projecting rock, where we had crouched for shelter, stands a single tree, the sport and victim of many a wintry storm. Its scathed trunk and leafless branches, peeled and bleached with age and weather, coming across a sky impenetrably black, while all the lower part of the chasm in which it once had flourished was involved in darkness that might almost be felt, presented a picture as disturbed and wild as Salvator ever imagined.

The storm subsiding, we left Monks-dale, and proceeded over the fields to Wormhill. Here every view is cheerless and uninteresting, with the exception of the village only, in which the cottages are prettily intermingled amongst the trees. Beheld at a short distance, the eye is refreshed as it rests upon it: it looks indeed like a beautiful spot of verdure amidst waste and sterility, for the traveller as he surveys the scene around him is but little aware of those rich and narrow dells which abound in this part of Derbyshire: his eye wanders over the various undulations of the ground that lies before



him: from the top of one eminence it passes to another, without perceiving either the frequency or the dimensions of the intervening dales. Yet though the neighbourhood of Wormhill is at this time so naked and unadorned, if tradition may be credited it was once a forest and crowded with trees: it was then the shelter and the residence of wild and ferocious animals, from whence

“ Cruel as death, and hungry as the grave —  
 “ Burning for blood — bony, and gaunt, and grim —  
 “ Assembling wolves in raging troops descend,  
 “ And pouring o’er the country, bear along  
 “ Keen as the North wind sweeps the glossy snow —  
 “ All is their prize !” —

Camden, in his brief notice of Derbyshire, says that “ lands were held here by the tenure to hunt wolves ;” and he farther observes, “ now there is no danger of wolves in these places, though formerly infested by them ; for the hunting and making of which some persons held lands here at Wormhill, from whence those persons were called WOLVE-HUNT, as is manifest from the records of the Tower.” Page 443. — Whitaker, in his History of Manchester, calls these “ the wildest parts of the wildest region in England, peopled as they must then have been by the beasts, that gave denomination to the Wolf-hunters at Wormhill.” — What a strange vicissitude of fortune has attended this district ! Once a forest, the haunt and shelter of wild beasts — then a desert and unproductive waste — now, destined to undergo another change — verdant fields and hedge-row trees begin to appear where lately desolation prevailed.

The unpropitious aspect of the landscape we had passed from Tideswell to Wormhill, was amply compensated by our near approach to the river Wye. While in the village, nothing appeared to intimate the proximity of Chee-dale, which is one of the most romantic parts of the Peak. We had therefore no anticipation, no foretaste of that rich assemblage of scenery, which nature has hid within the deep hollows and high hills that border the village of Wormhill. Nearly opposite the hall, which is a pleasant little mansion, finely embosomed in trees, we entered a small wicket-gate. All that was uninteresting in form, and cheerless to the eye, lay now behind us ; all before was magnificent and commanding. The whole range of vision is here occupied by rocks and mountains, while from the dells beneath, the Wye and its

neighbouring streams, still unseen, send forth their murmurs, and fill the air with melody. After a short pause, we descended by a steep and narrow path, and clambering over a rocky mound, the view from which is exquisitely beautiful, we entered a deep dale, apparently impassable at one extremity, and guarded by craggy projections at the other; in the midst of which, in majestic solitude, stands CHEE TOR. In magnitude, form, and feature, this perpendicular rock is unequalled in any other part of Derbyshire; and the picturesque materials which nature has scattered with a lavish hand around this *Giant of the Dell*, present a variety of objects and combinations to the eye, some of which are wild and terrific, and some of a softer and a milder character.

Having passed the mound which guards the entrance into Chee-dale, we seated ourselves on a mossy bank, by the side of one of the most clear and beautiful streams that ever flowed, and silently indulged in the delightful train of thought and feeling, which a contemplation of the scenery of nature is peculiarly calculated to inspire. We now saw nothing beyond the deep glen in which we were: the noise and bustle of the world, with all its cares and pleasures, were for a while forgotten, and Chee-dale was itself a world to us. It is not easy to conceive a place more entirely sequestered, and cut off from every thing around it, than is this quiet dell; its solitude is but rarely disturbed by human footsteps: with the exception of the angler, and occasionally a stray traveller, it is almost unvisited by man. No prospect, but what is included within the contracted limits of the dell, salutes the eye, except

“ The summer heaven’s delicious blue;”

and no sounds but what are native here — the lapse of the passing stream, the hum of bees, and the song of birds, reach the ear. In such a place, unseeing and unseen, the mind is naturally disposed to commune with itself, and enjoy the luxury of undisturbed reflection, until every unworthy thought and unhallowed sensation are subdued, and every feeling is in harmony with the scene.

The views in Chee-dale, though impressed with the same general character, are agreeably diversified: the rocks on the right are thrown into the form of a vast crescent, and their summits are fringed with trees. This noble amphitheatre spans the whole dale, and forms an impassable rampart round

the broad breast of the Tor, which, like an immense semi-circular tower, broken and rent with age, and marked with weather-stains, rises in sullen grandeur from the deep recess. Round the base of this rock flows the river Wye. The dark-green mosses, and variously-coloured lichens which cover the stones that form its bed — the long smooth weeds that wave their slender stems between — the variety of intermingling hues all in motion — the sparkle of the limestone rock — the vivid transparency of the stream, everywhere giving an additional splendour to the objects over which it flows — all conspire to render this secluded dell one of the most imposing scenes in any part of Derbyshire: it abounds in pictures, — every change of place exhibits a new one, and every one that occurs is marked with a peculiar beauty. Near the boldest projection of the Tor, a view admirably adapted to the pencil is presented. The foreground is enlivened by the lustre and the motion of the stream, which is here occasionally interrupted in its progress by insulated rocky fragments that divide and break it into foam, as it rushes over its rude channel into the levels below. The opposite bank is a gently rising mound, gradually sloping to the foot of the rock, and ornamented with lofty and well foliated ash; beyond appears Chee Tor, towering above every surrounding object, and lifting his ample front to the height of near four hundred feet. Looking down the river, which widens as it winds round the Tor, an islet adorned with light trees and underwood, occupies the middle of the river. — On the left the view is diversified with masses of rock, piled upon each other until they close in the prospect. Their jutting crags are partly covered with overhanging branches, and the hazel, the aspen, the wild rose, and the mountain ash, adorn their summits. Turning round, and looking up the dale, a different picture, but yet equally beautiful and interesting, is displayed: the widest part of the dell opens immediately before you, and the river, with its innumerable miniature cascades, is seen to greater advantage than in the contrary direction. Chee Tor is still the grand object, and though it gradually loses its feature of vastness, it assumes a greater portion of picturesque beauty. The regularity of its receding outline is broken with light and graceful foliage, which hanging like wreaths upon its brow, plays along the side of the rock in tasteful sportiveness, until it mingles with the ascending branches of the ash and the elm that decorate its base. On the right, a chain of rock sweeps round the Tor

in a regularly curved line, at the distance of from one to two hundred paces, forming a magnificent natural crescent. These rocks beetle over their base; so far they are unadorned: their upper strata are covered with wood, which happily combines with the scenery of which it forms so beautiful a part. Almost every circumstance, even the most minute, in the following extract from Sir Walter Scott's description of Loch Katrine, is peculiarly applicable to Chee-dale.

“ Here eglantine embalm'd the air,  
“ Hawthorn and hazel mingled there;  
“ The primrose pale, and violet flower  
“ Found in each cleft a narrow bower:  
“ Fox-glove and night-shade side by side,  
“ Emblems of punishment and pride,  
“ Grouped their dark hues with every stain  
“ The weather-beaten crags retain.  
“ With boughs that quaked at every breath,  
“ Grey birch and aspen wept beneath;  
“ Aloft the ash, and warrior oak  
“ Cast anchor in the rifted rock,  
“ And higher yet the pine-tree hung  
“ His shattered trunk, and frequent flung,  
“ Where seemed the cliffs to meet on high,  
“ His bows athwart the narrowed sky.”

## SECTION II.

*Observations on the river Wye.—Blackwell Mill. — Topley Pike.  
— Stage-coach. — Wye Dale. — Romantic Dell and Cascade  
near Lover's Leap. — Arrival at Buxton.*

THE upper part of the confined dell, which is dignified with the stately presence of Chee Tor, is extremely contracted. The rocks rise high and precipitately from both sides of the river, which they here form into a narrow channel, and the traveller, who is not disposed to wade through the shallows of the stream, must necessarily return by the path he came. In a long dry season, the Wye is but a scanty rivulet; it may then be crossed with little difficulty; at other times its passage is almost impracticable. Few individuals indeed ever attempt to penetrate beyond this part of Chee-dale.

From this place to Blackwell-Mill, about a mile higher up the river, many beautiful scenes occur, all differing in detail, but everywhere exhibiting the same general character. A brilliant and rapid stream sometimes winding round the huge fragments of stone that form its channel, then curling and circling into a thousand eddies — sometimes leaping precipitously from one bold shelving of rock to another, and breaking into the whitest foam; then gliding smoothly though rapidly along, until another obstruction to its peaceful and unruffled progress produces the recurrence of a similar picture. Such is the river Wye in this sequestered place: its banks are everywhere composed of a continued chain of perpendicular rocks of a greater or lesser altitude, which in some places are naked and unadorned, and in others finely covered with foliage. It may easily be imagined, that these materials must, occasionally if not frequently, be so thrown together and combined as to produce pleasing compositions.

I have only once crossed the river from the upper extremity of Chee-dale, which I did with the intention of perambulating its banks from thence to Buxton: when this can be accomplished, it must several times be forded from one side to the

other: indeed the channel of the stream, when occasions are taken of thus threading its course, is almost the only path that can be pursued without apprehension, as the sides and summits of the rocks are precipitous and craggy, and in many places even dangerous to pass. My companion was equally anxious with myself to explore this hidden part of the Wye: we therefore, after passing the stream at the top of Chee-dale, wound our way up and down the steep acclivities, as a narrow and devious path-way led us, amongst bushes and brambles, until we came by a rugged and abrupt descent to a more open situation on the brink of the river. The scene here presented is one of the finest of its kind I ever beheld. A high rock, richly crested with oak and ash, occupies each side of the Wye. The branches of the trees throw themselves across the chasm, and produce a mass of shadow, deep, broad, and sombre: below, a smooth bed of water sleeps in unbroken tranquillity; beyond, seen through the rocky vista, the luxuriant foliage caught a stream of light, and all the upper and remoter parts of the scene were brightly illumined with the warm effulgence of a declining sun, which, contrasted with opposing shadows, produced an effect that would have delighted a Rembrandt. The rock under which we stood, and the whole foreground of the picture, were finely broken: huge fragments of stone had been detached from above, and interrupted the progress of the stream, as it flowed and babbled along: the water, occasionally runs nearly over them, and had left behind an earthy sediment, that nurtured the richly-coloured mosses with which they were invested: water docks, fern, and fox-glove, mingled their variety of leaf and tint to adorn and diversify this beauteous landscape: all the forms were fine, the colouring rich and harmonious, and the light and shadow most happily disposed. It was one of those fascinating scenes which memory treasures, and recurs to with delight.

Leaving this retired spot, we again recrossed the river along the cragged sides of which we clambered with some interruptions, until we had attained the summit of the highest rock. Over this we had to pass or recede. The gulf that yawned below could not be contemplated without emotions of horror. We stood on a steep shelving bank, covered with a thin slippery grass, unsafe, and even dangerous to tread upon. A sheep track was the only path that lay before us, and this was carried so near the brink of the precipice, that I could not have beheld a goat or any thing that had life placed in so perilous a

situation, without trembling. We were now nearly four hundred feet above the little stream that washed the base of the rock where we stood, and a glimpse into the fearful depth below was appalling and terrific. We paused for a moment — our nerves were shaken and unstrung: my companion, who fully shared in my feelings, hesitated — then refused to proceed another step: we therefore retraced our way back to near Wormhill, and crossed the fields by a solitary path, which led us to the brow of a lofty eminence that overlooks Blackwell-Mill. From this elevated situation we descended by a winding and narrow road, until we had regained the margin of the Wye.

At Blackwell-Mill, where the river is spread out into considerable breadth, the dale expands and assumes a different character. Here the rocky scenery of the Wye subsides, and a series of deep dales succeeds, which are formed by high, sloping hills, thinly covered with verdure, and in some places crested with craggy knolls, and broken rock. Within the hollow of the lofty eminences that here prescribe the course of the river, lies Blackwell-Mill. Topley Pike, broad at its base, and lifting high its pointed summit o'er all surrounding objects, is here a giant feature in the landscape. Along the side of this vast hill, the new road from Bakewell to Buxton has been carried: one would almost wonder at so bold an attempt, but what cannot the talent, the daring, and the perseverance of man achieve?

While I was in the dale below, contemplating the steep acclivity of Topley Pike, I was startled from my reverie by the sound of a coachman's horn, that came gently upon the ear, when I was least prepared to expect such a greeting. Shortly, a stage-coach appeared, which seemed actually to issue from the clouds that obscured the higher elevations of this stupendous hill; and I observed it pass rapidly along, where the eye could scarcely discern the trace of a road, and where to all appearance a human foot could with difficulty find a resting-place. Had I supposed this vehicle to have contained within it beings like myself, I might have shuddered with apprehension, but the coach, from its great height above me, looked so like a child's toy, and the sound of the horn was so soft and unobtrusive — so unlike the loud blast of a stage-coachman's bugle — and altogether the place was so unfitted for the intrusion of such an object, that it appeared more like a fairy

scene, or a picture of imagination, than any thing real and substantial.

From the foot of Topley Pike the road passes by the side of the Wye, through some beautiful scenery to Buxton. Within about two miles of this fashionable bathing-place the dale again contracts, and becomes a narrow passage through a cleft of rock, singularly romantic. The Wye is here extremely beautiful: its lucid stream is sometimes pent up with fragments of rock that oppose its passage; then breaking the bounds of its confinement, it foams and bubbles down its rugged bed until another interruption occurs to dam up the current. It now dashes against the mound by which it is opposed; repelled by the obstruction it encounters, it circles into revolving eddies, that apparently retire under a shelving rock, until again it returns into the channel; then with an accumulated force it leaps the barrier, and bounds rapidly away. However fanciful, and perhaps even fantastic, this may be, I know not how otherwise to describe the impressions made upon my mind, as I watched the play, the spirit, and the progress of this secluded stream.

The deep ravine through which the Wye thus sports is rich in picturesque materials, and at the "witching hour of even," the perpendicular rocks on the right of the road, split and broken into columns, and surmounted with bold and rugged battlements, gleam with the soft light of departing day: the opposite side is dark with shadow, that envelopes all the lower part of the glen, which gradually becoming deeper and deeper as the night advances, gives an additional clearness and a more brilliant sparkle to the busy babbling Wye. In this contracted dell I again observed my favourite tree the ash; — its graceful branches mingled with the varied foliage of the elm, the hazel, and the yew: sometimes they shoot from a cleft or fissure in the rock — sometimes they play at its base, where they bend and dip their light stems in the stream they adorn.

Near that part of the rock denominated the *LOVER'S LEAP*, a little dell opens its craggy portals to the road. In winter a more picturesque place can hardly be found; and in summer, when a heavy shower of rain has swollen the mountain streams and filled their channels, a scanty rill, called *Shirbrook*, which takes its rise near the *Ashbourne Road*, about half a mile from Buxton, becomes in its progress a rapid and impetuous torrent; passing between *Staden's Low* and the *Duke's Ride*, it enters a rocky glen near the *Lover's Leap*, where, dashing



over a precipice, it forms a cascade of considerable elevation. The cliffs near it are broken into romantic masses, and the basin into which it falls is composed of fragments of rock; amongst these the water frets itself into the whitest foam; whilst every object in the dell, the fern, the spiral blades of grass, the spreading dock, and every flower that blossoms there, are bright with spray and gemmed with drops of light.

Proceeding from hence to Buxton, the dale through which the road is carried gradually loses its beauty until it terminates at the entrance into the town, where a neat and substantial stone bridge is thrown over the river Wye. We had loitered on the brink of this delightful stream almost unconscious of the day's decline, until the last faint rays of the setting sun, that for a while rested on the topmost peak of Ax-edge, had withdrawn, and were succeeded by the sombre colouring of a fine summer's night. All was still around us, and the effect was grand and imposing. As we entered the town, we discerned only the shadowy outline of things, and the mountains by which it is encompassed, wrapped in the solemn garb of night, came so near upon the eye, that their ample dimensions seemed to fill up the whole range of vision. As we proceeded, the sounds of distant music came upon the ear, and approaching nearer to the Crescent, we distinguished the sprightly notes of the fiddle, the tabor, and the pipe. The assembly-room at the Great Hotel was now splendidly lighted up, and dancing had commenced for the evening. Our day's excursion terminated at the Shakspeare Inn, where we took up our residence during our short stay in Buxton.

## SECTION III.

*Fairfield. — Lime Hills. — Poole's-Hole. — Buxton Diamonds.  
— Ax-Edge. — Stranger at Buxton. — Source of the Wye. —  
Evening.*

THE morning after our arrival in Buxton we visited Fairfield, the only pleasant situation in the whole district. This village stands on the summit of a gentle eminence, which forms a part of the extensive chain of hills that surround Buxton. The church-yard appears to have been long the burial-place for the whole neighbourhood; and several tabular monuments and sculptured stones are found within it that record the names and deaths of individuals who sought health at Buxton and had found a grave at Fairfield. The church seems fitted only to adorn a landscape: and such apparently is the feeling with which it is regarded by those who are entrusted with its care: in distance it is a good object, though its exterior architecture is by no means imposing; and within it is one of the most neglected places of worship in which man ever served his Maker. On a rocky mound, near it, stands a rude unshapen stone column, which is supposed to be part of the shaft of a cross; but from its present appearance I should conclude that it had originally been used only as a pedestal to a sun-dial: for a more important purpose it is utterly unworthy. A curious epitaph, which we could not find, is said to be inscribed on a stone here: I give it therefore on the authority of those who have been more fortunate in their researches than myself: —

“ Beneath this stone here lie two children dear,  
“ The one at Stoney Middleton — the other here.”

It is hardly possible to conceive a prospect more cheerless and forbidding than the hills around Buxton present. They had now lost the grandeur which darkness had thrown over them the preceding evening, and their unpleasant detail was

obtruded on the eye. With the exception of one or two small plantations of Scotch fir and larch, and a few meadows separated from each other by angular stone fences, that are carried along the sides of the hills with a tiresome monotony, scarcely any thing but sterility is to be seen. From Fairfield the lime hills beyond Buxton have a curious and delusive effect; they appear like an assemblage of tents, placed on a steep acclivity, in regular stages one above another, and they strangely disfigure the scene: as a feature in landscape, they are very unpleasant, yet they are not the least extraordinary places in the vicinity of Buxton. Many of them have been excavated, and they now form the habitations of human beings. Some of them are divided into several apartments, and one aperture serves to carry off the smoke from the whole. The roofs of these humble dwellings are partially covered with turf and heath, and not unfrequently a cow or an ass takes a station near the chimney, on the top of the hut, amongst tufts of fern and thistles, which together produce a very singular and sometimes a pleasing effect. One conical hill that I observed, contains within it five or six different habitations, and to the whole there appears but one or two chimneys: by what contrivance these are made to answer the common purposes of so many families, I have not been informed. When Faugas St. Fond visited Buxton, he was astonished to see human beings entering into and emerging from these excavations in the earth, like rabbits in a warren. Strangers beholding these places, would never imagine them the residence of creatures like themselves. When I first saw them, I knew not to what uses they were applied, for I did not then recognise them as objects I had previously met with in description, and none of their inmates appeared at the threshold to mark them out as dwellings. On a second look, they had issued from their hovels as if by general agreement, and I found the whole hill was peopled—not like the heathy glen in Scott's *Lady of the Lake*, with armed men at the signal of Roderic Dhu—but with boys and girls, and men and women; who having gazed for a moment upon us, suddenly disappeared, leaving us to reflect at leisure on the unusual sight.

At the foot of this hill lies Poole's-Hole. The entrance into this dreary cavern is narrow and forbidding; and the air, even in summer, has a cold and chilling effect that creeps through all the frame. Within, it is more capacious; but in

my estimation there is little in it to repay the trouble and inconvenience of a visit: those indeed who have seen the Devil's Cavern at Castleton, will derive but little gratification from Poole's-Hole. The roof and sides of this cave abound with stalactites, sometimes thrown together in such a manner as to bear a distant resemblance to objects in nature. In one place we were shown a *petrified turtle*; in another, a *fitch of bacon*; in a third, *Old Poole's saddle*; and still further on there are other calcareous incrustations, called *wool-packs* — a *chair* — a *font* — a *lady's toilet* — a *lion* — a *pillion* — and the *pillar of Mary Queen of Scots*. That these names have been dealt out and appropriated in a very arbitrary manner, may easily be imagined. The whale, or ouzel, which Hamlet points out amongst the clouds to poor Polonius, was not more unlike in form and feature than these uncouth resemblances are to the objects they are said to represent.

About half a mile beyond this cavern is Diamond-Hill, a place often visited by strangers for the purpose of collecting those detached crystals of quartz that are here denominated *Buxton diamonds*. These crystals are hexagonal, and their sides and angles are accurately formed, but in general they are of a bad colour, and but few of them are found perfectly transparent. They are hard, and their points, like the diamond, will cut glass; but this property is soon worn off. *Bray*, in his tour into Derbyshire, gives a curious account of the formation of these crystals: he says, "in the year 1756, a gentleman, in his walks, observed some little risings on the rocks, which appeared like ant-hills; he opened some, and found they consisted of a perfect arch, drawn up, as he imagined, by the exhalation of the sun; in them was first formed a thin bed of dirty-coloured spar, and upon that a regular cluster or bed of these crystals." He then adds, "Dr. Short says, all these are formed in the winter, and the more stormy and colder that is, the larger and harder these petrifications." Our modern chymists, I am aware, will not be altogether satisfied with Dr. Short's old-fashioned method of manufacturing crystals.

Returning from Fairfield, we passed through Buxton, intending to pay a visit to the summit of Ax-edge, a mountain which is considered one of the highest in the Peak of Derbyshire: A gradual and tiresome ascent of three or four miles leads to the top of this eminence, which commands an extensive view into Staffordshire and Cheshire on one hand, and to the mountainous districts of Derbyshire on the other. In the prospect

here unfolded, the Staffordshire Hills are conspicuous objects ; and towards the source of the River Dove, which lies at the foot of Ax-edge, some very wild but barren scenery is presented. This stupendous hill is covered with heath, which affords both food and shelter to the numerous moor game that inhabit it ; and as it was now the first day of the shooting season, we found ourselves somewhat annoyed with the guns that were continually going off around us : we were besides occasionally enveloped in clouds that swept over Ax-edge ; and being thus at times obscured from the sportsmen, and not entirely exempt from the danger of a stray shot, we relinquished our picturesque pursuits and returned to Buxton.

Re-entering the public-room at the Angel, I observed an interesting young man, who evidently laboured under the effects of a strong mental depression. His face was pale, but extremely prepossessing, and his dark eyes rather increased than diminished the melancholy expression of his countenance. He spoke but little, and he had apparently abstracted his attention so effectually and entirely from all external objects, that he seemed to be alone even in the midst of company. Yet the slightest noise breaking suddenly upon his ear, sensibly vibrated through all his frame. His existence was miserable ; and I placed myself near him, not with the intention of impertinently interfering with the privacy of his sorrows, but certainly with a hope that an opportunity might occur of diverting his attention to other objects than those which appeared to have taken possession of his every faculty. In this hope I was disappointed. His eye never wandered for a moment from the place on which it was fixed ; and I had too much respect for his sorrows, whatever they were, or however imaginary they might be, to obtrude myself upon his observation. The greater part of the company had left the room in which we were early in the forenoon, and the shooting parties, together with some little merry-making, on account of the Prince Regent's birth-day, brought the 12th of August, which might otherwise have passed without particular notice, to the recollection of the Buxton visitors. The casual mention of the day strongly agitated this interesting young man : the melancholy expression of countenance, and the wildness of his eye increased ; he was now conscious that he was not alone ; he therefore struggled with his feelings, and evidently endeavoured to suppress the violence of his emotions. With a tremulous voice he feebly ejaculated, " My poor brother ! "

then bursting into tears, he rushed out of the room. I know not that I ever observed any person more powerfully agitated. I saw him again in the after-part of the day, when he appeared more composed, but I could not succeed in obtaining any part of his attention without a breach of good manners.

I afterwards learnt that the 12th of August was the birth-day of a beloved brother, whom he had lately lost, not by the slow approaches of disease, but by a fall from his horse. On the day of his brother's death the first paroxysms of his grief were succeeded by an intense stupefaction, that made him totally indifferent to all around him: yet, until the day of interment, he would not be removed from the corpse of him whom in life he had so sincerely loved. At this awful moment, as the body was borne from one door of the house, he quitted it by another, and was not heard of for several days afterwards: he was then met with in a state of mental derangement, which afflicted him for many months, and at last left him so depressed in spirits, and so extremely sensitive, that with him existence could hardly be regarded as a blessing. This acute sensibility and excess of feeling exhibits, it is true, but little of self-possession; it would, nevertheless, be impertinent and idle, if not cruel, to blame it. No man would willingly devote himself to unpleasant sensations, and voluntarily become miserable: No! misery is instinctively and industriously avoided; and yet the mind that now triumphs in health may soon be "sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought," and all its energies may be destroyed. Who can say that the fortitude which resists calamity to-day may not be overthrown on the morrow?

The remainder of this day we spent in perambulating the environs of Buxton, and having visited the source of the Dove in the early part of the day, we devoted the afternoon to a short excursion to the source of the Wye, that river which it was our principal object to investigate. Four of the rivers of Derbyshire—the Dane, the Goit, the Dove, and the Wye—are seen from the foot of Ax-edge, and taking different directions, they adorn and fertilise some of the most beautiful dales in the county. On the left of the Macclesfield road, in a deep hollow, about one mile from Buxton, we found the cradle of the Wye in as barren and unpicturesque a birth-place as ever infant streamlet had. With the source of a river with whose devious windings and lovely scenery we had been a thousand times delighted, we had associated ideas of the beau-

tiful and romantic, and we wished to have found the Wye, where it first issues into day, not nestled amongst fern and rushes, but emerging from a bed of rock, and overhung with branches. Such was the picture our wishes and imaginations had portrayed. It was a sketch of fancy that reality embodied not. But Nature works as she pleases; and if she gives more than she promises, who has a right to complain of the little pledge merely because it has been redeemed with a greater performance?

Nearer Buxton this little rivulet becomes an interesting, and, in some places, a beautiful stream: it winds through a plantation newly made, where a walk is carried along its banks, and as the river ripples amongst the stones or glides smoothly away, it is a pleasing picture to the eye. In the short space of half a mile several artificial cascades occur, which have but little or no beauty, yet the sound of the water, as it rushes over them, is grateful to the ear: it is one of nature's sweetest melodies, and in the quiet retirement of a sequestered dell, where every other sound is hushed to rest, it comes with a delightful influence upon the senses, abstracts the mind from ordinary cares, and sometimes soothes the troubled spirits to repose.

Seated on a rural bench, beneath the shelter of a spreading elm, near one of these little water-falls, we listened to the music that it made until the last faint glimpse of day had departed, and the dark shadows of night, which seemed gradually to ascend from out the valley, had invested the tops of the mountains, and the bat and the beetle, and the glimmering lights of evening, had warned us to depart: such, and so tranquil, was the close of our first day at Buxton.

## SECTION IV.

*Staden-Low.—South entrance into Buxton.—The Crescent.—  
Mr. C. Sylvester's Hot Baths.—St. Anne's Well.—Buxton  
Bath Charity.—Amusements.—Antiquity of the Warm Baths.  
—Demolition of the Shrine and Image of St. Anne.*

THE weather continuing fine, we commenced our second day's ramble round Buxton by a visit to Staden-Low, where the remains of some ancient earth-works are said to have been clearly distinguishable until within a very few years. The ground, however, is now enclosed, and the plough has obliterated nearly every vestige of these memorials of former times. The adjoining village of Staden is of great antiquity, and it was once the most important place in the whole district. At this period, the officers of the surrounding hamlets, in consequence of some ancient prescription, were annually chosen, and inducted into their respective offices on the top of Staden-Low, where their names were registered in the parochial records on a large flat stone, which occupied that situation for several centuries. This custom has passed away, and the table of stone has disappeared. In this search after antiquities we were disappointed; but, as we passed along a part of the Duke's Ride, we were gratified with a view of the river Wye from the topmost summit of the rock denominated LOVER'S LEAP.

As our observations had hitherto been confined to the modern part of Buxton, we determined, on our return from Staden, to join the Ashbourne Road near Shirbrook, and enter the town at the other extremity. Here nothing is presented to the eye but a mean country village, surrounded with barren hills. The houses, which are built of limestone and thrown promiscuously together, equally in despite of order and taste, and the old church, one of the first objects that strikes the eye, and certainly one of the humblest places of worship I ever beheld, seem to mark out this little town as the residence only of



meanness and poverty. These observations must be understood to relate solely and entirely to the first appearance of the town as seen from the road, near a small inn, known by the name of the Cheshire Cheese. Strangers entering Buxton in this direction must be greatly disappointed in their expectations. The Crescent, and the numerous buildings by which it is surrounded, together with the whole of the modern part of the town, are hid in the deep hollow below, over which the eye passes to the hills beyond, and nothing is seen but a miserable village placed in as miserable a country as the mind can possibly conceive. Approaching the Eagle Inn, the place improves; but it is not until we arrive at the brow of Saint Anne's cliff that the new part of Buxton, with its elegant buildings and splendid hotels, is beheld. The transition is so sudden, and the change of scene so complete and entire, that the mind, bewildered and confused, almost doubts the reality of so extraordinary a contrast. The upper part of Buxton is truly a Derbyshire village; the lower, in the elegance of its buildings, its show, and its parade, approximates to Bath. Nothing can be more instantaneous or more forcibly felt than the change of passing from one part to the other of this fashionable bathing-place; and the company who visit it during the summer season, furnish a contrast equally striking and impressive. The bloom of health and the sallow hue of disease — the elastic bound of youth and the failing step of infirmity — wealth and poverty, and all the gradations that society produces between, are here mingled together, teaching a salutary lesson to the observing stranger as he passes along. Buxton would indeed be a melancholy place were it not that fashion has made it her resort: hence the scene is variously chequered, and those gloomy impressions, which are sometimes produced by a sight of human nature under affliction, are dissipated by gayer and more cheering objects. Here a man may learn properly to estimate that best of blessings, health: he who possesses it, will be almost every moment reminded of the treasure he enjoys; and he who has it not, may indulge the hope of finding it, and anticipate returning vigour.

As early as the reign of Elizabeth, Buxton was so much frequented, that it became necessary to erect new buildings, and furnish additional accommodations to the numerous visitors who even then resorted here both for health and pleasure. In the legislative enactments of this period, the itinerant migrations of the poor were restrained, and they were more closely

confined to their own parishes. Mendicity now became an offence, and in an act made in the thirty-ninth year of Elizabeth, it is provided, that the poor who from disease or infirmity might have occasion to resort to Bath or Buxton, should have relief from their parishes, and a pass from two magistrates, fixing the period of their return — a provision which evinces not only a solicitude to guard against vagrancy and begging, but the high estimation in which the Buxton waters were at this time held.

The old Hall, over the Baths, was erected about this period, and other buildings were added as the wants of a progressively-increasing number of visitors appeared to require; but it was reserved for the Dukes of Devonshire to bestow architectural splendour on Buxton. The Crescent is a noble pile of building, and the Hotels of which it is composed are admirably adapted to furnish the best and most elegant accommodations. A Crescent is not one of the finest forms a building can take: unless it be a portion of a very extensive circle indeed, it is far from being an imposing object. Nearly seen, or seen from any point of view besides the centre of the circle which the Crescent describes, some of the parts appear either distorted or out of proportion; hence it is, I presume, that the Crescent at Buxton fails to produce impressions commensurate with its grandeur: buildings of equal magnitude in almost any other form, would have a more magnificent effect. The architectural detail of inns and dwelling-houses, is not included within the plan of these excursions, yet having been favoured with the following particular account of the Crescent in manuscript, by Mr. H. Moore, of Derby, the accuracy of which is fully confirmed by my own observations, I have not hesitated to use his communication, for which I now publicly return him my thanks.

“ The Crescent at Buxton has three stories; in the lower one is a rusticated arcade, that forms an agreeable promenade: above the arches, an elegant balustrade stretches along the whole front and the ends of the fabric: over the piers of the arcade arise fluted Doric pilasters, that support the architrave and cornice: the trygliphs of the former and the rich planceer of the latter have a beautiful appearance. The termination above the cornice is formed by another balustrade, that extends along the whole building, in the centre of which are the Devonshire arms finely sculptured. In the space between the windows runs an enriched string course.

“The floor of the arcade is several feet higher than the gravelled area, between which communications are formed by several flights of steps. The span of the Crescent is two hundred feet, and each wing measures fifty-eight feet three inches, making the whole extent of the front three hundred and sixteen feet and a half.”

Within the ample sweep of this princely building, are the tepid Baths, and very recently two artificial Hot Baths have been added to the other accommodations of this fashionable place. They are convenient and very neatly fitted up, but unfortunately they have been built where sufficient room could not be obtained; they therefore want capacity. The apparatus connected with these Baths, and the manner in which the water and the rooms are heated, are the work of Mr. Charles Sylvester, late of Derby, but now of London. What he has done, and done so well in a small compass, makes us regret that he had not more space for the exercise of his talent. These Baths are placed opposite the Grove Inn, and they have a private communication with the Great Hotel, the only circumstance, perhaps, which induced their establishment in so confined a situation.

The Crescent at Buxton is the work of the late John Carr, Esq. an architect of great provincial celebrity, who resided at York: its erection was dictated by a spirit of munificence, and it is executed in a style of grandeur that might well befit the residence of a prince; yet the site on which it stands is perhaps the worst that could possibly have been selected for such a purpose. From no one point of view can it be seen to advantage, and the unmeaning hill (I speak now of its form and not of its recent adornments) by which it is closely blocked up, precludes its inmates from beholding any other object. A grove once occupied the place where it stands, and the little river Wye babbled through it. The stream is now confined to a hidden channel underneath the Crescent, and the trees were destroyed to make room for its erection. This instance of bad taste is really reprehensible, particularly in a place where trees do not abound, and which, notwithstanding some recent plantations, has altogether a very naked and dreary appearance.

The stables belonging to the Duke of Devonshire's Hotels, constitute a fine range of buildings; they occupy a gently rising ground at the back of the Crescent, and their style of architecture happily corresponds with the grandeur of that

noble edifice. A covereddride is carried round the area which these buildings include, for the purpose of affording an opportunity to the company at Buxton to indulge in the useful exercise of riding even in rainy weather.. Another of the architectural ornaments of modern Buxton is the NEW CHURCH, a very handsome stone structure, which owes its erection to the same noble family at whose expense the Crescent was built, and under whose auspices a humble village has become not only one of the most important towns in the Peak of Derbyshire, but a place of general and fashionable resort.

Under the liberal and munificent spirit of the Dukes of Devonshire, Buxton is progressively and rapidly improving: the mound in the front of the Crescent is no longer a lump of deformity; the genius of Wyatt has converted it into an object of beauty: all that taste and judgment could possibly effect has been done, and a series of beautiful promenades and verdant slopes now covers this once unmeaning hill.

At the foot of this eminence the water from St. Anne's Well issues into a marble basin, over which a small but elegant temple, surmounted with an urn, has been erected. Here the Buxton visitors resort to drink the water, which is generally taken in moderate quantities before breakfast, and again before the usual hour of dinner. Though the water from this well is warm, being about 82 degrees of Fahrenheit's thermometer, it is pleasant to the taste, and has a clear and sparkling appearance in the glass. In the Baths the water is beautifully transparent, a quality which it gradually loses when deprived of its peculiar temperature by exposure in a vessel to the open air.

The Baths are all situated near the Old Hall, at the western extremity of the Crescent: two of them are appropriated to the ladies, three to the gentlemen, and the other is devoted to the use of the poor, who are allowed to bathe without fee or charge. Buxton Bath Charity, which bestows this valuable privilege on those who cannot otherwise enjoy it, is one of the most unostentatious institutions that benevolence ever established. Though the means by which it is supported are precarious, and apparently too slender to produce any extensive benefit, yet much good is annually derived from the economical and judicious management of its funds. This charity is principally supported by a trifling contribution from those who visit Buxton: whenever any new-comers arrive

either at the inns or the principal lodging-houses, immediately after dinner a subscription-book is introduced, in which they are expected to insert their names, and pay one shilling each towards the relief of those who suffer the double infliction of pain and poverty. This little donation "blesseth him that takes and him that gives:" it purchases the gratifying privilege of recommending a person to the Charity, who on his admission is furnished with medical assistance—the use of a bath, which is exclusively appropriated to this purpose—and six shillings a week for one month towards his support. From one hundred and fifty to two hundred suffering individuals are thus annually admitted to a liberal participation of those benefits which result from the use of the tepid baths at Buxton.

Though the policy of limiting the benevolence of individuals may be questioned, yet the practical operation of this regulation in Buxton is generally approved: when the subscription-book is introduced there is no balancing between shillings and pounds—neither the depth of the purse nor the feelings of the heart can be ascertained, or even guessed at, by the sum subscribed, and invidious remark and illiberal surmise and comment are thereby precluded.

Buxton is not an expensive place to live at: the principal inns furnish excellent accommodations at a moderate rate: four shillings and sixpence is generally paid for the day: for this sum breakfast, lunch, dinner, and supper are provided: an extra charge of one shilling is made for tea to those who may be disposed to partake of so pleasant a repast. At the best lodging-houses the expense is somewhat less, and as those who prefer living in a retired manner even in the midst of a throng have an opportunity of furnishing their own wine and liquors, they are much frequented.

During the summer months this little town is far from being devoid of amusement. The Theatre is but a very humble structure, yet its interior is well fitted up; and frequently performers of considerable merit are engaged by the managers for the best part of the season. Besides the Theatre, there is an elegant and spacious Assembly-room, which is attached to the Great Hotel in the Crescent, and is opened early in June annually, for three nights in the week: nor is Billinge's Billiard Room, or the Coffee Room at the Great Hotel, destitute of attractions. The variety of amusements afforded by

these places, in addition to the time occupied in bathing, riding, walking, and dressing, completely fill up the whole round of a long summer day, and bid defiance to ennui. The *Petrifaction Works*, as they are generally designated by those who deal in the mineral and fossil productions of Derbyshire, are another source of amusement, and their investigation can hardly fail to produce both information and delight. The fluor, or phosphoric spars of this interesting county are here manufactured into a variety of ornaments, and many of the retail shops in Buxton are enriched with these beautiful productions of the Peak.

That this now fashionable bathing place was in earlier times a Roman station, appears indisputable, and it is highly probable that it was selected for the purpose by this warlike people on account of the warm springs with which it abounds. Buxton is likewise the intersecting point of two great military roads — the one connecting Manchester with little Chester, and the other running from Middlewich and Congleton to Brough, near Castleton, in the Peak, and thence to York and Aldborough.

Yet Buxton, with all its advantages, and notwithstanding the early notice it obtained, appears to have risen but slowly into consequence: an author whom I have somewhere read, intimates "that the Romans erected magnificent mansions and elegant models of Italian architecture among the majestic mountains of the Peak." When a man is disposed to indulge in these splendid reveries of imagination, it is extremely difficult to restrain his wanderings and confine him within the limits of probability. The same strain of fanciful feeling he still farther indulges, and he sees "in his mind's eye" this insignificant place "assume the appearance of a Roman bathing villa," and he talks with rapture of "the sudatories and dressing-rooms with which it was then furnished." But this is more like poetry than history: yet the coins and the other remains which have at various times been found here, establish the fact that Buxton was known to and visited by the Romans. To this generation of enterprising men we are perhaps indebted not only for the use of the tepid baths in this country, but for the discovery of the warm springs at Buxton. Immediately after the expulsion of the Romans these baths probably sunk into neglect, yet it is not likely that they should even then remain long unvisited: their salutary in-

fluence had been experienced in many instances, and gradually they became extensively and generally known. Centuries ago they were in great repute, and the chapel of St. Anne, the tutelary saint of these hot springs, was hung round with the crutches of those who had come infirm and lame to try the sanative powers of these waters, and had returned "leaping and rejoicing." A zeal for reform destroyed these reliques, which were supposed to have a tendency to perpetuate error and delusion. The following letter, written by one of the agents of the Eighth Harry, and addressed to Lord Cromwell, shows with what a ready subserviency the orders of monarchs are carried into effect, however silly and contemptible they may be. As connected with the history of Buxton, it is an interesting and curious document, and much too valuable to be neglected on this occasion: I therefore gladly close my observations on this rapidly improving place with a production so full of information.

*"Right Honourable and my inespecial Good Lord.*

"According to my bounden duty, and the tenor of your Lordship's letters lately to me directed, I have sent your Lordship by this bearer, my brother Francis Basset, the images of Saint Anne of Buckston, and Saint Andrew of Burton-upon-Trent, which images I did take from the places where they did stand, and brought them to my house within forty-eight hours after the contemplation of your said Lordship's letters, in as sober a manner as my little and rude will would serve me. And for that there should be no more idolatry and superstition there used, I did not only deface the tabernacles and places where they did stand, but also did take away crutches, shirts, and shifts, with wax offered, being things that allure and entice the ignorant to the said offering; also giving the keepers of both places orders that no more offerings should be made in those places till the King's pleasure and your Lordship's be further known in that behalf.

"My Lord, I have locked up and sealed the baths and wells of Buckston, that none shall enter to wash there till your Lordship's pleasure be further known; whereof I beseech your good Lordship that I may be ascertained again at your pleasure, and I shall not fail to execute your Lordship's commandments to the utmost of my little wit and power. And my Lord, as touching the opinion of the people and the fond trust they did put in those images, and the vanity of the things, this bearer can tell your

Lordship better at large than I can write, for he was with me at the doing of all this, and in all places, as knoweth good Jesus, whom ever have your Lordship in his precious keeping.

“Written at Langley with the rude and simple hand of your assured and faithful orator, and as one and ever at your commandment, next unto the King's, to the uttermost of his little power.

“WILLIAM BASSETT, KNIGHT.

“*To Lord Cromwell.*”



## SECTION V.

*Leave Buxton. — Water Swallows. — Tunstead. — James Brindley. — Wormhill-Dale. — View from Diamond Hill. — Miller's Dale. — Raven Tor. — Litton Mill-Dale. — Cressbrook-Mill. Wm. Newton. — Difficult Passage from Litton-Mill to Cressbrook. — Scenery there.*

AFTER spending a few days at Buxton, rambling about its vicinity, and sharing in the gaieties and the pleasures of the place, we left it early on a fine morning, and took the road to Fairfield. From Cheedale we had passed along the brink of the river Wye, on our way to Buxton; instead, therefore, of retracing our steps, we crossed the fields by a bye path in the direction of *Great-Rocks*, leaving the farm-house called *Water Swallows* at a short distance on our left. At this place a stream that flows through the adjacent meadows suddenly loses itself in a chasm in the earth; then pursuing its way along a subterranean passage for several miles, it again emerges into day at the base of a steep hill near *Wormhill*. It was our intention to regain the channel of the Wye at this particular place, for the purpose of passing along the margin of the river, from thence to *Haddon* and *Rowsley*. We therefore took the most direct path, through verdant meadows and lanes but little used, leaving the village of *Tunstead* about half a mile on our left. Here we paused for a short time to look at the birthplace of *Brindley*, the celebrated engineer who was employed by the Duke of *Bridgewater* in the improvement of that system of inland navigation now so widely extended through every part of the kingdom, and which the talents of this obscure and humble individual contributed so essentially to promote.

Few men have done more to benefit society than *James Brindley*: he was a man of an extraordinary and independent genius: he thought, comprehended, and decided for himself; and his invincible perseverance surmounted every obstacle interposed in his way. In the prosecution of his plans the mountains may be said to have sunk before him, and the hills

and valleys were to him as plain places : he perforated the one, and he bridged the other, with apparent facility, while his contemporaries, who were astonished at the vastness of his daring, confidently predicted his failure, and anticipated his disgrace. The Duke of Bridgewater was fortunate in confiding to this self-taught engineer the execution of his designs, and Brindley found a patron in the Duke, whose wealth was commensurate with his public spirit, and who entrusted to this humble individual the entire management of those works, which, in their results, might have involved the whole of his immense estates.

In the execution of the various canal establishments in which Brindley was employed, it appears to have been his primary object to avoid all interference with natural rivers, and to maintain the same undeviating level to the greatest possible extent. On this principle his designs invariably move, in bold defiance of every obstruction which nature had thrown in his way. It is a curious fact, and not unworthy of remark, that this man planned and executed the most complicated mechanism without the assistance of either drawing or model. When employed on any new undertaking, or when difficulties obtruded upon him, he would lie in bed for several successive days and nights, until he clearly comprehended the whole detail of his operations, and his mind had become familiarized to the most minute parts and the most complex movements. He then commenced his work with all the confidence of success, and he was but rarely disappointed in his calculations. The little village of Tunstead was the birth-place of Brindley : he was born in the year 1716, and died in 1772, in the fifty-sixth year of his age.

From this place a short walk brought us into a narrow dale, that became gradually wider, deeper, and more picturesque, as we proceeded through it in our way to Wormhill. The lower part of this dale opens to the river Wye. Where it terminates, two beautiful streams emerge from under a limestone rock, about twenty yards apart, and, meandering amongst the long tufts of grass, form a thousand little rivulets, that flow into the Wye near the foot of Chee Tor. The course of one of the principal branches of these streams is extremely precipitous, and the water is divided into many currents by rocky fragments, covered over with mosses and lichens, and the banks are adorned with every flower that haunts the brook or dips the leaf in water. The brilliant hues here displayed

were as harmoniously combined, and as various and as beautiful, as the tints of the rainbow; amongst these the water rushing and bounding along, and leaping from one huge stone to another, sparkled with light: altogether this little scene presented one of the most richly diversified specimens of splendid colouring that I ever beheld. Another season of the year might be less propitious; — too much or too little water would injure, if not spoil, the picture.

Before we left this dell, we again clambered to the top of the rocky mound that bars up the entrance into Chee-dale, from which we had a view down the river, full of beauty and agreeably diversified. Chee-dale, and its magnificent Tor, combined with the romantic scenery with which it is adorned, so entirely abstract the attention of the traveller from other objects, that the dale of Wormhill is frequently passed unnoticed: yet how abundant is it in materials, and how happily disposed are all the parts! The foliage that covers one side of the dale, under whose branches the river, rich with reflected hues, sweeps gracefully along, presents a picturesque contrast to the grey rock and heathy verdure, which are the distinguishing features of the other. In the off-scape, a rude wooden bridge spans the river; and where the sides of the dale approximate in distance, they are well wooded, and the direction of the Wye, which is now no longer seen, is distinctly marked by the different character and colour of the trees that decorate its banks. It was our intention to follow the course of the river through all its windings, and therefore leaving the sublime Chee Tor with regret, we passed, by a fisherman's path, through the contracted part of Wormhill-dale. The right bank of the Wye, which is made up of rock and wood, rises almost perpendicularly from the water's edge to a considerable height. The left affords a difficult passage amongst trees and underwood, brambles, and colt's foot, which is continued to within a few hundred yards of the bridge in Miller's-dale. At this bridge we crossed the river, for the purpose of exploring a contracted dell which leads from Diamond-hill to the village of Blackwell.

While my companion was employed in sketching, from a jutting eminence at the base of Priestcliff, one of the finest scenes on the banks of the Wye, I amused myself in searching, amongst a stratum of loose toad-stone, near the road side, for Derbyshire diamonds. These crystals are here found in

abundance, and they sometimes glitter in the pathway of the traveller and attract his attention: they are often defective in form, and generally they are of a dirty colour, slightly tinged with yellow, red, and purple. The dell that had allured us from the margin of the river below, is full of studies for the artist; every where the rocks are finely broken, and their sides are adorned with coppice wood, elm, ash, and hazel. On our return into Miller's-dale we again stopped to look at the lovely scene with which my companion had just enriched his sketch-book. The river Wye rushing through the dell beneath — the lofty hills that form its channel — the luxuriant foliage with which they are covered — the craggy knolls that crest their summits — the glimpse of verdant pasturage between — the shadowy outline of the distant mountains — all unite to form a landscape exquisitely beautiful in all its parts and combinations.

In Miller's-dale, the river, which had been pent up within a narrow chasm, appears to rejoice at its release, as it quietly spreads into a more ample stream and glides leisurely away. This is a delightful dale, and it abounds with scenes, that, as they are beheld, sooth and tranquillize the mind. The stream is never turbulent — never still; and though in some places the huge branch of a gnarled oak or a weather-beaten elm shoots from a cleft or fissure in the rock above, in a manner that suggests a recollection of the pictures of Salvator, yet the light and elegant foliage with which it is accompanied, subdues every feature of wildness, and softens down the whole to beauty: the mills — the leapings that are thrown across the river — the cottages embosomed in trees, or overhung with rock — every object in the dale is fraught with beauty.

Passing the lower mill the rocks on the left assume a bolder feature, and progressively rise to a considerable altitude. Neither tree nor shrub flourishes at their base, and their sides and their summits are naked and unadorned, and yet, with the exception of *Raven Tor*, they are so broken into deep recesses and jutting crags, that they have more of a romantic than a wild or a savage character. The incumbent stratum of this range of rocks is calcareous, and it rests on a bed of toad-stone of a deep brown colour, which is intermixed with particles of spar, and has the appearance of volcanic lava. This intimation is only useful so far as it may direct the attention of the traveller to some of the best specimens of this

curious material, which *Whitehurst*, in his Enquiry into the Formation of the Earth, thus describes:—

“ Toad-stone, a blackish substance, very hard ; contains bladder holes, like the scoria of metals or Iceland *lava*, and has the same chymical property of resisting acids. Some of its bladder holes are filled with spar, others only in part, and others again are quite empty. This stratum is not laminated, but consists of one entire solid mass, and breaks alike in all directions. It does not produce any minerals, or figured stones, representing any part of the animal or vegetable creation, nor are any adventitious bodies enveloped in it ; but it is as much an uniform mass as any vitrified substance whatever can be supposed to be : neither does it universally prevail, as the limestone strata, nor is it like them equally thick ; but in some instances varies in thickness from six feet to six hundred, as will be shown hereafter. It is likewise attended with other circumstances which leave no room to doubt of its being as much a *lava* as that which flows from Hecla, Vesuvius, or Etna.”

From Raven Tor to Litton-Mill, the dale is less picturesque and interesting ; yet the river still maintains its beauty, and every where exhibits the same cheerful character. Some of the springs in this dale have a petrifying quality, and many of the stones are covered with calcareous incrustations. We were now arrived at a narrow part of the dale, and were compelled to abandon the immediate brink of the river by the near approximation of the rocks that form its channel. From Litton-Mill (for even in this secluded spot the hitherto pure stream of the Wye is contaminated by the erection of machinery for the spinning of cotton) a steep and toilsome path led us to the top of an airy and commanding eminence which displays an extensive view of the surrounding country, where the mountains and hills of this part of the Peak are seen beautifully intersecting, meeting, and receding from each other to the most remote part of distance.

“ My soul this vast horizon fills,  
 “ Within whose undulated line  
 “ Thick stand the multitude of hills,  
 “ And clear the waters shine.”

MONTGOMERY'S *Peak Mountains*.

From this elevation the view into the gulph below is terrific : a long descending bank, too abrupt and steep for human foot to traverse, shelves to the brink of a chasm of rifted rock, through which the river flows. Each side of this narrow pass

is a perpendicular height, varying from two to three or four hundred feet. The Wye is here a considerable stream, but seen from this lofty station, it appears only a narrow stripe winding between the grey rocks that form its channel.

— — — “ The murmuring surge  
 “ That on the unnumbered idle pebbles chafes,  
 “ Cannot be heard so high.”

— — — “ I’ll look no more,  
 “ Lest my brain turn, and my deficient sight  
 “ Topple down headlong.”

SHAKESPEARE.

The descent from this place to Cressbrook presents a view into Monsal-dale, which forcibly suggests the idea of “ Beauty resting in the lap of horror.” The bleak hills that surround this sequestered spot, form an apparently impassable barrier, and seem to close it on every side: tranquilly embosomed within the limits they prescribe, lies as lovely a scene as ever eye reposed on with delight: picturesque cottages half hid amongst surrounding trees — fields that “ laugh with plenty” — a busy and beautiful river, now dark with shadow and now sparkling with light, meandering through them, constitute the peculiar charm of Monsal-dale.

At the head of this dale, where Cressbrook joins the Wye, a Cotton-Mill has been recently erected, which finds employment for a great number of exotics of both sexes, who are periodically imported from their native soil to fade or flourish among the hills of the Peak. Mr. William Newton, Miss Seward’s “ Peak Minstrel,” resides near this factory, and if I am not mistaken, he has the superintendence of those children who are incarcerated from the world within it. Once, when passing down this dale, I heard him remark, that he had that day had a considerable increase to his family — upwards of thirty boys and girls from London. What a train of ideas did this observation create! “ Thirty boys and girls, deserted by their natural protectors, and thrown, like waifs, upon the world’s wide waste, without a single being to show them kindness — not one to love or be beloved by them; no parent with a kindly feeling to pat them on the cheek, and pray, ‘ God bless them.’” One pleasant consideration, however, mingled itself with my reflections; I felt assured that these friendless children were confided to the care of an indulgent master, who would take an interest in softening the rigour of their situation, by kindness and attention.

The scenery about Cressbrook mill is strikingly picturesque: the buildings are backed with rock, and wood, and lofty hills, and the water plays delightfully about them; yet they seem strangely out of place. The residence of the "Peak Minstrel," the sequestered beauties of Monsal-dale, and the murmurs of the river Wye, are combinations that do not harmonize with the rattling of the various machinery and the noise and bustle of a Cotton Mill.

Wm. Newton, whose productions in early life attracted the attention of Miss Seward and the poet Hayley, and who occupies the house under the hill that overlooks Cressbrook, was born at Abney, a small village in the vicinity of Tideswell. His father was a carpenter, and the son at an early period of life was employed at the same trade, in which he was soon distinguished as an ingenious and skilful workman. Few indeed were the opportunities he had for the culture and improvement of his mind; when, however, any occurred, they were laid hold of with avidity and used with advantage. Being occasionally employed in the best houses in the neighbourhood of Tideswell, books would sometimes casually fall in his way; these, whenever the opportunity occurred, he never failed to peruse, and thus an attachment to literary studies was originally produced in his mind. He entirely abstracted himself from the common amusements and pursuits of the young men around him; of course, he had but few companions, and was comparatively but little known; for in reading he had no associates. He married early in life, but being industrious, and using his little means with economy, before he was thirty years old he had accumulated a little library of well-selected books; and his leisure hours were devoted to the study of poetry, history, and philosophy. About this period of time the Rev. P. Cunninghame, curate of Eyam, by accident discovered this Minstrel of the Peak Mountains, whom he soon afterwards introduced to Miss Seward, and we have her testimony that he had then read with considerable improvement and advantage. She says, "he conversed with perspicuity and taste upon the authors he had read, the striking scenery of the few counties he had beheld, and the nature of his own destiny, perceptions, and acquirements." The same authority says, "the elegance and harmony of Mr. Newton's language, both in prose and verse, are miraculous, when it is remembered that till Mr. Cunninghame kindly distinguished him, he had associated only with the unlettered

and inelegant vulgar." Mr. Newton appears to have been highly sensible of the value of Cunninghame's acquaintance : in one of his letters, dated from Monsal-dale, he says, " last week Mr. Cunninghame found me in this lovely valley surrounded by wheels, springs, and various mechanical operations ; to his creative fancy they appeared as the effect of magic, and he called me '*Prospero*.' "

To this self-taught bard, Miss Seward inscribed a poem, which was originally published in the Gentleman's Magazine. This copy of verses may be found in the third volume of her poems, and they are highly complimentary to the genius of Newton. In her correspondence with her literary friends he is frequently mentioned in the same strain of eulogy, and some of her letters are addressed to him. In one to Mr. Saville, dated from Buxton, she says, " that being of true integrity, that prodigy of self-taught genius, Newton, the minstrel of my native mountains, walks over them from Tideswell, his humble home, to pass the day with me to-morrow. To preclude wonder and comments upon my attentions to such an apparent rustic at the public table, I have shown two charming little poems of his, which are deservedly admired here."

The poet Hayley appears to have entertained an opinion not less elevated of the poetic attainments and the genius of Newton. Writing to Miss Seward, who had asked his opinion of BURNS, he replies, " I admire the Scotch peasant, but do not think him superior to your poetical carpenter." It may appear presumptuous to arraign the taste and judgment of Hayley on this occasion ; but, supposing him to have expressed an honest and undisguised opinion, this can hardly be avoided, ungracious as the task may be. The poetic compositions of Newton are certainly very creditable to his talents, but they are not of a character and description to justify the exalted commendation here expressed. Did Hayley regard Burns merely as a writer of verse, and was he insensible to those electric flashes of genius and feeling which eminently distinguish the productions of the Ayrshire bard ? The passage here quoted from his letter to Miss Seward, renders it difficult to suppose otherwise. Or perhaps Hayley had himself formed but an erroneous estimate of the qualities essential to true poetry. However this may be, his commendations of Newton are somewhat too extravagant, even when every allowable justice is done to his compositions ; and I know that at this time his good sense and modesty so regard them, for



he is but little in the habit of forming an erroneous estimate of his own qualifications. The manner in which Miss Seward has mentioned the subject of this short biographical sketch, and the prodigal panegyrics of Hayley, who inscribed to him a highly complimentary sonnet, less imbued with the spirit of poetry than the spirit of praise, will, it is presumed, justify this notice of a worthy man.

The margin of the river between Litton Mill and Cressbrook, is but rarely visited by human footsteps: sometimes a solitary angler, when in the pursuit of his favourite amusement, will penetrate the dell, and pursue the course of the stream; and occasionally an adventurous tourist, in search of the hidden beauties of the Wye, will pass through it. This, however, seldom occurs, as the attempt is arduous, and cannot be accomplished without some difficulty, and, perhaps, danger. The river here flows through a deep cleft of perpendicular rocks, which, to the man who traverses their base, have the appearance of impending masses, that threaten all below with destruction.

“ So high the cliffs of limestone grey,  
 “ Hang beetling o’er the torrent’s way,  
 “ Yielding along their rugged base,  
 “ A flinty footpath’s niggard space,  
 “ Where he who winds ’twixt rock and wave,  
 “ May hear the headlong torrents rave;  
 “ And like a steed in frantic fit,  
 “ That flings the froth from curb and bit,  
 “ May view her chase her waves to spray,  
 “ O’er every rock that bars her way,  
 “ Till foam-globes on her eddies ride  
 “ Thick as the schemes of human pride,  
 “ That down life’s current drive amain,  
 “ As frail, as frothy, and as vain.”

WALTER SCOTT. — ROKEBY, Canto 2.

A man whom I well knew, and who was but little influenced by imaginary fears, visited Cressbrook a few years ago, and seduced by the wildness of the scenery, he had an inclination to penetrate the channel of the Wye, and explore its beauties. He entered the dell near the mill, and pursued his route upwards, but the high rocks with which he soon found himself surrounded, appeared to him so terrific and full of horror, that he felt anxious to retrace his steps before he had proceeded more than a hundred yards; and when he had happily emerged from the dreadful chasm, as he termed it, and was safe from the peril in which he imagined he had been

involved, his mind did not recover its accustomed serenity for some hours afterwards.

The whole of this dell, with the exception of one single place, which includes a space of about twenty yards, may be passed with safety, though perhaps not without apprehension. I once made the experiment, and have no wish to repeat it. From Litton Mill I took the right of the river, along a narrow path-way which had been made by fishermen close upon its brink, until a projecting rock, that partly overhung the stream, presented an apparently insuperable barrier to my farther progress. I hesitated for a moment, and the question, "shall I recede or go on?" was soon determined by the anxious solicitude I felt to pass along the margin of the stream from Litton to Cressbrook. I therefore resolved at all hazards to persevere. Something like a sheep-track, not broad enough in any place to admit more than one foot at a time, was carried along the extreme verge of a narrow shelving of rock which overhung the river, that at the depth of many yards below appeared to sleep at its base. A thin slippery verdure covered the perilous path, and though I felt it dangerous to proceed, as a single unsafe tread would inevitably have precipitated me into the deep waters of the Wye, I soon found I had gone too far to recede. "Returning were as tedious as go o'er;" I therefore, with a wary step and a little unpleasant feeling, moved, or rather crept, cautiously along, until I had attained a place of safety. I now looked back upon the path I had passed, and trembled at my own temerity. Impending rock, to the height of several hundred feet, rose over my head: far beneath the narrow jutting crag where I had stood, flowed the Wye, which being dammed up at the mill below, is here a deep, silent, and apparently an immoveable stream, that is black with shadow. My mind, however, soon recovered its usual tone, and I felt myself amply repaid for the little inconvenience I had encountered. The scene that now lay before me was of the most magnificent description. The rocks on each side of the river form an immense portal, through these the stream, the foliage near, and the distant mountains, are seen most happily combined, and appear like a lovely picture in a massy frame. The right of the river looking towards Cressbrook is naked rock; the opposite bank is covered with trees, which overhang the stream. To this thickly wooded spot there is no access for either horse or carriage, and I observed that a number of trees had been recently cut down and thrown into the river, for

the purpose of being floated out of this narrow chasm, whenever the Wye became flooded with heavy rains.

Approaching Cressbrook Mill, another fine view occurs: some houses in the rock, amidst the trees—the river and the buildings on its banks—form an assemblage of objects which lie embosomed within the capacious hollow of a mighty hill, that constitutes a noble back-ground to the picture. This hill rises with a steep acclivity to a great height, and sometimes in winter it is one of the grandest objects in the mountainous districts in Derbyshire. At this season of the year, when the “wintry winds” sweep over the top of this lofty eminence, and the driven snow is accumulated upon its brow, where it hangs like a projecting cornice, and ornaments the immense curve of this vast natural crescent, it presents one of the most magnificent scenes that the lover of mountain landscape can behold.

## SECTION VI.

*Cressbrook-Dale. — Bright Pool. — Waterfall. — Monsal-Dale. — Summer Evening's Scene. — Moonlight view of Monsal-Dale.*

AFTER spending a pleasant hour with Mr. Newton, we proceeded to explore the hidden beauties of Cressbrook-dale. The entrance into this narrow dell, near the mill, is marked by some lovely scenery, which is reflected from the surface of as pure and lucid a current as ever adorned a mountain landscape. This sparkling brook abounds with water-cresses; in some places they float upon the stream; in others, the stream flowing over them gives to their leaves a fresher and a brighter green. As we loitered along the brink of this lovely rivulet, we observed the trout, as they lay quietly on the water; but they were only seen for a moment; suddenly they darted into the deeps with an astonishing rapidity, scarcely stirring the surface with their motion. A part of this brook had once the name of *Bright Pool*, and it was much resorted to as a favourite place for bathing: the water was then considered salutary, but it has since lost its reputation, and has gradually sunk from neglect into total disuse.

I once passed along the whole line of Cressbrook, from near the toll-bar at Wardlow-Mears, where this little rivulet takes its rise. At its source, I remarked its beauty, and loitered on its margin with delight: but, proceeding onward through the dale, I observed, that, instead of an increasing stream, its progress could only be traced by the freshness of the verdure through which it strayed: shortly, it was lost, not only to the eye but the ear, and I now conjectured that it had probably entered one of those rocky chasms that frequently occur in the limestone districts of Derbyshire. In Cressbrook-dale, about half way between the mill and the water-fall, the same current, after having traversed a subterraneous passage of a mile and a half, emerges with great violence

from out a cavern in the rock, and rushing over its craggy bed, tumbles into the brook below.

Nearly half a mile from the entrance into this sequestered glen, the little river by which it is watered is precipitated through a narrow cleft, and falls into a capacious basin about fifty or sixty feet below. The naked rocks on the left beetle over their base; on the right they are clothed with trees, some hanging on their brow, and others shooting upwards from out the dell. The water is here so perfectly lucid, that the smallest objects are clearly distinguishable at the greatest depth: even the agitation produced by the fall of water from above, scarcely affects its transparency: I have no recollection of having seen at any time, or in any place, so clear and brilliant a stream. The hills that embosom this romantic glen are some of the loftiest in this part of the Peak: on every side they rise to an immense height, and denying to this retired spot the cheering rays of the sun, they involve all the lower part in continual shadow.

This dell has been called Dove-dale in miniature; but the name has no propriety. Rock, wood, and water may be found in both; so far they are alike; but their general character is extremely dissimilar: Dove-dale is in fact "itself alone:" there is nothing like it in any other part of Derbyshire; and for confined scenery of a peculiar description, Cressbrook-dale is equally unique. Some beautiful combinations of rock and wood occur within it, and from a projecting crag near the cascade, a scene is presented which towards the close of a fine sunny day, assumes considerable grandeur. We placed ourselves on this jutting eminence, and looking up the dale, a perpendicular rock crowned with light foliage lay on our left: our right was an immense crescent hill, turreted with rugged crags, that appeared to rise out of the vast fragments of stone which formed their base: far below, the waterfall was seen through the trees that overhung its banks: a mass of shadow covered this part of the scene, while all above was glowing with the most brilliant light, which derived an additional force from the dark and sombre tone of undisturbed colouring that rested on all below. The stillness that prevailed increased the impressions produced by this delightful picture — nothing was heard except the hum of the bee, as he strayed among the flowers — the noise of the waterfall, or the lapse of the stream, as it babbled unseen among the branches.

The clothing of some of the rocks in this glen gives them a peculiar character: in many places they are covered with ivy, the stems of which form a beautiful interlaced trellis work; from these the lighter branches depend. Through this entwined texture the rock occasionally protrudes, and on its jutting cliffs the wild rose and heath-bell blossom, and fern and foxglove grow. Leaving this romantic dell, and emerging from twilight into day, the sun, which had already set upon us while rambling on the brink of Cressbrook, again saluted us with his closing splendour on our return to the top of Monsal-dale\*.

In this dale the course of the Wye, which had hitherto flowed through a close rocky channel, assumes a new appearance: its wild and rugged features are here softened into beauty, and sterility is succeeded by cultivation. From Cressbrook Mill, the dale expands, and meadows and corn-fields and luxuriant trees mark the windings of the river from thence to the village of Ashford. To this place the high hills continue to connect with each other, when they gradually subside, and a more open country succeeds. Monsal-dale has been the theme of admiration for all tourists, by whom it has been hitherto visited: its various beauties have been repeatedly enumerated, and I would rather join in its commendation than dwell on that disappointed feeling which I experienced when I first beheld it—a disappointment that was perhaps attributable to my exploring the banks of the Wye downwards, which had the effect of an anti-climax. The magnificence of Chee Tor, and the rocky scenery between that place and Cressbrook, so fill the mind which expands to receive the impression, that all afterwards appears little in comparison. I would therefore suggest to the traveller who visits these dales, to commence his excursion at Rowsley, where the river Wye flows into the Derwent, and proceed upwards by Haddon, Bakewell, Ashford, and the dales that occur between thence and Chee Tor: in so doing, he will pass by easy gradations from beauty to grandeur and sublimity—though perhaps Chee Tor itself may suffer by the experiment.

Many pleasing pictures arrested our attention as we passed through Monsal-dale. About half a mile from Cressbrook a

\* Since these observations were first published, Cressbrook-Dale has been despoiled of its finest features; many of the trees have disappeared from it; it has been robbed of its most picturesque accompaniments; and it is now, comparatively, a tame and insipid scene.

group of cottages finely embosomed with trees, that lie within a rocky recess, and are backed with lofty hills, presents a view of great beauty. The river flows in the front of the houses, and a long bridge of huge stones, which from its peculiar construction is here denominated *leapings*, crosses the stream, interrupts its progress, and divides it into a thousand eddies. Lower down the dale a farm-house, with its rustic bridge and its picturesque appendages of wood and water, constitute another lovely scene. From this place, a narrow road, which is carried along the steep side of the hill, leads out of the dale, and communicates with the high road from Bakewell to Tideswell; another crosses the wooden bridge near the farm-house, and passes along the margin of the river to Ashford.

Monsal-dale has been so often, and in some instances so well described, that nothing new can be said upon the subject. The lofty hills by which it is surrounded—the beautiful meadows that repose within their deep recess—the busy, sparkling stream that wanders through them—now gliding smoothly, though rapidly, along—now rushing, and foaming, and eddying into circles, as it passes by some projecting knoll, or bounds over its rugged bed—these, the leading features of this dale, have always had the same character, possessed the same beauty, and produced on all who have beheld this exquisite scene the same delightful sensations. Monsal-dale may with peculiar propriety be termed the Arcadia of Derbyshire: at least the picture which Monsal-dale presented to us at this particular time was truly Arcadian. The sun had just sunk below the hills, and the day had begun to close upon us; yet a soft light still lingered in the valley. Though the year was in the wane, yet the haymaking season had not entirely passed away, and the happy rustics were welcoming home the last fruits of the harvest with mirth and music. On a grassy bank, near a group of straw-roofed cottages that were overhung with ash and sycamore of the most luxuriant growth, some rosy-cheeked milk-maids had collected their kine, and as they carolled forth their artless ditties, the blackbird and the thrush joined in the hymn to departing day, while myriads of insects that filled the air with life were sporting away a short existence in the felicitous enjoyment of a summer evening's sweet serenity. Night was rapidly approaching, and as we proceeded onward through the dale, it became progressively more imposing. Nothing was now distinctly seen, for the eye had lost the power of discriminating objects and measuring dimen-

sions. Darkness succeeded — the hills became mountains, and the whole scene assumed a character of grandeur. A fine moonlight night produces a similar effect, and more beauty, though certainly less grandeur, than at this peculiar time pervaded this sequestered dale.

It was now our object to take the shortest route to Bakewell: we therefore left the margin of the Wye at the farm-house which is situated nearest the foot of Great Finn, and, ascending the side of the hill, we joined the Ashford road at Edge-stone house. Monsal-dale is more frequently seen by strangers from this point of view than from any other, and nearly all the descriptions which its beauties have inspired, have a reference to this particular situation. Travellers, after passing over a barren moor from Tideswell and Wardlow, come upon this cheering and retired scene not only suddenly but often unawares; rapid transition and forcible contrast then unite to enhance the beauties and increase the effect of this sweet dale. Hence it is that this particular landscape makes a more lasting impression upon the mind than perhaps any other in Derbyshire. I once beheld it from this place by moonlight, when travelling along the road from Tideswell to Ashford: the moon had only just arisen; her softened light rested on the tops of the hills, but a darkness which the eye could not penetrate, filled up the space that was included within them. No object could be distinguished at the short distance of a few yards below the spot of ground on which I stood, and for some moments I imagined myself on the verge of a gulph immeasurably deep. It was not the first time I had been at this particular place, but having never approached it by the same road — never seen it but by day — some time passed before I discovered that I was in the vicinity of Edge-stone House, and on the brink of Monsal-dale. I now heard, though faintly, the murmurs of the Wye, and imagined that I could trace the glitter of the stream through the thick darkness that hung on all below.



## SECTION VII.

*Recollections of a former Excursion. — Edge-stone House. — Unfortunate Female. — Morning View from Great Finn. — Hob's House. — Cascade in Monsal-Dale. — Lass of Taddington-Dale. — Ashford. — Black Marble. — Rotten-stone.*

WE had left Buxton early in the morning, and our day of sixteen hours, which we supposed might have lighted us to Bakewell, ended in night at the top of the hill near Edge-stone House. It was here, seated on the jutting point of a marble rock, after a loitering and solitary ramble, that I first learned to relish the charms of Monsal-dale. In this my second excursion to this delightful place I had no companion, and I felt what it was to be alone. My sensations, it is true, were of a pleasurable nature, as I contemplated the scene before me, and they partook but little of any thing earthly; yet I sincerely regretted the absence of those I hold dear to an extent that abridged the felicity I enjoyed: so anxious is the heart to share its most intense and exquisite pleasures with those it most esteems. Being now alone, I felt my happiness incomplete, and I wished for some one to lean upon my arm, mingle thoughts with mine, participate my feelings, and share my existence in this moment of enjoyment. We cannot be wholly happy in this sublunary world: the possession of what we most prize is almost invariably accompanied with a feeling that all is fleeting and uncertain here, and the pleasure which is derived from the most beautiful scenery of nature, is sometimes either lessened in its duration or impaired in its quality, by the consideration that it cannot be long enjoyed, or because the heart wants and wishes for some one to partake of its felicity. A sequestered and solitary scene, through which we love to ramble alone, is more exquisitely felt in the absence of a companion than when attended even with the dearest friend; but a landscape like Monsal-dale excites a more active and lively pleasure — a sensation that derives its best and most powerful effect from that communion of feeling which is only to be enjoyed in the presence of a friend.

Within one hundred paces of the station I now occupied, stands a small dwelling called Edge-stone House; a place that for many years has been the abode of one who often

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“ roams  
 “ The dreary waste ; there spends the live-long day ;  
 “ And there, unless when Charity forbids,  
 “ The live-long night.”

In early life, when the heart was warm and confiding, she felt the influence of that insidious passion which has robbed many a female bosom of repose: she lost her lover, whether by accident or caprice I have not learnt; but her mind still hung on the cherished object of her affections until her reason was overthrown by the intensity of her feelings. Many years passed without in the least ameliorating her condition. Sometimes she would ramble over the neighbouring hills for days together; or, seated on the point of rock where I reposed, she would listen to the howling of the storm that often sweeps over these bleak eminences, or watch the moon struggling with the clouds, and lighting up the scenery of Monsal-dale, until the blast had chilled her almost unclad form, and she had become insensible to all around her. In this account of the habits of this poor girl there is neither fancy nor exaggeration; such was her practice for years. She yet lives; her malady has subsided, but it has left behind the traces of the mental devastation it has made. A few years ago, during a thunder storm, the lightning penetrated the roof of the abode of poor Crazy Kate; passed through the room in which she and her remaining parent were seated; dashed the clock to pieces, and broke some dishes; but left every other object in the house uninjured.

From Edge-stone House an unfrequented footpath leads to the topmost Peak of Great Finn, an eminence that tradition has marked out as the sight of a Roman encampment, indications of which, as some imagine, may still be distinguished on its summit. Some years ago an interesting barrow was opened on this hill, in which an urn, containing human ashes, and several skeletons, were found. From this place, how noble is the prospect! The variety of hill seen from this lofty station — the beautiful dale below, studded with cottages, embosomed in trees of the finest foliage — and the rocky scenery near Cressbrook, constitute an assemblage of objects, which though not strikingly picturesque, are well combined, and furnish a magnificent landscape. That heart must be cold indeed which

can contemplate the finely diversified view which nature here presents, without experiencing sensations that, for a moment at least, exalt the soul above the considerations of this sublunary sphere, and all the petty cares and interests it involves. In the morning, when the misty vapours of night have just left the valley and hang in clouds on the adjacent hills, while all below is gleaming with light, this scene is eminently interesting; but its sublimity can only be felt when the sun has sunk behind the mountains, and the detail of forms and objects is either indistinctly seen or lost in the shadowy and magnificent outline which then prevails. Dr. Young emphatically exclaims

“The undevout astronomer is mad!”

a sentiment that almost every man must feel as he beholds the heavens “fretted with golden fires,” and full of splendour; and who can look abroad upon the world that we inhabit, and all the loveliness that it contains—its winding streams and verdant meadows — rocks, trees, hills, dales, and shadowy mountains — and all the rich varieties of nature, without a feeling as entirely and as purely religious as ever warmed the heart of the most ardent devotee that ever worshipped in an “earthly tabernacle?” God of all things! thou hast spread before me a world of beauty, “where all save the spirit of man is divine,” and hast enabled me to perceive and feel the excellence of thy creation, and the wisdom and order and harmony displayed throughout the whole.

The river Wye washes the base of Great Finn: it is here a stream of considerable depth, and moves less rapidly along the dale until it reaches a huge rocky shelving, that runs across the river; here the agitated current leaps the barrier, and dashed into foam, rushes turbulently down its channel. The cascade which the Wye here displays has always been regarded as one of the finest objects in Monsal-dale.

On the steep side of Great Finn, an insulated rock that is split and rent into parts rises like the ruins of a castle from out the thick underwood with which the hill is covered: this shapeless mass is called *Hob's House*, and tradition states, that it was inhabited by a being of a gigantic stature, who was possessed of great and mysterious powers, and who was known by the name of *Hob*. This extraordinary personage never appeared by day; but when the inhabitants were asleep in their beds, he traversed the vales, entered their houses, thrashed

their corn, and in one single night did the work of ten day-labourers, unseen and unheard, for which service he was recompensed with a bowl of cream, that was duly placed upon the hearth, to be quaffed on the completion of the task he had voluntarily imposed upon himself. This is a tradition by no means confined to the neighbourhood of Monsal-Dale; a similar one prevails in many parts of the kingdom, and particularly in the northern districts, of which Milton has happily availed himself, in one of the most exquisite descriptive poems in the English language,

“ Tells how the drudging Goblin sweat  
 “ To earn his cream bowl duly set,  
 “ When in one night, ere glimpse of morn,  
 “ His shadowy flail had thrashed the corn  
 “ That ten day labourers could not end:  
 “ Then lies him down the lubbard fiend,  
 “ And stretched out all the chimney’s length,  
 “ Basks at the fire his hairy strength,  
 “ And crop full out of door he flings  
 “ Ere the first cock his matin rings.”

L’ALLEGRO.

From the cascade in Monsal-Dale to Ashford in the Water, the Wye continues the same busy and sparkling stream which had so much and so often delighted us during our walk from Buxton. From the open dale through which it runs, others of minor importance branch out, which possess considerable beauty; particularly the narrow dell which leads to Taddington, through whose various windings the road to Buxton is carried. A summer evening’s walk along this road from Buxton to Bakewell, is among some of my pleasantest recollections. Leaving the river Wye at the foot of Topley Pike, and scaling the rocky side of that immense hill, from whose terrific peak the eye trembles to look into the depths below, we passed along two miles of road of comparatively but little interest. On our right, at a short distance, was Chelmerton Thorn — a single tree which for centuries has served as a land-mark to travellers when the whole of this district was an unenclosed wild waste. On our left was the village of Wormhill: before us the lofty hill called Priestcliff reared its head in proud pre-eminence o’er all surrounding objects, and in distance a number of lesser mountains mingled their misty summits with the light, thin clouds that rested on the horizon. As we entered Taddington, which is one of the meanest villages in Derbyshire, we visited the church-yard, or rather the open grass

field where the church stands: here we observed an old stone cross, the shaft of which is ornamented with various devices on every side, but all inferior in execution to those at Eyam and Bakewell, and altogether different in form, manner, and character. If long life may be regarded as a blessing, the inhabitants of Taddington appear to have been peculiarly blessed: the grave stones in the church-yard are not numerous, yet we observed more than an usual proportion that were inscribed to the memory of those who had died at a good old age. From eighty to one hundred years seems here the common term of existence. The parish-clerk showed us the new register, which commences with the year 1813. In the first page only, in the short space of six months, are recorded the deaths of four individuals, whose united ages amount to three hundred and seventy-nine years: the oldest of these venerable personages attained the age of one hundred and seven, and one of the four has a sister now living in Taddington who is ninety-eight years old. These instances of longevity are extraordinary in so small a village, and they shew that the reputation Taddington has obtained for the healthfulness of its situation and the salubrity of its air, rests on a good foundation. Well might the old woman at Ashford, when she had weathered seventy-eight years of existence, and found the infirmities of old age approaching, express an anxiety to remove her residence and live at Taddington, observing, at the same time, "Folk do no' die there so *young* as I am."

From this humble village we pursued our route to Bakewell. It was a fine sunny evening, and we frequently paused, as we loitered through Taddington-Dale, to contemplate the various little pictures with which it abounds. In one of the closest parts of this deep ravine, where some jutting rock rose high above the surrounding foliage, a young female suddenly emerged from the bosom of a thicket near the summit of the mountain, and with a light and elastic step, she passed securely along, where to all appearance a human foot could find no place to rest on. From the spot where we first saw her to the bottom of the hill, she moved with astonishing rapidity, and we trembled with apprehension as we saw her skip from the point of one jutting rock to another, as fearless and as playful as a mountain kid. Her figure was gracefully formed; her face was fair; and the freshness of her cheek rivalled the roses that breathed and bloomed around her: her hair hung about her face and neck in loose ringlets, and as she sportively

put her tresses aside, she displayed a beautifully formed forehead, and her eyes sparkled the while with a coquettish playfulness, which showed that she was not unconscious of her beauty. Her manners were without restraint, and she entered into conversation with as little embarrassment as if she had been educated in fashionable society. One of my companions, who had more gallantry than myself, paid her some personal compliments, which she received as if she felt they were merited, even though at the same time she cautioned him against the use of what she called "that vile thing, flattery," which she playfully remarked had sometimes a very pernicious effect on young minds. She again stroked back her curls from her fair brow; adjusted her disordered tresses with a slight motion of her head; and, bidding us good bye with a wave of her hand, she, with a step as light and as agile as a startled fawn, bounded amongst the trees and was soon out of sight.

"She was the spirit of the place,  
"With eye so wild and cheek so fair,  
"Her form so playful in its grace,  
"Mock'd her own mountain air."

My companions and myself now looked at each other as if we doubted the reality of what we had seen: a few minutes only had passed, and the vision that sported before our eyes had disappeared and was gone for ever. Beauteous stranger! May the days of thy youth be guileless and happy, and may the hopes that play round thine heart, and the roses that bloom on thy cheek, never be blighted by any touch but that of Time!

Another half hour's walk brought us to Ashford, a little village pleasantly situated by the side of the river Wye. "Here," says Gilpin, "we fall into a beautiful vale, fringed with wood, and watered by a brilliant stream, which recalled to our memory the pleasing scenes of this kind we had met with amongst the mountains of Cumberland." Every where the water sparkles with light, as it ripples over its pebbled bed or plays round the base of some lofty tree, whose involved and knotty roots are washed and laid bare by the current. The surrounding hills rise high above the village, and the cold bleak winds that chill their summits are scarcely felt in the sweet vale below. Edward Plantagenet of Woodstock, Earl of Kent, had a residence here, of which every vestige is now obliterated, excepting only a part of the moat that surrounded his castle.

Ashford has been long celebrated for its marbles, which are obtained from the hills that afford it shelter, and are cut into form and polished at the mills originally erected by the late Mr. Henry Watson of Bakewell, who obtained a patent to secure to himself the advantages of his mechanical skill and ingenuity. The grey marbles dug from the quarries of Derbyshire are less esteemed than formerly, and the works where they are sawn into slabs and polished, are sinking into disuse and decay. This may be regretted, as the numerous shells and the great variety of figures they contain, when cut transversely, exhibit an infinite variety of vegetable and animal remains, that are not less curious than beautiful. The black marble of Ashford is not surpassed, perhaps not equalled, in any part of the world; its deep unvaried colour, and the compactness of its texture, fit it to receive the highest polish; a mirror can hardly present a clearer or a more beautiful surface: hence it is highly esteemed, but being difficult to work, it is too expensive for common occasions. — In Chatsworth House there are some columns of this marble, which are used as pedestals for busts, and some ornamented vases of exquisite beauty. Mr. White Watson, in his *Delineation of the Strata of Derbyshire*, mentions this material under the denomination of *Bituminous Fetid Limestone*, and he intimates “that its colour is owing to *Petroleum*, with which it abounds.” He farther observes, “this limestone is subject to decompose, in which operation the calcareous particles are disengaged and escape, and their interstices are occupied by water, the same still occupying the same space, bulk for bulk, as before; but on being squeezed, the water comes out as from a sponge. On being exposed to the air, by laying it in the grass (which it destroys, and sweeter herbage springs up in its place) till perfectly dry, the water evaporating leaves a very light impalpable substance, called Rotten Stone, much esteemed for polishing metals, &c.” To those who are acquainted with the peculiar use of this substance, I need offer no apology for this short extract from Mr. Watson’s account of its formation. The subject is treated more largely in pages 45 and 46 of his work, and I gladly refer to his interesting detail of that curious operation of nature by which *Rotten Stone* is produced, and I do this more freely as I understand the correctness of his theory has been disputed. — Dirlow Moor, near Bakewell, where the surface is very wet, has the reputation of furnishing the best specimens of this useful article.

## SECTION VIII.

*Bakewell. — New Bath. — Bakewell Church Yard. — Ancient Stone Cross. — Epitaphs. — Chantry at Bakewell. — Antiquity of Bakewell. — Castle Hill. — Interview with a poor Hindoo.*

FROM Ashford, we pursued our route to Bakewell, which lies at the entrance into an open valley, about two miles lower down the river. The principal carriage road crosses the bridge on the right; we however preferred a footpath that led us over the fields, on the contrary side of the Wye, which we found a pleasant walk, and full of beauty. This road has been recently closed. Near Bakewell, the valley contracts: a broken rock marks one side of the road, and a steep wooded hill rises on the other; the intervening space is occupied by the river and a cotton-mill, that belongs to the Arkwrights. The scenery about this mill, when seen from the elevated bank at the bottom of which the footpath from Ashford is carried, is extremely beautiful. The foreground on the left, particularly about Holme-hall, is rich with foliage, and the river below the bridge, and the road on the right, winding round a craggy projecting rock, beyond which the spire of the church and a small part of the town appears, are fine features in the landscape. The vale of Haddon is seen in distance, through the opening, and fills up the *coup d'œil* of this pleasing picture.

Bakewell is pleasantly situated on a rising ground on the right bank of the river Wye. The Duke of Rutland, to whom nearly the whole place belongs, is progressively extending the many accommodations it affords to travellers, and increasing the respectability of its appearance. The old houses are gradually giving way to neat modern erections, and the whole is intended to be built with stone obtained in the neighbourhood, and on a regular and uniform plan. During



the summer months many people resort to this little town to enjoy the various pleasures it affords. The Wye is well stocked with trout and grayling, and those visitors who take up their residence at the Rutland Arms, a noble inn built by the Duke, have the privilege of angling in this part of the river. When fatigued with the sport of the day, they can console themselves with the pleasant anticipations of retiring to one of the best inns in the county of Derby, and of being regaled with the choicest viands and the best wines. The Rutland Arms, under the excellent management of its present hostess, is richly entitled to the liberal support which it now so generally receives.

The improvements already made in Bakewell, and others still more important, that are now in progress, are highly creditable to the good taste and liberal spirit of the Duke of Rutland. Situated as the town is in a beautiful valley, at nearly equal distances between Buxton and Matlock, and watered by one of the most busy and brilliant streams in this part of the kingdom, it can hardly fail to become a more general and delightful resort than it has hitherto been. The capacious Bath recently established, and now under the superintendence of Mr. White Watson, F. L. S. furnishes an additional accommodation to visitors. The temperature of the water is  $60^{\circ}$  of Fahrenheit's, and according to Mr. Charles Sylvester's analysis, ten wine quarts contain

	Grains
Sulphate of lime - - - - -	75
Sulphate of magnesia - - - - -	22
Muriate of magnesia - - - - -	1 . 6
Super carbonate of lime - - - - -	20
Super carbonate of iron - - - - -	3 . 1

Since the Bath was first opened to the public, two Shower Baths of different powers, have been added, and more recently a News Room has been established on the same premises, where the London papers and some of the magazines and reviews are regularly taken in. A good collection of minerals and fossils may be found in Mr. White Watson's rooms; and his garden, in connection with the walk from the Rutland Arms Inn to the Bath, furnishes a delightful promenade. This little town, when the plans for its improvement are matured, is likely to become one of the most attractive places in the Peak of Derbyshire. Mr. White Watson has been

long a collector of the minerals and fossils of his native county: he has attentively studied its various, and in some places strangely disordered, strata, and published several works on the subject, that are highly creditable to his talents. He was originally associated with Mr. Martin of Macclesfield, in the projected publication of a complete series of the minerals and fossils of Derbyshire. One volume only of this work has appeared, in which the specimens are drawn and coloured with great fidelity, delicacy, and beauty. It may be sincerely regretted that either the death of Mr. Martin, or any other circumstance, should have intervened to arrest the progress and prevent the publication of the remaining parts of this highly interesting and splendid work. Under the active patronage of the Dukes of Devonshire and Rutland, this production might perhaps be resumed, and completed agreeably to its original design — otherwise it would probably be a ruinous speculation. I hope yet to see it revived under better auspices and a more cheering prospect.

The church at Bakewell is built in the form of a cross, with an octagonal tower, surmounted with a lofty handsome spire in the centre, and is a fine structure. It is situated on the side of a hill above the principal part of the town, and when seen from the meadows in Haddon-vale, it is a good object in the landscape. At the west end of the church, there is an ornamented Saxon arch, apparently of a much older date than the edifice itself, and within, near the same arch, there is a stone font of great antiquity. The different compartments of this font are sculptured over with figures rudely carved, the forms of which are now nearly obliterated. In one of the chancels there are several alabaster monuments, with full-length figures as large as life. Originally they were painted and gilt in the fashion of the times, and though but very indifferent as works of sculpture, they had once a very splendid effect. A recumbent figure, in an adjoining chancel, is in a better style: the drapery about it has been happily imagined, and well executed. This monument was erected to the memory of Sir Thomas Wednesley, who received his death-wound in the battle of Shrewsbury — a battle which Shakespeare has rendered memorable by the bravery of young Harry, the son of Henry the Fourth, and the humorous cowardice of Falstaff.

On the east side of the church stands an ancient Stone Cross, which is conjectured to be about eight hundred years old: the ornaments, and the various devices sculptured on the

four sides of this memorial of a people's faith; are in many places so worn and defaced, that they cannot be accurately understood or clearly defined: BRAY, in his *Sketch of a Tour into Derbyshire*, has given three rudely executed etchings of this Cross, in which the figures it contains appear to have been correctly copied; but though this intelligent traveller was fond of antiquarian researches, he has evidently not regarded either its origin or history of sufficient consequence to engage his attention. The Cross at Eyam is similar in the style and manner of its workmanship, but it is much richer in its carving, and superior in form.

The Cross, which is now so much revered as a sacred symbol, was once regarded with horror and detestation: it was used as an instrument of the most disgraceful punishment, and the vilest of criminals only were subject to its ignominy. Constantine first abolished this use of it among the Romans: he rescued it from an appropriation to purposes which rendered it an object of aversion, and he made it revered and beloved. It was carved on his military standards, emblazoned on his banners, and he esteemed it as the noblest ornament of his diadem. His veneration for this sacred trophy is said to had a miraculous origin: he was himself the historian of the appearance by which it was produced, and he sanctioned the truth of his narrative with the solemnity of an oath. About mid-day he saw in the heavens a luminous representation of the Cross placed above the sun, and accompanied with an inscription *BY THIS CONQUER*: a legend which held out the promise of victory to Constantine. That this was a mere fiction—a political device—can scarcely be doubted: he it was, however, who first made the figure of the Cross an object of veneration, and succeeding Christians have revered this memorial of their faith.

In Bakewell church-yard some epitaphs are to be found not unworthy a place in the port-folio of the tourist: some are serious lessons of mortality—some are of a mixed character—and others are sufficiently ludicrous to excite a smile; yet but very few indeed have either poetic merit or whimsicality enough to preserve them from that oblivion in which all human productions must, sooner or later, be involved. The following stanzas may be estimated as the best which this church-yard affords: they are inscribed on a humble stone near the old Cross, and, if I mistake not, they are the production of Mr. C. Wesley, a brother of the great founder of the methodists.

" Beneath this stone an infant lies,  
 " To earth whose body lent,  
 " Hereafter shall more glorious rise,  
 " But not more innocent.  
 " When the archangel's trump shall blow,  
 " And souls to bodies join,  
 " Thousands shall wish their lives below  
 " Had been as short as thine."

On a black marble tablet, inserted on a grave-stone near the east end of the church, there is the following inscription to the memory of a child aged two years and eight months. As a specimen of country church-yard poetry it has a claim to more than common consideration.

" Reader ! beneath this marble lies  
 " The sacred dust of Innocence ;  
 " Two years he blest his parents' eyes,  
 " The third an angel took him hence :  
 " The sparkling eyes, the lisping tongue,  
 " Complaisance sweet and manners mild,  
 " And all that pleases in the young,  
 " Were all united in this child.  
 " Wouldst thou his happier state explore?  
 " To thee the bliss is freely given ;  
 " Go, gentle reader ! sin no more,  
 " And thou shalt see this flower in heaven."

Near the same place, on the contrary side of the pathway, there is an epitaph of a different character, in which the writer has eulogized the very extraordinary vocal powers of the parish-clerk. Some of the rhymes are managed with a Hudibrastic felicity, and on reading the inscription I was induced to give it a place in my note-book. This person's name was Roe ; his father filled the situation of parish-clerk before him, and, if his grave-stone flatters not, with equal ability ; it tells us in humble prose, that " the natural powers of his voice in clearness, strength, and sweetness, were altogether unequalled ;" a commendation which is reiterated in verse on the neighbouring tomb-stone.

" The vocal powers here let us mark,  
 " Of Philip, our late parish-clerk,  
 " In church none ever heard a layman  
 " With a clearer voice say ' AMEN !'  
 " Who now with hallelujah's sound,  
 " Like him can make the roofs rebound ?  
 " The choir lament his choral-tones,  
 " The town so soon here lie his bones."

At the west end of the church, on a table monument, another inscription occurs, still more amusing, if I may be permitted to use a phrase so little in harmony with those feelings which generally accompany a contemplation of the last resting-place of those who have gone before us to "that bourne from whence no traveller returns." An old man and his *two wives* occupy this tomb, where, undisturbed by the jealous cares of life, they sleep together lovingly, so says the legend, which nearly covers one side of the tomb: —

"Know posterity, that on the 8th of April, in the year of Grace 1757, the  
"rambling remains of the above said John Dale were in the 86th year  
"of his pilgrimage laid with his two wives.

"This thing in life might cause some jealousy,  
"Here all three sleep together lovingly,  
"Here Sarah's chiding John no longer hears,  
"And old John's rambling Sarah no more fears;  
"A period's come to all their toilsome lives,  
"The goodman's quiet — still are both his *wives*."

Early in the fourteenth century, in conformity with a notion that then prevailed, that the dead might be benefited by the prayers of the living, a number of chantries were established in various parts of the kingdom, and endowed with more or less liberality according to the wealth of the founder, for the purpose of performing so pious and salutary a duty. Sometime about this period Sir Godfrey Foljambe, Knight, who then resided at Hassop, assisted by the guild or fraternity of the Holy Cross at Bakewell, erected and founded a chantry near the north end of the church, of which structure not a vestige now remains. Having obtained a royal licence, and endowed this establishment with lands and tenements, he then prescribed for its future government, "that Roger de Typeshelf be the first Chantry Priest, and he and his successors enjoy the lands." In another deed, by the king's licence, it is settled, that he "pray for the healthful estate of Sir Godfrey Foljambe, and Ann his wife, and their children, while they live, and after their decease for their souls, and the souls of their parents, and the brotherhood of the guild of the Holy Cross in Bakewell, and all the faithful living and dead, at the altar of the Holy Cross, in the nave of the parish church, built by the said Cross; and that the said Roger and his successors be called Keepers of the Altar, and he or they celebrate mass in no other place, unless there be lawful impediment. And if the Chaplain, without lawful cause, abstain

from celebrating mass, that another fit Chaplain be admitted, at the pleasure of the Vicar of Bakewell: the Chaplain not to be three days away without licence from the Lord of Hassop for the time being, if the lord reside there, otherwise without the leave of the Vicar."

Bakewell is a very ancient town, and yet but few traces now remain to indicate its former consequence. According to Gibson, Turner, and others, it was particularly distinguished in the time of the Saxons, by Edward the Elder, who is said to have hemmed it round with fortifications, and made it one of his strong places of defence. A fortified town at this early period does not necessarily imply what we now understand by the term; and Bakewell, I apprehend, was at that time only one of the many military positions which were established by Edward and his heroic sister, for the defence of the Mercian Frontier from Chester to Northumbria. Leaving this town, and taking the road to Chatsworth, there is a lofty eminence on the right, called Castle Hill, which derives its name from a building that once occupied this elevated station, and which was erected by Edward the Elder so early as the year 924. This structure is represented to have been originally of great extent, and very formidable, as a defensive position; but time, the destroyer of all things, has crumbled it into dust, the plough has passed over the place where it stood, and, with the exception of a few yards of the foundation walls, which are now nearly covered with turf and verdure, and the evident marks of a trench that once environed a part of the building, nothing now remains on Castle Hill to indicate its former consequence; yet the names by which the fields on its summit are still known can hardly fail to excite recollections and associations that are intimately connected with the existence of a Castle on this lofty eminence. One of the pastures is called *Castle Field*, and others are known by the name of *Warden Field*, *Court Yard*, and *Garland's Close*.

Toilsome as it may be to reach the top of this eminence, yet the diversified prospect it commands, and the rich assemblage of mountain, hill, and dale, that are included within its wide horizon, will amply compensate for all the labour and fatigue with which it may be accompanied. The serpentine direction of the Wye, as it winds through the meadows below, is a singular and beautiful feature in the picture. This hill, on the side next Bakewell, rises precipitously from the valley, and the Duke of Rutland, to whom it belongs, has planted its

rugged and steep acclivity with larch, fir, beech, sycamore, and a great variety of trees, that appear to flourish on this rocky soil; and near the summit, he has carried along the whole range of the hill an extensive terrace, which opens a series of fine views of the surrounding country, and forms a most delightful summer evening's walk.

Among the records that have been kept at Derby of the important and interesting events which have taken place there, is a memorandum that, "in this year, 1608, the *Witches of Bakewell* were hanged." At this period of our eventful history, to be poor, old, and ugly, must have been regarded as a dreadful crime, punishable with the severest inflictions of the law. This silly and cruel spirit has happily subsided, and age and infirmity, even if accompanied with poverty, may now sink quietly into the grave, unterrified by the stake or the gallows.

Travelling a few years ago in this part of Derbyshire, in company with a stranger whom I had casually met with at an inn, we observed on the road before us a man clothed in an English great-coat, with a white turban on his head: his gait and appearance, even at a distance, bespoke him the native of another country. My companion, as soon as he observed him, requested permission to stop the carriage. The stranger approached, and on being asked in his own language if he was a native of Hindostan, a mingled sensation of pleasure and surprise illumined his countenance: he lifted up his hands, and with a rapturous ejaculation, he exclaimed, "the language of my mother!" and in a tone of voice so exquisitely touching, so full of feeling, and so true to nature, that it came upon the heart with a force and effect that even apathy itself could not have resisted. He was wild with joy, and danced and sung, and talked, and laughed, and cried alternately. He had not heard a single being utter the "*language of his mother*" since he left his native country, and, incapable of speaking any other, he had had no verbal communication with any human being for many months, nor had a friendly voice, during the whole of that period, greeted his ear or touched upon his heart: and the volubility with which he now gave utterance to the variety of feeling that agitated his frame, seemed as if he had treasured up the ideas and the speeches of days gone by, to be poured out on this occasion. On being interrogated, he stated, that he had left his native country in a vessel bound for Hull: when he arrived there he was no longer useful, and

was therefore discarded : that he was at this time in search of another, to convey him once more to his home. What a train of recollections and interesting associations did that word *home* revive ! poor, hapless stranger, no home remained for him ! In this search, when he quitted a town or a village, he took any road that presented itself, and travelled he knew not, and apparently he cared not, where. His distressed and desolate situation afflicted him bitterly, and as the tears flowed down his face, he earnestly wished that he could die—for in this world he said nobody loved him, nor had he any body to love—here he was unknown—he had nothing to eat—no money to purchase food withal ; he must therefore die.” And he added, “if he returned to his home, his father, his mother, his sister, and his brother, would never see him, never speak to him again, for he had eaten and had drank with Christians, and had lost his Caste.” Such, and so dreadful, were the privations consequent on his departure from the established rites and religious customs and dogmas of his fathers.

It is hardly possible to conceive a human being in a more forlorn condition : he was now in a country where the only language he knew was not known—where no communication of thought—no interchange of sentiment could possibly take place, unless by one of those fortuitous occurrences which had this day brought us together. He was an outcast from the place of his birth, where, if he returned, he would be only as an alien—no hand would be extended to receive him—no eye would gladden him with a smile—no voice of affection greet him,—where even his mother, influenced by the barbarous superstitions of the country, would forget the common sympathies of nature, and instead of rejoicing at the return of her long-lost son, would either survey him with the cold indifference of a stranger, or turn away with horror at his approach.

After affording him a temporary relief, my companion directed him on his way to Ashbourne, from whence he was not far distant, giving him, on a card, the name of a gentleman there, who had for many years resided at Calcutta, and who, as he informed him, would take an interest in restoring him to his native country. We bade him adieu, and proceeded on our journey ; but having shortly afterwards to ascend a rising ground, he once more overtook the carriage, anxious to renew a conversation which had proved so interesting to his feelings, for he knew not when he might again hear the “language of



his mother." He now told my companion, with a touching expression of countenance, and a vehement earnestness of supplication, that he could not leave him, and that he would attend him to his home, who replied, that was impossible, as he was then more than two hundred miles from it. The poor Hindoo, however, estimated distance as nothing, and he cheerfully declared he could run after the carriage all the way.

We regretted to leave this Child of Nature so situated, but there was no alternative: he was again recommended to attend to the direction previously given him by my companion, and to act as before instructed, which he was assured would be to him an effectual relief: he, however, continued to follow us, but the rapid motion of our post-chaise soon left him far behind.

The language used in this interview being unknown to me necessarily lessened its interest: the gesture and action, however, with which it was accompanied, were sufficiently intelligible to excite a more than ordinary degree of sympathy; but it was not until we had far outstripped this poor pedestrian on the road, that I was made acquainted with the whole of his story. Seated in the inn at Derby, where we passed the night, my companion, at my request, detailed as circumstantially and as correctly as he could all that had passed between the stranger and himself—carefully preserving, and literally translating, the expressions he had used. Regret that we had left this poor Hindoo so far behind, was now unavailing, and I endeavoured to console myself with the consideration, that during his presence I was but very imperfectly acquainted with the particular circumstances that had occasioned his distress. I have since endeavoured to ascertain the result of his application to the gentleman at Ashbourne, but without success.

## SECTION IX.

*Haddon Valley. — Haddon Hall. — The Vernon Family. — Chapel at Haddon. — Roman Altar. — Ancient Tapestry. — Gallery at Haddon. — Reflections on Haddon. — Lime Trees. — Farewell to the River Wye.*

FOLLOWING the course of the Wye, we entered near Bakewell, the sweet *Vale of Haddon*. An old baronial edifice, now the distinguishing ornament of this part of Derbyshire, and in earlier times the seat of feudal splendour and festive hospitality, gives both name and dignity to this delightful valley. FULLER, in his *History of the WORTHIES of ENGLAND*, observes, with his usual quaintness, that “the north part of Derbyshire called the Peak is poor *above* and rich *beneath* the ground: yet,” he adds, “are there some exceptions therein; witness the fair pastures nigh Haddon, belonging to the Duke of Rutland, so incredibly battling of cattle that one proffered to surround it with shillings to purchase it, which because to be set sideways, not edgeways, were refused.” Page 229.

On a rocky knoll near the river Wye, about two miles south of Bakewell, stands HADDON HALL. The magnitude of this venerable pile of buildings — its castellated form — and its embattled turrets rising above the trees that adorn and encompass it, have a magnificent effect, especially when seen from the vale between Haddon and Rowsley, where the best and the most imposing view of this fine old mansion is obtained. From this situation its richest and most ample front is displayed, its towers rise more majestically, and its groves assume a considerable portion of grandeur. When the sketch which accompanies this description was made, the WYE, swollen by heavy rains, had overflowed its banks, and its windings round the base of the woody eminence on which Haddon stands, presented the appearance of a formidable river, which happily harmonized with the surrounding objects, and completed the composition of one of the sweetest pictures

in the Peak of Derbyshire. The day was gloomy, and the sombre effect of the sky, together with the dark unvaried tone that prevailed, increased the solemnity of the scene. A transient ray of sunny light moved gently over Haddon as we beheld it, and gradually unfolded its architectural detail: it was a momentary gleam, at whose bright touch the landscape glowed with beauty; too soon it passed away! a thicker gloom succeeded, and again involved the whole in shadow.

Haddon Hall has evidently been erected at various and remote periods of time. The old tower which surmounts the gateway, that once formed the principal entrance into Haddon, is said by Gilpin to have had its origin anterior to the Conquest, and he intimates that though this structure was never formidable as a place of defence, it had then a military character, which it gradually exchanged for that of a mere domestic dwelling. Gilpin, I apprehend, has fixed the building of Haddon at too early a period: there is no testimony, either written or otherwise, that any portion of it was erected many years before the reign of King Stephen, when one of the descendants of William Peveril resided here: however this may be, it is abundantly evident, both from its design and structure, that it was never intended to have a military character. Early in the reign of Richard I. Haddon came into the possession of the Vernons, with whom it remained through a period of nearly four centuries, during which time it was invariably regarded not only as the seat of feudal splendour, but of the most sumptuous and munificent hospitality. Sir George Vernon, who died in the seventh year of the reign of Elizabeth, was distinguished by the appellation of the “ *King of the Peak*.” His wealth, and his influence in the neighbourhood where he resided, were alike unbounded: he was the lord of thirty manors, which at his death descended to his two daughters, Margaret and Dorothy, the latter of whom was married to Sir John Manners: thus Haddon passed to the noble house of Rutland, and was the family residence until the beginning of the last century, when it was deserted for the more splendid castle and palace of Belvoir.

How changed are the fortunes of this once hospitable mansion! the festive board at which thousands were regaled is no longer spread within its halls, nor are the sounds of mirth and gladness heard in its gates. A gloomy and solemn silence pervades its neglected apartments, and the bat and the owl are alone the inmates of its remaining splendour.

Grand and imposing as Haddon is without, but little attention has been paid to convenience in its interior construction: with the exception of the kitchen, the cellar, the dining-hall, and the gallery, it is a discordant mass of small and uncomfortable apartments, crowded together without order. The style of architecture that prevailed in England previous to the reign of Elizabeth, when it experienced considerable improvement, was but little adapted to domestic convenience, and some of its defects are exemplified at Haddon. Those portions of this old mansion which were appropriated to the purposes of good living, and essential to that princely hospitality by which it was distinguished, when in the days of the first Duke of Rutland upwards of seven score servants were maintained within it, are sufficiently ample to justify all that tradition has told of the ancient festivities of the place. The very limited capacity of the chapel, when contrasted with the magnitude of those apartments, shows, that though the good people of this establishment took up a large space in which to manage their temporal affairs, they contrived to arrange their spiritual concerns within very modest dimensions.

The chapel, which occupies a part of the south and west fronts of Haddon, is enriched with painted windows. One of the subjects represented is the Crucifixion, and another the Twelve Apostles, disposed in different compartments. The date, millesimo CCCCXXVII appears on the stained glass, but it does not refer to the time when this part of the building was erected, which was at a much earlier period, and probably very soon after the Conquest, when William Peveril, who was the natural son of William the Conqueror, was Lord and Governor of the counties of Nottingham and Derby. He had several houses or castles in Derbyshire, where he resided in a magnificent and princely style.

In the anti-room to the chapel was a Roman Altar, uncouth in workmanship, and by no means an imposing object; it is nevertheless preserved with that care and attention which such a relique of antiquity requires; and has been lately removed to the central gateway that forms the communication between the two quadrangular courts of Haddon. The inscription it contains is now much injured, and the letters are so far effaced by time that not great difficulty only, but even an uncertainty, occurs in copying them: hence a considerable difference appears in the transcriptions of those travellers who have honoured this monument with their notice. The three

following profess to have been copied with equal fidelity: the first is from Cambden, page 498, edit. 1695; the second was taken by a stranger who visited Haddon a few years ago; and the third was made with great care in the year 1818, by a gentlemen from Sheffield, who endeavoured accurately to trace out the form of each letter, as it now appears.

From Cambden.	As copied by a late Traveller	In 1818
DEO MARTI BRACIACÆ OSITIUS CACCILIAN PREFECT TRO V. S.	DEO MARTI BRACIACÆ OSOTIVS CAECILIAO PRAEF. COH I. AQVITANO V. S.	DEO MARTI BRACIFACA QSOHVS CARQHIO PRAISOI P. AQVIBIR: IVR A

We leisurely surveyed the exterior of Haddon, as seen from the upper and the lower courts before we explored its numerous apartments, and I know not that I ever beheld a mansion that afforded shelter and accommodation to so great a number of swallows: every projecting frieze overshadowed their nests, round which the busy flutterers played with ineffable delight. It was impossible to witness such a scene without calling to recollection the following beautiful passage in Shakespeare, which Sir Joshua Reynolds has so happily introduced in illustration of his remarks on what may properly be denominated repose in painting:—

“ This castle has a pleasant site; the air  
“ Nimbly and sweetly recommends itself  
“ Unto our general sense.”

“ This guest of summer,  
“ The temple-haunting martlet, does approve,  
“ By his loved mansionry, that the heaven’s breath  
“ Smells wooingly here. No jutting frieze,  
“ Buttress, nor coigne of vantage, but this bird  
“ Hath made his pendant bed and procreant cradle:  
“ Where they most breed and haunt, I have observed  
“ The air is delicate.”

Many of the rooms in this ancient residence of the noble family of Rutland are hung with loose tapestry, behind which the doors are concealed. Occasionally, for the admission of company, it was folded back with large iron hooks, some of which still remain: their form, and the uses they are here applied to, may probably have suggested the manufacture of that modern and ornamental article now made of gilt and lathered brass, and lately much used for similar purposes, in many elegant apartments.

Tapestry may certainly be classed among the finest ornaments of ancient halls and castles: there is a cumbrous magnificence about it that no other decoration possesses, and which in connection with the structure it is intended to adorn assimilates with our ideas of former times, creates a species of delusion, cheats the mind of its realities, and prepares it for the reception of those visionary and sublime impressions, that constitute a part of its felicity. The entire covering of the walls with loose arras was less essential to the splendour than the comfort of Haddon; the inner doors are so rudely fashioned, and in point of workmanship so ill made, that any other mode could hardly have been adopted to render the place tolerable as a winter residence; hence the tapestry with which the principal rooms were hung, served a more useful and important purpose than that of show.

In the dining-room, amongst a profusion of rude carving in wood, are the portraits of King Henry the Seventh and his Queen, to whose son and heir Sir Henry Vernon was Governor and Treasurer — the crest of Edward the Black Prince, on a shield — the arms of the Vernon family — and the royal arms inscribed underneath, “Dread God and *honor* the king.” The inscription might pass without particular notice, were it not that it is carved in fine old English characters, and the word “*honor*” spelt in the modern way.

The gallery, which occupies nearly the whole of the south part of Haddon, is a noble apartment; its style of architecture fixes the date of its erection in the time of Elizabeth, in whose reign this venerable structure passed from the Vernons to Sir John Manners, who was the second son of the first Earl of Rutland. In the windows of the gallery are the arms of both families in stained glass; and the boar’s head and the peacock, their respective crests, liberally ornament this part of the house. This room is one hundred and ten feet long and

seventeen wide, and the whole of the floor is said to have been cut out of one oak tree, that grew in the park. In the dining-hall there is an elevated platform, a general construction in ancient halls, and still retained in many colleges, whereon the high table is placed at which the lord of the mansion presided at the head of his household and his guests. A gallery, which on festive occasions was appropriated to mirth and minstrelsy, occupies two sides of this apartment. On the wainscot, near the principal entrance, we observed an iron fastening of a peculiar structure, large enough to admit the wrist of a man's hand, and which we were informed had been placed there for the purpose of punishing trivial offences. It had likewise another use, and served to enforce the laws and regulations adopted amongst the servants of this establishment. The man who refused duly to take his horn of ale, or neglected to perform the duties of his office, had his hand locked to the wainscot somewhat higher than his head, by this iron fastening, when cold water was poured down the sleeve of his doublet as a punishment for his offence. One of the old servants of the family, who attended upon strangers when I first visited Haddon, while pointing out the uses to which this curious relique of former times was applied, facetiously remarked "that it grew rusty for want of use."

Some old pictures, of but little consequence, have lately been sent from the lumber-rooms at Belvoir Castle to decorate the walls of Haddon, but, independently of their want of merit, they seem strangely out of place. These, together with the clean white-wash with which they have covered every wall, have materially impaired the effect of this ancient edifice. It has thus lost something of its former character within. These tricks, however well intended, have absorbed a century or two of its age, and nearly obliterated the venerable appearance of its interior, but its external grandeur remains undisturbed and imposing. Cleanliness is certainly a very commendable quality; it may nevertheless be misapplied, and I confess I would rather see the walls of Haddon stained with the marks of age, and the ceilings festooned by the spider, than thus adorned with modern white-wash.

Haddon Hall, from its great antiquity—from its being almost the only baronial residence now remaining entire and untouched by modern improvement to tell the tale of what it was—is a place that excites considerable curiosity, and will amply repay the traveller for the hours he may loiter away in

its precincts. Though desolate and cheerless within, it will long remain the ornament and attraction of this part of the Peak.

A venerable edifice, or a dilapidated ruin, is an object of great and powerful interest, exciting an association of ideas from which some of our most pleasurable sensations are deduced. Whether it is because we regard with reverence whatever has been touched by the hand of Time, and rendered sacred from his impression being stamped upon it — or from an attachment to whatever is picturesque in form and colour, the force and beauty of which almost every mind can feel and appreciate — or whether it is that in the contemplation of ancient halls and castles the tales of other times take possession of the soul, and the scenes of centuries gone by are again presented to the imagination, passing with a rapidity and an indistinctness like figures in a dream, not intimately known, and yet recognized — whatever be the cause of that subdued and hallowed feeling which almost every man has experienced from beholding such objects, it ranks amongst the purest pleasures of reflection, and enriches existence. This mysterious sensation of undefinable delight is no doubt attributable to that subtle quality of the mind which we denominate imagination, and Haddon is admirably calculated to afford incentives to the exercise of this active and excursive faculty: its towers and turrets — its massy walls and gloomy apartments — its loose hanging tapestry, and dark carved ceilings, rich with crests and armorial bearings — its painted windows, admitting only a dubious light — these, the remaining fragments of its grandeur, all conspire to exalt the mind of the spectator — to impress him with solemn and soothing emotions, and to fix his attention on objects and scenes of a remoter date, in the contemplation of which all considerations of self are lost: to him, Haddon is a link in the chain by which he is more intimately connected with a period of time and a race of beings long since passed away. Dr. Johnson observes, that “whatever withdraws us from the power of our senses — whatever makes the past, the distant, or the future, predominate over the present, advances us in the dignity of thinking beings. Far from me and from my friends be such frigid philosophy as may conduct us, indifferent and unmoved, over any ground which has been dignified by wisdom, bravery, and virtue: that man is little to be envied whose patriotism would not gain force upon the plain



of Marathon, or whose piety would not grow warmer among the ruins of Iona."

Mrs. Ann Radcliffe, who was a native of Derbyshire, often visited Haddon Hall, for the purpose of storing her imagination with those romantic ideas, and impressing upon it those sublime and awful pictures which she so much delighted to pourtray: some of the most gloomy scenery of her "Mysteries of Udolpho" was studied within the walls of this ancient structure.

The rising grounds behind Haddon are covered with a regular plantation of oak, lime, ash, and sycamore of the most luxuriant growth, which forms a capacious avenue, that communicates with an excellent garden and a summer-house of modern construction: passing along this avenue, my mind occupied with the scenes of other times, and filled with those ideas which a contemplation of Haddon is peculiarly calculated to inspire, and thus previously prepared to be imposed upon, I felt myself the momentary inhabitant of an enchanted grove, that almost realized some of the fanciful pictures of Tasso: a rich profusion of blossom covered the lime trees, and filled the air with fragrance — ten thousand bees were feeding on the treasures they contained — the bell of every flower was inhabited and in motion, and the lighter branches, agitated by these little marauders, seemed every where imbued with animal life, while all around, their hum of felicity and enjoyment kept up a perpetual concert of native melody. The summer-house, which is approached by this grove of limes, is pleasantly situated on the summit of the hill, and commands a very extensive view of the mountain scenery of Derbyshire. In this really charming place the late Duke of Rutland established a bowling-green, for the accommodation of the gentlemen of Bakewell and the neighbourhood, who are chiefly his tenantry; some years ago during the summer months, it was occasionally well attended, but in the year 1816, when I last beheld it, it was totally neglected, and had a very desolate appearance; the rank grass every where prevailed.

Lower down the vale, about a mile and a half from Haddon, is the village of Rowsley, near which the Wye loses itself in the bosom of the Derwent. How reluctantly the mind quits its hold of objects that have produced a portion of its felicity! with what regret it lingers round scenes on which it has dwelt with delight, and as it pauses to recal sensations originally excited by objects no longer present, it feels a softer glow of

pleasure as it beholds them through the medium of recollection. Such were the feelings with which I quitted the borders of the WYE. Adieu, thou lovely river! I have traversed thy romantic banks from thy source in the vicinity of Buxton, to where thy clear and silvery stream mingles with the yellower waters of the Derwent, and feel grateful to that Being who has intimately connected some of our most refined and purest pleasures with the contemplation of those works in the midst of which he has placed our habitation.

## SECTION X.

*Edensor. — Monument to the Earl of Devonshire in the Church. — Inscription to the Memory of John Beton. — Chatsworth Park and House. — Cascade in the Garden. — Fountain in the Court. — Figure of Arion.*

HAVING regained the course of the Derwent, after quitting it near Stoke, we returned up the valley from Rowsley to Edensor, a little village about two miles distant, which is situated upon the verge of Chatsworth Park, where we passed the night at a comfortable inn, built for the accommodation of travellers by the late Duke of Devonshire. The church at Edensor stands on the side of a hill, in the upper part of the village, and it is surrounded with a spacious burial-ground: within it is clean and neat, and its appearance altogether intimates its proximity to the residence of a noble family. In the chancel there is a very costly and splendid alabaster monument to the memory of the first earl of Devonshire, which contains several figures as large as life, sculptured in relief, and elaborately finished: this monument is divided into different compartments, the whole of which are profusely ornamented, gilt, and coloured. A tabular monument is placed at the foot of the large one, on which are two recumbent figures; one is completely draped from head to foot — the other is a fleshless skeleton. There is something strikingly impressive in this representation of a man who appears to have just passed from time into eternity, with all the habiliments of life about him, and the bare-ribbed image of death, which lies at his side, awfully intimating the transition that must soon be made. The sculptor has here “bodied forth” a lesson of mortality which is extremely simple, yet full of pathos and instruction.

Near this monument we observed a brass tablet with a long latin inscription upon it, to the memory of John Beton, a con-

fidential servant of the unfortunate Mary Queen of Scots; he appears to have entered into the service of his royal mistress early in life, and he was one of the principal agents in her deliverance from the castle of Loch Leven: afterwards he was employed by the Queen in an embassy to Charles the Ninth, King of France, and likewise to Elizabeth: he died at Chatsworth in the year 1570, at the age of thirty-two. Situated as Mary then was, she could ill bear the loss of such a servant; though a Queen, she was yet a prisoner, and with the exception of the little circle of domestics who attended upon her person at Chatsworth, she had none to do her homage.

“Cover your heads, and mock not flesh and blood

“With solemn reverence; throw away respect,

“Tradition, form, and ceremonious duty;

“For you have but mistook me all this while:

“I live on bread like you — feel want, taste grief,

“Need friends — subjected thus,

“How can you say to me, I am a king?” SHAKESPEARE, *Rich. II.*

Poor Mary! “she both needed friends and tasted grief,” and the death of one who had always served her with zeal and fidelity, was a calamity she most severely felt, and a loss she could not easily repair. To the Rev. R. Smith, the Rector of Edensor, I am indebted for a correct copy of the elaborate inscription which records the death of this faithful servant of the unfortunate and cruelly persecuted Queen of Scotland.

#### INSCRIPTION.

Deo. Opt. Max. et Posteritati sacrum Johanni Betonio Scoto nobilis et optimi Viri Johannis Betonii ab Anthmwy filio Davidis Betonii illustriss. S. R. E. Cardinalis Nepoti, Jacobij Betonii Reverendiss. S. Andreæ Archiepiscopi et Regni Scotiæ Cancellarii digniss. pronepoti. ab ineunte ætate in humanioribus disciplinis et philosophiâ quo facilius ad jus Romanum (cujus ipse consultiss. fuit) aditus patet, ab optimis quibusqz præceptoribus et liberaliter et ingenuè educato: omnibus morum facilitate, fide, prudentiâ et constantiâ charo: unde a Sereniss. Principe Maria Scotorum Gallorumqz Reginâ in prægustatoris primum mox Œconomi munus suffecto, ejusdemqz Sereniss. Reginæ unâ cum aliis e vinculis truculentiss. Tiranni apud levinum lacus castrum liberatori fortiss. quem post varias legationes et ad Carolum 9 Galliarum Regem Christianiss. et ad Elizabetham sereniss. Anglorum Reginam fœliciter et non sine laude susceptas: fatis properantibus in suæ ætatis flore sors aspera immani dysenterias Morbo é numero viventium exemit. Jacobus Reverendiss. Glasguensis Archiepiscopus et Andreas Betonii ejusdem sereniss. Reginæ ille apud Regem Christianiss. legatus, hic vero œconomus in perpetuum rei memoriam ex voluntate, et pro imperio sereniss. Reginæ heræ clementiss. f<sup>rs</sup> mœstiss. posuerunt.

Obiit anno salutis 1570. vixit annos 52. menses 7. et diem dñi expectat apud Chathworth in Angliâ.

## EPITAPHIUM.

Immatura tibi legerunt fila Sorores  
 Betoni, ut summum ingenium summumqz periret  
 Judicium. et nobis jucundum nil foret ultra  
 DOMI ET FORIS. — A.B.

Near the New Inn, at Edensor, stands the Porter's Lodge, which commands one of the entrances into Chatsworth Park: it is a neat stone building, but certainly not sufficiently elegant or ornamented to be an appropriate introduction to so magnificent a mansion. From this entrance into the park the road ascends to a high point of ground, from whence Chatsworth and its surrounding scenery are first beheld. Descending from this elevated situation, and approaching the river Derwent, the house appears to great advantage, and the noble amphitheatre of wood by which this richly ornamented mansion is accompanied, has a grand and magnificent effect. The lofty foliage near the house is well connected with the remote hills by a succession of delightful woody scenery, which is terminated in distance with the barren mountains of the Peak. About a quarter of a mile from the house a stone bridge of three arches crosses the river: this elegant structure was built by Paine, and is reported to be from a design by Michael Angelo: the niches between the arches are adorned with four marble figures by Cibber, of but indifferent workmanship: as ornaments to the bridge, they have a pleasing effect, but they cannot be highly commended as works of art.

Few noble mansions have been more lavishly praised and indiscriminately censured than Chatsworth, which was once the pride and boast of Derbyshire, "when," as Gilpin expresses it, "trim parterres and formal water-works were in fashion;" but now, fallen from its high estate, it has become a butt for every pretender to taste to shoot an arrow at.

Chatsworth House was built by William Talman, a native of Wiltshire, who was Comptroller of the Works in the reign of William the Third, and notwithstanding the defects of its ground plan, which is certainly not unobjectionable, it will long remain a splendid monument of the architectural talent of its builder. It is composed of four nearly equal sides, with an open quadrangular court within, and the principal front is highly ornamented: it is rich without being tawdry, well proportioned and light, and elegant in appearance. The other sides, though not equally admirable in design, conspire

to produce an impression favourable to the abilities of Talman, who from this specimen of his skill was evidently a man of superior attainments in his profession. Denham House in Gloucestershire, and old Thoresby House, in Nottinghamshire, were by the same architect. I once heard an eminent artist remark that the principal fault in Chatsworth was an apparent want of apartments suited for the accommodation of the domestics of so princely a mansion. It is a palace to the eye, where every part seems alike fitted for the noble owner and his guests only, and on beholding it the spectator is naturally led to enquire where the servants of such an establishment are to abide.\*

In Chatsworth Park many delightful views occur, which are chiefly terminated by the Moorland scenery of Derbyshire, and about half a mile below the bridge we noticed one eminently adapted to the purposes of the pencil. Immediately before us lay the river, across whose stream a stone butment or weir has been erected, which damming up the water, expands it into breadth; it is thence precipitated over this interruption to its progress, where it forms a magnificent cascade. On a gently ascending ground, about half a mile higher up the river, stands Chatsworth, finely embosomed in

“Majestic woods of every vigorous green;

“Stage above stage high waving o’er the hills.” THOMSON.

A little on the left is the bridge backed with broad and ample foliage: cattle reposing in groups on the brink of the river, or cooling themselves in the stream adorned the foreground; and the middle and remote distances, which are ornamented with a palace, a bridge, and towers and temples, disclose a scene as rich and as lovely as the fancy of Claude Lorraine ever portrayed when under the influence of his happiest inspirations. Yet the foreground had more of Berghem than Claude about it: the respective features which constitute the peculiar charm and excellence of these great masters, were most harmoniously combined; every part was in character, and the whole was faithful to nature. In this view the intervention of a few trees hides the cascade in the garden, near the house, which is a very formal object. A long and narrow stripe of regular stone steps, down which the water is sometimes made to descend for the amusement of visitors without

\* This objection no longer exists. Chatsworth has been greatly enlarged and improved under the direction of J. Wyatt, Esq. .

any winding, break, or interruption, has at any rate an unpicturesque appearance, particularly when the fountains above are not in motion. Entirely to remove this scar on the fair face of Beauty may very properly be objected to, as it would obliterate one of the distinguishing features of Chatsworth; it may nevertheless be so far improved as to become a very pleasing object. Bed the channel of the cascade with rugged and unequal stones, plant part of its brink with shrubs, and if practicable, give to its course a winding direction; thus the water will occasionally be lost and seen as it descends, and by damming up this artificial stream in its progress down the hill, narrowing its dimensions in one place and opening it in another, it will assume a more natural appearance: the cascade at Chatsworth may thus deviate into beauty, and instead of being suddenly absorbed into the earth, it may apparently retire behind the house or lose itself amongst the bushes, conveying to the spectator the pleasing idea of a continued stream, withdrawn from his sight by the intervention only of other objects.

Having leisurely surveyed the exterior of Chatsworth, we were anxious to be admitted to a contemplation of the treasures it contained, and we already dwelt with ecstasy on the rich stores of art — the legacies of genius — with which imagination had decorated this palace of the Peak. It is a trite remark, that highly-excited anticipation often ends in disappointment: the observation has been made a thousand times without abating the unreasonableness of expectation, and will be a thousand times repeated before mankind grow wiser by the use of it. The interior of Chatsworth will gratify those who do not expect too much, and if any man return from such a place either chagrined or disappointed, let him recollect that the fault is principally, if not entirely, his own.

Shortly after passing the Porter's Lodge we entered an open quadrangular court, formed by the four sides of Chatsworth, which in general style and richness of ornament corresponds with the principal fronts of the building. Two sides of this court have open balconies, guarded by stone balustrades, which are divided into different sections by twenty-two intervening parts, that form the pedestals to the same number of busts. The busts are well carved in stone, and represent some of the most distinguished personages in the reign of Queen Anne. In this court there are some military trophies, which are said to have been executed from

designs by G. Gibbons, the celebrated carver on wood: they are formed into four different subjects, and they embellish the east and west sides of the court. They are the workmanship of Mr. Samuel Watson, a native of the Peak of Derbyshire, a man who attained to uncommon excellence in his profession, and who sculptured figures and ornaments in stone in bas relief with great skill and ability: nearly the whole of the rich and exquisite carving that adorns the exterior of this noble mansion, is the work of this artist. The middle of the court is occupied with a marble statue of Arion seated on the back of a Dolphin, and surrounded with the clear living waters of a fountain, which fall into a capacious basin, composed of the marble of the Peak of Derbyshire. This figure, by some strange propensity to blundering, is generally called Orpheus, probably from the circumstance of his playing on a lyre, and the well known classical fable of Arion is forgotten. He was a musician and a poet of Lesbos, at a time when those characters, though now distinct from each other, were intimately connected. Having acquired great fame in his own country, he travelled into Italy, and became rich by the exercise of his professional excellence: returning homewards, full of the hope of enjoying in his own country the wealth he had amassed in another, the mariners who accompanied him were tempted to throw him into the sea, that they might possess themselves of his riches. In this extremity he requested permission once more to play upon his harp before he died: the request was granted: he struck the chords, and amidst a stream of music that astonished the mariners, he leaped into the sea: a dolphin, charmed with the strains of his harp, caught him on its back, and in return for the sweet music it had made, bore him safely through the waves to his home, where he arrived long before the vessel in which he had embarked, when he told the story of his danger and escape. The mariners, on their examination, acknowledged their murderous intention, and as far as they were concerned in the transaction, they confirmed the tale of the miraculous escape of Arion on the back of a Dolphin.



## SECTION XI.

*Interior of Chatsworth. — Paintings. — Verrio and Laguerre. — Gallery of Drawings. — Chapel. — Library. — Tapestry. Sculpture. — Portraits. — Closterman. — Sir James Thornhill. Carving in Wood. — Gibbons. — Samuel Watson. — Cibber.*

WE now entered the hall, the first apartment that strangers are introduced into at Chatsworth: it is a spacious and noble room, and the flight of steps which connects it with the grand stair-case, passing between two rocks of variegated alabaster, and ornamented with rich gilt balustrades, has a grand effect. This apartment exhibits the first specimen of the kind of painting that most prevails at Chatsworth. Verrio, Laguerre, and Sir James Thornhill, were the principal artists who decorated the walls and ceilings of this splendid mansion, and in the hall, Verrio has attempted the assassination of Cæsar at the foot of Pompey's statue —

“ when Brutus rose,  
 “ Refulgent from the stroke of Cæsar's fate,  
 “ Amid the crowd of patriots, and his arm  
 “ Aloft extending, like eternal Jove,  
 “ When guilt brings down the thunder, call'd aloud  
 “ On Tully's name, and shook his crimson steel,  
 “ And bade the Father of his Country hail!  
 “ For, lo! the tyrant prostrate in the dust,  
 “ And Rome again is free.”

AKENSIDE.

The subject of this picture was too mighty for the grasp of such a mind as Verrio's. *His* Brutus has none of the dignity with which Akenside has clothed his noble Roman, and *his* conspirators are altogether a miserable set of common-place ruffians, who seem in the act of butchering one of their associates, who had threatened to turn informer. I am aware that this painting has been attributed to Louis Laguerre; but as this artist was only employed by Verrio as an assistant in his labours, I have chosen to characterise their joint productions here as the works of the master. Pope has associated these artists together, and his verse will probably perpetuate the remembrance of their names when their works are forgotten.

“ And now the chapel’s silver bell you hear,  
 “ That summons you, to all the pride of prayer,  
 “ Light qu’rks of music, broken and uneven,  
 “ Make the soul dance upon a jig to heaven,  
 “ On painted ceilings you devoutly stare,  
 “ *Where sprawl the Saints of Verrio and Laguerre.*” POPE.

The pencil of Verrio indeed has freely expatiated over the walls of the staircases, and the ceilings of the rooms in every part of Chatsworth, and gods and goddesses, and allegorical personages, in which he unrestrainedly indulged, are introduced into the humble company of mortals, without any great portion of either taste or feeling, and splendid colouring is made to supply the place of elevated design and grandeur of conception. This artist, in one of his most important and elaborate productions, has introduced Sir Godfrey Kneller and himself in long periwigs, as spectators of Christ healing the Sick. Even Sir Joshua Reynolds, a man whose very name ought to be mentioned with reverence, in one of *his* designs, has fallen into this absurd error — absurd, because it has a tendency to defeat the intention of the artist, by abstracting the mind of the spectator from the action exhibited before him, and fixing it on a period of time and a series of personages that have no connexion with the events which the canvass represents. Verrio and Sir Godfrey Kneller attending to one of Christ’s miracles is hardly more absurd than Sir Joshua Reynolds and his coadjutor Jervais appearing in the character of shepherds at the nativity of Jesus, in the great window at New College, Oxford. Sir Joshua’s fine picture on this subject is now in the possession of Earl Fitzwilliam, at Wentworth House.

Verrio, though deficient in design and composition, had a free and ready pencil, and he was in great favour with King Charles the Second. From 1676 to 1681 he received nearly seven thousand pounds for paintings done at Windsor only — so munificently were the arts patronised during the reign of this remarkable prince. The following anecdote is abridged from Horace Walpole, and detailed on his authority, and it exhibits so much of the character of both Verrio and his royal patron, that I cannot resist the introduction of it, where perhaps it may be regarded as out of place. Verrio, in his style and manner of living, was very expensive: he kept a splendid table, and often pressed the king for money with great freedom, which his Majesty good-naturedly indulged. Once, at Hampton Court, when he had but lately received an advance of one

thousand pounds, he found the king in such a circle that he could not conveniently approach him. He called out, "Sire, I desire the favour of speaking to your Majesty." "Well, Verrio," said the king, "what is your request?" "Money, Sir; I am so short of cash that I am not able to pay my workmen, and your Majesty and I have learnt that peddlars and painters cannot give credit long." The king smiled, and said he had but lately ordered him a thousand pounds. Yes, Sire," replied he, "but that was soon paid away, and I have no gold left." "At that rate," said the king, "you would spend more than I do to maintain my family." "True," answered Verrio, "but does your Majesty keep an open table as I do?"

Verrio, influenced by feelings that did honour to his nature, retained his attachment to his royal master long after the latter had descended into the grave, and at the revolution of 1688, he relinquished the place he held at court, and contemning the offers of new regal favours, he refused to employ his pencil in the service of King William: at this time he quitted the capital and retired into the country, where he executed the paintings at Chatsworth and at Burleigh, the princely mansion of the Marquis of Exeter, where his works are equally numerous and of the same character. With such feelings it is perhaps extraordinary that Verrio should have been induced to spend so much of his time in ornamenting the mansion of the first Duke of Devonshire, who, it is well known, was a principal agent in the production of that event which Verrio appears so much to have deplored.

From the entrance-hall we passed onward through a long narrow gallery, and one of the most attractive and interesting apartments in Chatsworth. We entered it with delight and left it with regret. Nearly one thousand original sketches, by the most eminent Flemish, Venetian, Spanish, and Italian masters, cover its walls, forming altogether an assemblage of drawings which for number and excellence can hardly be surpassed in any part of the kingdom. An arrangement which would throw the works of the different artists into distinct classes, would greatly improve this fine collection.

On entering the chapel we felt the delightful fragrance of the cedar wood, of which it is almost entirely composed: it is a richly ornamented place, and carving, painting, and sculpture, have all contributed to its decoration: the ceiling, and every part of it which is not otherwise appropriated, have been embellished by the pencils of Verrio and Laguerre. The orna-

ments in wood are represented to be the work of Gibbons, and the altar is the sculpture of Cibber. It is composed of the fluors and marbles of Derbyshire, and enriched with the figures of Faith and Hope in full relief: they are said to be of exquisite workmanship, but they want simplicity, and the drapery, which has been highly spoken of, is heavy, even to loading what it should only cover. As statues intended for ornament only, they are tolerable, but as works of art they are but indifferent productions. I observed that a niche, apparently intended for a third figure, forms a part of the design of this sculptured altar. Charity, as a proper companion to the Faith and Hope of Cibber, might be introduced into this vacant niche, and thus fill up what appears to have been the original intention of the sculptor.

One of the best and most successful efforts of Verrio's pencil is in this chapel; the subject is the incredulity of Saint Thomas. The visitors to Chatsworth are generally told by their attendant that this painting is by Laguerre. I have before represented this artist as an assistant only in works that were undertaken by Verrio, and it is highly probable that Laguerre was employed on this picture. Pilkington, in his Dictionary of Painters, when speaking of Verrio, says, "That performance which is accounted his best, is the altar-piece in the chapel at Chatsworth, representing the Incredulity of Saint Thomas." On this authority, and that of Horace Walpole, I have taken from Laguerre the honour of painting this picture, notwithstanding the share that he probably had in its production. He had a free pencil, and executed with great facility those common-place combinations with which his mind was stored. To this artist Sir James Thornhill is reported to have been greatly indebted for the formation of his style and manner. Laguerre had only one son, who was on the stage in the capacity of a singer. On his benefit night his father attended to witness his performance, but before the drawing up of the curtain he was seized with a fit of apoplexy, and expired in the pit of Old Drury. Such, and so sudden, was the death of Laguerre.

It is not necessary to enumerate the different apartments, as they are passed over in succession by those who visit this palace of the Peak: they are generally spacious and lofty, but not particularly magnificent: some of them are hung with tapestry, and the whole are elegantly, but not sumptuously, furnished. The new library, however, is a splendid room, and has been lately fitted up in a style of magnificence every way

worthy of its noble owner. The paintings by Louis Charon, which formerly disgraced its walls, have been removed, and an extensive and valuable library of books now occupies their place. Every thing in this apartment is elegant, and bespeaks the taste of the present Duke, under whose direction it has been so essentially improved. Two porphyry vases, from the quarries at Elfdålen in Sweden, have been lately introduced into it, and they are now placed on pedestals of black marble, from the Duke's mills at Ashford, which are exquisite specimens of this fine production of the Peak. In this truly noble library, an honourable station has been allotted to two eminently beautiful fossil productions; the one a specimen of Fel-spar, from Labrador, the other Dog-tooth-spar, enshrining copper pyrites, from the Duke of Devonshire's copper mine at Acton, near the river Dove.

The cabinet of fossils and minerals which was collected and formed by the late Duchess of Devonshire, and classed and arranged by Mr. White Watson, F. L. S. of Bakewell, has been lately removed from a public to a private apartment, and it is now not shewn to strangers. That any consideration should induce the Duke of Devonshire to exclude the casual visitors to Chatsworth, from beholding this collection, may be regretted, and particularly so as it contains many choice and beautiful specimens.\*

I have before intimated, that several apartments in this ducal mansion are hung with tapestry, some of which exhibits great richness of colouring, and appears to have been originally of considerable excellence. The copies of the Cartoons of Raphael merit a better fortune than they have here experienced: the different subjects have been cut to suit the dimensions of the rooms, and then put together again in a way that has disunited them most absurdly: thus about two-thirds of the cartoon of the *Lame Man healed by Peter and John*, "at the gate of the Temple called Beautiful," has been connected with the *Sacrifice at Lystra*, and in such a manner as to form one subject: again, the two parts that have been excluded from the places they had previously occupied, have been either separately disposed of or joined to others, without either care or consideration. The whole, therefore, presents a heterogeneous assemblage of groups of figures having no connec-

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\* This collection is intended to form part of the adornments of the new rooms at Chatsworth.

tion with each other. The death of Ananias has been so divided as to make both parts equally unintelligible: the shears have been passed exactly through the middle of the subject: the fallen Ananias, therefore, occupies a corner in the foreground of one picture, and the kneeling figure, who is penetrated with awe and horror at the event, has a situation equally conspicuous in the other. It is difficult to imagine how such a thing as this should have occurred in such a house, where the value of these productions must be well understood.

Chatsworth is not rich in sculpture. Passing through the different apartments, a few busts were seen, which are chiefly modern: amongst these Charles James Fox, and the late Duke of Devonshire, by Nolekens, are decidedly the best. There is likewise an antique Alexander, part of which, by the bye, is modern, but the head is very fine, and has great grandeur of expression. A few other heads of minor importance complete the Chatsworth catalogue, in this elevated department of art.\* In painting, the collection is more numerous, yet but few pictures are to be found of a very superior character: the late Duchess of Devonshire, with her infant daughter, the present Lady Morpeth, on her knee, is one of the best: one cannot see it without feeling its excellence. The graceful turn of the head of the principal figure — the happy expression of countenance — the smiling face, and the uplifted out-spread hands of the infant — are exquisitely beautiful and true to nature. This *picture* is entirely and essentially all that it professes to be — a mother and a child mutually *delighting* and *delighted* with each other: it is painted in a full and brilliant tone of colour, and altogether it may be classed amongst the best pictures of Sir Joshua Reynolds. The Duke of Cumberland, by the same master, which occupies a conspicuous situation in the same apartment, is a dignified portrait: it was evidently painted at an earlier period, and it exhibits more attention to detail, and more of laborious finish, than distinguished the later productions of Sir Joshua's pencil. Perhaps after all the finest picture in the house, is the whole-length of the first Earl of Devonshire in his state robes, which is painted in a style but little inferior to the best works of Vandyke. If I mistake not, this figure has been ascribed to

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\* The reader is requested to recollect, that these observations were made in 1818, since which time the Duke of Devonshire has added some fine works in sculpture to his collection at Chatsworth.

Mytens, but Horace Walpole is of opinion that it was painted by Paul Vansomer, a native of Antwerp, who came into this country in the reign of James the First, and who was deservedly esteemed as a very superior artist: he was accustomed to paint his whole-length figures on a *mat*. Mytens generally used a carpet, a distinction by which the respective works of these artists are presumed to be generally known.

In my memorandums, made on a visit to Chatsworth some years ago, a notice occurs of a picture containing whole-length portraits of Henry the Seventh and Henry the Eighth, by Holbein, which I then thought a very masterly performance. It appeared to have been painted in distemper, in black and white, the hands and face heightened with a slight tinge of colour, like some of Edridge's pencil-portraits: the effect was powerful, and the natural ease and manly dignity of Henry the Eighth conveyed an excellent idea of that haughty and overbearing monarch. This painting has been removed to enrich the Duke of Devonshire's collection at Chiswick. — I have likewise noticed with a mark of approbation a full-length portrait of the first Duke of Rutland; which I have not observed on my late excursions to Chatsworth: it was painted by *Closterman*, a native of Osnaburgh, an artist who was liberally patronized by several noble families in the reign of Queen Anne. The large picture at Blenheim, in which the Duke of Marlborough on horseback is a conspicuous figure, is by this artist, who is reported to have had many disputes with the Duchess during its progress: one day the Duke observed to him, "It has given me more trouble to reconcile my wife and you than to fight a battle." *Closterman* was very successful in his profession, and might have lived in affluence, but for a foolish fondness for a young woman who kept his house; she, however, robbed him of a great part of his property, and fled the kingdom. The loss of his money and his mistress preyed upon his spirits, and soon brought him to the grave. He died at the age of fifty-seven.

Sir James Thornhill, whose taste was evidently influenced by the works of Verrio and Laguerre, found ample employment for his pencil at Chatsworth: in the back staircase he has exhibited the Fall of Phaeton, and in the painted anti-chamber adjoining, he has represented on the ceiling, the Assembly of the Gods, in which he has successfully imitated the style and manner of his masters: his large picture of the Rape of the Sabine Women nearly covers one side of the

same apartment. By what fatality of blundering Sir James was directed when he composed and painted this picture, it is difficult to determine: how he, in so early a period of the history of Rome, found his dome-crowned palaces, rich-ported temples, and splendid amphitheatres, one can hardly imagine. This is a species of anachronism in which painters should not indulge; it distracts the mind between one period of time and another, gives a false feature to the interesting events of earlier ages, and destroys the locality of history. But Sir James was not at all times very nice in his ideas of propriety; he appears not to have hesitated long between what was admissible in historical composition and what incongruous; he decided in haste, and therefore he occasionally decided wrong. When he painted the large picture in Greenwich Hospital, which represents King William and Queen Mary, surrounded by the proper officers and personages of their court, he contrived to introduce himself, clad in a rich embroidered suit, and ornamented with a deep flowing periwig, like one of Sir Godfrey Kneller's portraits; where he occupies an important station in the groupe. In the architectural part of his picture of the Rape of the Sabine Women, there is some good painting, but the figures are indifferently drawn, and the tone of colouring is not pleasing. Perseus and Andromeda, a large painting which occupies a place in the anti-chamber to the Duke's dressing-room, is another of Sir James Thornhill's unsuccessful efforts: if in the figure of Andromeda he has embodied his idea of female beauty, but few artists, not even Rubens or Fuseli, less understood in what it consisted.

Chatsworth abounds with a great variety of exquisite carving in wood; — the dead game — the fish — the flowers — the shells — and the minor ornaments by which they are accompanied — have all the charm of excellence about them: the feathery appearance of the birds is inimitable. What Horace Walpole has observed, every man feels as he contemplates these beautiful productions. "There is no instance," he says, "of a man before Gibbons who gave to wood the loose and airy lightness of flowers, and chained together the various productions of the elements with a free disorder, natural to each species." This is a high compliment, but those who visit this noble mansion will not regard it as overstrained. Davies, in his "View of Derbyshire," published about 1810, says that this eminent artist met his death by a fall from the scaffold, when employed in the chapel here: the accuracy of this ac-



count is very doubtful. According to Walpole, whose authority is but rarely disputable, he died, August 3. 1721, at his house in Bow-Street, Covent-Garden, twelve or fourteen years after the principal part of the chapel at Chatsworth was finished, and I have understood that his finest work, and the most superb monument of his skill, which is at Petworth, in Sussex, was executed subsequently to the carving at Chatsworth. That the life of Gibbons was a life of industry, is evident from the many works he left behind him; some of which, said to be of great excellence, were unfortunately destroyed by fire at Chiswick. The foliage in the choir of St. Paul's — the font in St. James's church — the chimney-pieces, door-cases, and many of the picture-frames at Burleigh, are the work of Gibbons: in what he did at Chatsworth he was greatly assisted by others, and particularly by a native of Derbyshire, whom it would be injustice not to mention here. Mr. Samuel Watson, the grandfather of the present Mr. White Watson, of Bakewell, had no inconsiderable share both in the exterior and interior decorations of this noble mansion; and it is highly probable that many parts of that beautiful carving, which has excited the admiration of Horace Walpole, and all who have beheld it, were executed by this unremembered artist. The urns — the medallions — the coats of arms — the wreaths and the roses that ornament the four fronts of Chatsworth — the military trophies in the court — and some of those exquisite specimens of carving in wood, which have hitherto been attributed solely to Gibbons, are either wholly, or in part, the workmanship of Watson. Studying under Gibbons, whose works were the constant object of his imitation, he attained great excellence in his profession, and was highly esteemed both for his integrity and talents. He was the friend and associate of Sir James Thornhill, who painted his portrait, which is now at Bakewell, and who regarded him as worthy of a regular correspondence when they were many miles apart. The very liberal prices he received for his works sufficiently evince the estimation in which he was held. In his papers, with a perusal of which I have been favoured, amongst many items of a similar nature, I noted the following: —

	£.	s.	d.
Carving in wood in the upper story of the west front,			
and in the lower dining-room in stone, - - - -	67	8	9
Carving in stone in the stair-case - - - - -	12	17	6

	£.	s.	d.
Work done in the altar-piece of the chapel - - -	3	7	0
Urn on the altar - - - - -	2	15	0
Bill for carving on the north side of Chatsworth - -	94	9	4
The coats of arms on the west front - - - - -	55	0	0
Another bill for sundry carving, chiefly <i>in wood</i> , dated September 24. 1704 - - - - -	342	5	5
Bill, dated 1707, carving north front windows, medal- lions, and roses, on stone, and ditto in wood, - -	69	12	0

Many other memorandums might be quoted from these papers, all tending to shew how liberally Mr. Samuel Watson was employed at Chatsworth, and how largely he contributed, by the exercise of his professional talents, to its decorations. He died at *Heanor*, in Derbyshire, of which he was a native, and was buried in the chancel of the church, where there is a richly-ornamented monument to his memory, which contains an inscription that refers to his works at Chatsworth: —

“ Watson is gone, whose skilful art display’d,  
 “ To the very life whatever nature made:  
 “ View but his wond’rous works in Chatsworth hall,  
 “ Which are so gazed at and admired by all,  
 “ You’ll say ’tis pity he should hidden lie,  
 “ And nothing said to revive his memory.”

Another artist who contributed to embellish this residence of the Dukes of Devonshire, was Cibber, who, besides the altar in the chapel, executed the four marble statutes on the bridge — the two sphinxes on the pedestals in the front of the house — and a figure of Neptune that was formerly in the garden, but which I have not lately noticed. This work is said to have been a very fine production, and but little if any inferior to his celebrated figures of Melancholy and Madness before the front of Bedlam Hospital. Several door-cases at Chatsworth are by the same hand: they are made of the alabaster of the Peak of Derbyshire, and are richly ornamented with foliage and flowers, beautifully disposed and finely executed. This artist was a native of the duchy of Holstein, and the father of Colley Cibber, once poet-laureate, whose name is identified with the history of the English stage.

## SECTION XII.

*Reflections on leaving Chatsworth. — Projected Improvement of Chatsworth House. — Mary Queen of Scots imprisoned there. — Marshal Tallard. — Hobbes. — St. Evremond to Waller. — Recollections of a former Visit to Chatsworth.*

FREQUENTLY as I have visited Chatsworth-house, I have never left it without regret; yet it contains but few of those exquisite productions of the pencil which the mind naturally associates with such a mansion. The works of art that adorn the houses of the wealthy and the great are the best ornaments they possess; and though they cannot be regarded as exhibiting an equitable criterion, either of the riches or the taste of their possessors, they are honourable testimonies in their favour; they throw round their persons an additional lustre — they give them a more exalted place in the estimation of society — and invest their mansions with a higher character than that of mere dwellings. So enriched, they are the depositories of the works of genius — the honoured receptacles of the labour of ages that have passed away; and he who reverences the arts, has an abiding interest in the treasures they contain; he visits them with a chastened feeling, and treads even their precincts with veneration, for genius has hallowed the place that he approaches: contemplating their stores, he lives in other times — he holds communion with those who were — becomes an inmate of their minds — participates the sublime conceptions of Raphael, Titian, Poussin, Rubens, Salvator, and Claude, and he traces in their works the nature and the character of those energetic feelings by which they were embodied and produced. So precious is the deposit they contain!

Yet with all my enthusiasm for the productions of these men — however I may venerate their names — and with whatever portion of elevated feeling I may dwell on those periods in the history of the arts when they were produced, I cannot but regret that the works of British artists should so rarely

be associated in honourable competition in the collections of the great, with these splendid emanations of other times. In Portrait, History, and Landscape, we have talent that might confer distinction on patronage, and perhaps it is not too presuming to say, that a gallery of the best works of British artists would be but little inferior to any in the world. Do the productions of Stothard's pencil, at Burleigh, sink in comparison with the works of Verrio and Laguerre, who were employed to decorate its ceilings? rather do they not in subject, composition, colouring, execution, and *mind*—in all that constitutes excellence in painting—rise incomparably superior?

The present Duke of Devonshire has for several years past spent much of his time on the Continent, and during his temporary residence in France and Italy he has obtained some fine specimens of modern sculpture, which are intended to enrich the collection of works of art at Chatsworth-house. A statue, by Canova, is amongst the number, which is said to be a *chef-d'œuvre* of that celebrated artist. This statue has already arrived, but it is not intended to be opened for public inspection until the Duke's return from his travels. Some very magnificent plans are now in contemplation for the improvement of Chatsworth; and it is understood to be the Duke of Devonshire's intention to render it one of the noblest and most attractive mansions in the kingdom, and more worthy the notice of travellers. When the Archdukes Nicholas and Michael, of Russia, were there, they each of them planted a tree in the west front of the house, which are carefully protected from injury, and are intended to be known by the respective names of the noble planters, for the purpose of perpetuating the remembrance of their visit to Derbyshire.

Chatsworth, as I have before intimated, was for some time the residence, or rather the prison, of Mary Queen of Scots, in remembrance of which a suit of apartments are still known by her name; and near the bridge, by the side of the Derwent, are the remains of an old building, called the Bower of Mary Queen of Scots. A deep moat encompasses the area where this tower stands, and a garden once occupied its summit, wherein that unfortunate princess, shorn of every semblance of royalty, was wont to spend the solitary hours of confinement. Her second letter to Pope Pius is dated from Chatsworth-house, October 31. 1570, nearly seventeen years before the sanguinary mandate of Elizabeth had sent her to the block.

The murderous cruelty of this measure could only be equalled by the detestable hypocrisy with which it was succeeded: when Elizabeth heard that the unfortunate Mary was no more, she stood for some time mute with horror, and then burst into expressions of sorrow and resentment: she clothed herself in *mourning*, and largely indulged in the luxury of grief and lamentation: her ministers and counsellors were denied her presence, and she charged upon *them* the crime of putting to death her *dear sister* contrary to her wishes and intentions. Infamous dissimulation! Many years after this event, Marshal Tallard, a French general, who was taken prisoner by the Duke of Marlborough at the battle of Blenheim, spent a part of the days of his captivity in England at Chatsworth-house, where he appears to have been treated with a kindness and attention that he most forcibly felt: on taking leave of the Duke of Devonshire he is reported to have said, with true French politeness, "When I return to France, and reckon up the days of my captivity in England, I shall leave out all those I have spent at Chatsworth."

Of all the personages connected with the local history of Chatsworth, who may have been rendered conspicuous either by their situation or their talents, perhaps no one has a more powerful claim to notice than the once celebrated Latin poet and philosopher, *Hobbes*: his connexion with the Devonshire family began early in life, and Chatsworth, in consequence, became his occasional residence: he was a man originally of a weak constitution, and he is said to have been subject through life to imaginary and unnecessary personal fears, that continually preyed upon and agitated his spirits: yet by a strict and uniform attention to diet and exercise, he lived to the age of 92. He was a very early riser, and as soon as he had quitted his bed he walked, or rather ran to the tops of some of the hills about Chatsworth, that he might enjoy a fresher and a purer breeze than circulated through the valley. This practice he continued until he was compelled to relinquish it by the infirmities of age. After breakfast he visited the Earl and the Countess of Devonshire and their children, until about twelve o'clock, when he dined in a private apartment by himself: he then retired to his own room, where ten or twelve pipes, filled with tobacco, were ranged in a row on his table ready to be used in succession: he then commenced his usual afternoon's employment of smoking, thinking, and writing, which he continued for several hours. When thus engaged

he was frequently visited by foreigners of distinction, who were attracted to Chatsworth chiefly by the celebrity that Hobbes had acquired amongst the learned and the great. St. Evremond, in one of his letters to Waller, dated from Chatsworth, details some interesting particulars of this extraordinary man, whom he found, as he expresses it, "like Jupiter, involved in clouds of his own raising." He says,

"I now write to you from the Earl of Devonshire's, where I have been this fortnight past, paying my devotions to the Genius of Nature. Nothing can be more romantic than this country except the region about Valois, and nothing can equal this place in beauty but the borders of the lake.

"It was not, however, so much the desire of seeing natural curiosities that drew me hither: there is a certain moral curiosity under this roof which I have long wished to see, and my Lord Devonshire had the goodness to indulge me by a very kind invitation: I need not tell you that I mean the great philosopher Mr. Hobbes, so distinguished for the singularity of his sentiments and disposition. I arrived a little before dinner, notwithstanding which the Earl told me he believed I was too late to see Mr. Hobbes that day. 'As he does not think like other men,' said his Lordship, 'it is his opinion that he should not live like other men; I suppose he dined about two hours ago, and he is now shut up for the rest of the day: your only time to see him is in the morning, but then he walks so fast up those hills that unless you are mounted on one of my ablest hunters you will not keep pace with him.' It was not long before I obtained an audience extraordinary of this literary potentate, whom I found like Jupiter involved in clouds of his own raising. He was entrenched behind a battery of ten or twelve guns, charged with a stinking combustible called *tobacco*. Two or three of these he had fired off, and replaced them in the same order. A fourth he levelled so mathematically against me, that I was hardly able to maintain my post, though I assumed the character and dignity of ambassador from the republic of letters. 'I am sorry for your republic,' said Hobbes, 'for if they send you to me in that capacity, they either want me or are afraid of me: men have but two motives for their applications — interest and fear; but the latter is in my opinion most predominant.' I told him that my commission extended no farther than to make him their compliments, and to enquire after his health. 'If that be all,' said he, 'your republic does nothing more than negotiate by the maxims of other states, that is, by hypocrisy: all men are necessarily in a state of war, but all authors hate each other upon principle: for my part, I am at enmity with the whole corps, from the Bishop of Salisbury down to the bell-man: nay, I hate their writings as much as I do themselves: there is nothing so

pernicious as reading; it destroys all originality of sentiment. My Lord Devonshire has more than ten thousand volumes in his house: I entreated his Lordship to lodge me as far as possible from that pestilential corner: I have but one book and that is *Euclid*, but I begin to be tired of him; I believe he has done more harm than good; he has set fools a reasoning.' — 'There is one thing in Mr. Hobbes's conduct,' said Lord Devonshire, 'that I am unable to account for: he is always railing at books, yet always adding to their number.' — 'I write, my Lord,' answered Hobbes, 'to show the folly of writing. Were all the books in the world on board one vessel, I should feel a greater pleasure than that Lucretius speaks of in seeing the wreck.' — 'But should you feel no tenderness for your own productions?' — 'I care for nothing,' added he, 'but the *Leviathan*, and that might possibly escape by swimming.'

"As he had frequently changed his political principles, I did not think it of consequence to enquire into his ideas of government; but in the course of conversation I found that he looked upon the principal engine of administration to be Fear. 'All government,' said he, 'is in itself an evil: it is nothing but the continual imposition of terror and inflictions of punishment: it must be owned that it is an evil which the natural depravity of men has rendered necessary to the existence of society; but still, it cannot in itself be looked upon with any other sensations than such as are excited by the view of its several instruments — the scourge, the gibbet, and the jail — the sight of Majesty inspires me with no other ideas than such as arise when I see the lowest executioner of the civil power.' — 'That is,' said Lord Devonshire, 'you have the same respect for the king as the hangman.' — 'Pardon me, my Lord,' returned Hobbes, recollecting himself, 'the king is a very worthy gentleman: you know I had the honour of teaching him philosophy at Paris.' — 'Oh, Mr. Hobbes,' replied his Lordship, 'in that respect your royal pupil does you much honour.'"

Hobbes remained at Chatsworth until a very short time before his death. The Earl of Devonshire and his family were removing to Hardwick Hall in the same county, and Hobbes, who felt his days were fast drawing to a close, was anxious to be near them in his last moments: his journey, though short, was accompanied with both pain and inconvenience: he travelled on a feather-bed; and in a few days after his arrival at Hardwick, a paralysis terminated his existence on the 4th of December, 1679.

My last visit to Chatsworth was in the autumn of 1818, and it revived the recollection of one of the most delightful days I ever passed within the precincts of the Peak of Derbyshire.

The morning was cheerless and unpropitious, and the whole of the landscape on both sides of the road was obscured by a thin sprinkling of rain, which was continued without the least intermission from the town of Sheffield to the village of Edensor, where, on our arrival, the sun broke out with unusual splendour; the clouds suddenly dispersed, and the moisture spread on all around us was soon dissipated by the warm rays of the sun. The shower had fallen with a dewy softness, and the leaves of the trees and the grass in the meadows were every where gemmed with lucid drops, that sparkled with light. As these disappeared, the foliage had a brighter glow, and the verdure assumed a fresher and a livelier green; the air had an additional sweetness, and every breeze that blew, loaded with the fragrance of a thousand flowers, came upon the senses with a delicious softness. As we strolled through the park every object we beheld appeared to feel the influence of so delightful a transition: the deer, and the various groups of cattle which every where adorned the scene — the birds that sported amongst the branches of the trees — the swallows as they skimmed the air or dipt the wing in water, seemed all inspired with new life and actuated by a more elastic impulse. The myriads of insects that but a few hours before had no evident existence, were sporting in the beams of the sun, richly enjoying a state of being, which, though brief, was full of happiness. We participated in the general felicity, and gladly resigned ourselves to that luxury of feeling — that fulness of enjoyment — which pervaded all around us: we rambled through the house, the park, and the gardens, in that frame of mind which peculiarly fitted us to derive pleasure from every thing we saw. Some groups of well-dressed females, who were perambulating the grounds, apparently as happy as ourselves, imparted animation and elegance to the sweet scenery of Chatsworth Park: I know not that I ever beheld the fair forms of nature under a more lovely and cheering effect. On our return from the top of the cascade, where a water-temple stands, which might with peculiar propriety be dedicated to the God of Mischief, we seated ourselves beneath some tall spreading limes, by the side of a little lake of water as clear and as unruffled as a mirror, from whose polished surface the surrounding objects were reflected with a fresher and a brighter colouring than nature herself had on. Suddenly the lake became partially agitated, an effect evidently produced by an impulse from beneath: shortly there burst



from the surrounding bubbles a pillar of water, that rapidly ascended to the height of more than ninety feet : this column, as it left its parent-bed, was white as the foam of the ocean ; upwards, it became one connected and transparent pillar, and when, at its extreme altitude, it separated into falling particles, it formed a gracefully-descending line, through which the rays of the sun passed, converting every drop of water as it fell into a lucid gem. The motion, and the rapid play and change of light with which the descent was accompanied, produced an effect brilliant and sparkling beyond conception ; and a graceful arch of vivid colouring, clear and beauteous as the rainbow in the sky, was thrown upon the banks of the lake and on the light foliage of the trees that adorned its margin. It was indeed a fairy scene of beauty and of brief delight, and like some lovely vision of enchantment, while we gazed upon it it faded and passed away.

END OF PART II.

1. The first part of the paper  
describes the general situation  
of the country and the  
state of the economy.  
2. The second part of the paper  
describes the state of the  
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describes the state of the  
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# **PEAK SCENERY.**

## **PART III.**



## SECTION I.

*Excursion commenced. — Banner Cross. — Curious Effect of Clouds. — Enter Derbyshire. — Burbage Brook. — View from Millstone Edge. — Winter of 1813. — Hathersage. — Little John's Grave. — Hathersage Church. — Camp Green.*

THE day fixed for my THIRD EXCURSION into Derbyshire arrived; but, instead of being clad in smiles and loveliness, "the dawn was overcast, and heavily in clouds brought on" the important hour, when myself and my companion once more bade adieu to the sooty majesty of the town of Sheffield, and the thick atmosphere in which it was enveloped, for the purpose of participating the pleasure of another ramble amongst the heathy hills of Derbyshire, and inhaling the fresh breeze that plays upon their summits.

A walk of two miles brought us to Banner Cross, which was the first object that engaged our attention: the delightful mansion lately erected here, stands at the upper extremity of a valley, not within the boundary line of Derbyshire, but yet upon the very verge of the county. The new building at this place was commenced by the late Lieutenant-General Murray, who did not live to witness the completion of the work he had begun. It is the design of Jeffery Wyatt, Esq., and one of the best specimens of *modern* Gothic architecture that this part of the county contains. The towers, the turrets, and the embattled parapets, by which it is surmounted, rise gracefully from amongst the trees, and the upper apartments command a view of one of the richest and best-wooded landscapes in the vicinity of Sheffield. Smithy Wood, and some of the most beautiful scenery of Abbey Dale, are included in the prospect. From Banner Cross the road continues gradually to ascend until it reaches the highest part of East Moor, about two miles from Hathersage.

As we approached the five-mile stone, the morning mists hung thickly on every part of the landscape: on our right, the clouds were close upon us, and entirely precluded the view of every distant object. The sky seemed to rest a part of its contracted canopy within a few fields of the place where we stood, so very limited was our horizon: shortly the clouds, which were of one unvaried cold colour, broke, and admitted a glimpse of cultivated hill above, while all below was apparent sky: detached portions of the scene were successively discovered through the partial breaks, and the little pictures they displayed looked like landscapes in the heavens: the effect was singular and pleasing, and we felt much interested in watching the progressive unfolding of the whole, for in the clearing away of the vapour, one part of the prospect, and then another, appeared to be taken from the clouds, and given to the earth in succession, until the whole hill was distinctly seen.

As we approached *Burbage Brook* the hills of Derbyshire began to appear, and looking on our left towards the river Derwent, we had a noble prospect, finely diversified, spread before us. We stood upon a rude stone bridge thrown across a mountain-stream that connects the two sides of a deep valley, through which the Burbage runs amongst huge fragments of stone and broken rocks. The woods of Padley and Stoke appeared in the offscap, and the hills about Chatsworth filled up the distance.

Burbage Brook, though generally a scanty stream in summer, has considerable beauty when swollen by heavy rains, or the melting of the snows accumulated during a long winter: then its waters burst from the narrow arches of the bridge in streams about twenty yards apart, and foaming over rugged projections of rock down a precipitous descent, unite in the dell below. High mounds of rock mark the course of this rivulet to the immediate vicinity of the Derwent, which it enters near Grindleford Bridge.

We had now, though only seven miles from Sheffield, come suddenly upon the fine scenery of the Peak, and as we proceeded towards Hathersage, it became more and more imposing. A rocky eminence on our left induced us to scramble to its summit, where for a while we stood in silent admiration of the magnificent landscape which this high point of *Millstone Edge* commands: here we passed a delightful hour of existence, contemplating the majesty of nature, and watching

the thin clouds withdraw their curtains from amongst the mountains, until their highest peaks gleamed with the bright effulgence of the morning sun. Far below, in the deep hollow of the valley, lay the village of Hathersage, surrounded by lofty eminences; Win Hill, Lose Hill, and Mam Tor, are amongst the highest and most remote; and when the clouds had melted into air, and passed away, their shadowy summits, every where invested with the pale hues of distance, looked like mountains in the skies.

Intending to take the shortest, and, for a pedestrian, the best way to Hathersage, we abandoned the carriage roads, one of which makes a long sweep to the right, and the other to the left, and followed the direction of a narrow unfrequented path, that led us amongst heath fern and fox-glove into the dale below. As we regained the road, we had a very pleasing view of the village rising behind the heathy foreground on our right. The church is here a good object: it stands on the side of a steep hill, amongst gardens and cottages, at the upper extremity of the village; and a fine woody eminence behind rises high above the spire, and makes a good middle distance to the picture. As we proceeded down the hill, the craggy summits on our left presented an imposing outline: they are crested with huge piles of rock, that were opposed to a cloudless sky over which a morning sun diffused unusual brightness. The different parts of these disjointed cliffs are so proportioned and combined, that, when seen from the dale below during an early part of the day, they have strikingly the appearance of an old dilapidated building: a dubious light, or a hazy atmosphere, sometimes increases the deception, and transforms the rocky points and projections into towers, turrets, and battlements:

“ Their rocky summits, split and rent,  
Form turret, dome, and battlement,  
Or seem fantastically set  
With Cupola or Minaret.”      SCOTT’S *Lady of the Lake*.

In winter, when the hills above Hathersage are covered with snow, the approach to it from Sheffield is not exempt from danger; here it accumulates in immense drifts, which obliterating all traces of a road, render it not only dangerous, but sometimes impassable. In the winter of 1813, the carriages that attempted to cross this bleak part of the moors either returned, or were left half buried in the snow. A young

man, a native of Brookfield, near Hathersage, was the means of saving several persons from perishing in this severe winter: near Burbage Brook he found a sailor and his wife who were exhausted with fatigue, and unable to proceed on their journey; the poor man had fallen under his exertions to support his wife, and was nearly dead: he took him upon his back, and carried him to the only house he could find, which was nearly a mile distant; he then returned, and in like manner bore the woman, who was unable to walk, to the same dwelling. At this time the coach from Manchester was overturned, and nearly buried in snow, where it remained for several days: a mother, with her child about two years old, was amongst the passengers, the whole of whom were females: the child he bore to Hathersage; the mother attempted to follow, but was soon unable to proceed. On his return he found her in a drift of snow, from which all her efforts to extricate herself were unavailing. He restored her to her child, and in the same way he released the two remaining ladies from their perilous situation. They offered him money as a compensation for his services, which he did not decline accepting; but he immediately transferred it to the poor sailor and his wife, to solace and comfort them on their journey. Thus did this young man act the part of the good Samaritan, he "poured oil and wine into their wounds, and set them on their way rejoicing."

On my last excursion to Hathersage in the early part of the present year, I took the new carriage road, which passing under a chain of rocks, makes an ample sweep to the left of the village, and enters it in the front of the family residence of the Shuttleworths. Neither myself nor my companion were intimately acquainted with the route we had taken. We, nevertheless, anticipated a variety of pleasing prospects as we approached the vale that shapes the course of the Derwent, and our expectations were fully realized. Within a mile of Hathersage, one of the finest views in the whole of Derbyshire burst suddenly upon us. We stood upon a rocky knoll, projecting from the side of a steep hill; in the deep valley far below rolled the rapid waters of the Derwent, which is here a noble river. Hazleford Bridge, a good stone structure of three arches, — the groups of trees and cottages near, — the dells, woods, and plantations about High Low and Leam, were pleasing objects in the landscape directly before us. Our left was a range of hills, whose summits were turretted with



broken craggs; below, their steep declivities, shelving to the brink of the river, were covered with miles of woody scenery, over which the eye passed to the bold rugged eminence called Froggat Edge; beyond, in distance, appeared the woods and hills that form the boundaries of Chatsworth Park. The opposite side of the Derwent, from Leam downwards, was scarcely less beautiful: the hills are lofty and extremely precipitous; and they are every where clothed with the finest foliage, that becomes thicker and closer in texture, and deeper in shadow, until it reaches the margin of the river, which appears in occasional glimpses as it pursues its sinuous course, amidst woods and waterfalls, through as picturesque a dale as nature ever formed. Such was the landscape that lay on our left; but the view on our right was still more beautiful: we looked into Hope Dale, a scene that has been panegyrised by all who have visited the Peak of Derbyshire. A lovely light rested upon it, and a blue transparent haze hung over the surrounding mountains, which rose far above the beauteous dale that they encircled, and presented an agreeable variety of pleasing forms and graceful undulations. The whole of this delightful prospect was canopied with a clear azure sky, save where occasionally some light thin clouds interposed their fleecy whiteness "between our gaze and heaven."

Hathersage contains about one hundred houses. Ashton Shuttleworth, Esq. who possesses considerable property in this place, and is lord of the adjoining manor of Padley, has lately erected a very handsome inn in the middle of the village, but the business on this road is apparently insufficient to support so large and expensive an establishment; it is therefore at present untenanted, in which state it has remained for several years. The manufacture of metal buttons was once prosecuted in this place with tolerable success, but it has lately progressively declined, and probably may soon be discontinued. Steel wire and needles are likewise made here, under the direction of men regularly initiated into the business, and in other respects competent to the undertaking. These manufactures may therefore have a more permanent duration; but establishments of this description are perhaps of a nature too exotic to flourish in a place like Hathersage, where the farming interest prevails, and where agricultural employment appears to be more congenial to the feelings and habits of the people. Under the influence of both pursuits this pleasant village may assume an equivocal character,

neither entirely possessing the bustle of a manufacturing district, nor the quiet of a place whose inhabitants are solely devoted to the tillage of the fields, and the cultivation of the products of the earth.

In the vicinity of Hathersage there are some excellent subjects for the pencil, and while my companion was sketching in the valley below the village, I visited the churchyard on the hill above, where, as tradition informs us, lie the bones of Little John, the favourite companion of the celebrated forest-marauder, Robin Hood. His burial-place is distinguished by stones placed at the head and foot of his grave; they are nearly four yards apart, and are said to designate the stature of this gigantic man. However fabulous this account may be, the body here interred appears to have been of more than ordinary size. In October, 1784, this reputed grave of Little John was opened, when a thigh bone measuring two feet five inches was found within it. A tall man from Offerton, who on account of his stature had probably obtained the name of Robin Hood's faithful follower, was interred in this place: hence originated this village tradition; and that it might be rendered still more marvellous, when the bones were re-committed to the grave, the stones that originally marked the stature of the tall man of Offerton were removed farther apart.\*

Hathersage Church has a good exterior, and within it is clean, light, and well seated. In the chancel there are several ancient monuments belonging to the family of the Eyres of Highlow and Offerton, one of whom, Robert Eyre, was an officer, who, according to the inscription on his tomb, fought along with Falstaff's mad Harry at the battle of Agincourt.

On a tabular monument inscribed to the memory of one of this family, who died March 21, 1459, are the effigies of fourteen children, engraved in brass, ten of whom were sons,

\* Hathersage is somewhat tenacious with respect to this circumstance in its local history, and insists upon the validity of its claim to the burial place of Little John. The traditional authority on which this claim rests is more than doubtful. Mr. J. A. Walker, in his ingenious "Memoir on the Armour and Weapons of the Irish," annexed to his "Historical Essay on the Dress of the Ancient and Modern Irish," has given some curious particulars relative to the skill of Little John in archery, and he informs us that he terminated his life on the gallows, and that he was "executed for a robbery on Arbor Hill, Dublin." If this author be correct, it is not likely that Little John was buried at Hathersage.

and four daughters. A place that appears to have been once filled by another figure is vacant; a daughter not born in wedlock originally occupied it, but being deemed unworthy, without any fault of hers, to be associated with those who were, she has been cut away, and expelled from the situation which her father had assigned her.

In this church we observed the traces of a custom that once generally prevailed in various parts of the kingdom, but is now almost totally disused:—When unmarried women died they were usually attended to the grave by the companions of their early years, who, in performing the last sad offices of friendship, accompanied the bier of the deceased with garlands, tastefully composed of wreaths of flowers, and every emblem of youth, purity, and loveliness, that imagination could suggest. When the body was interred, the garlands were borne into the church, and hung up in a conspicuous situation, in memory of the departed. There is something extremely simple and affecting in this village custom, and one cannot but regret that it is now almost entirely discontinued. In Hathersage Church there were several of these memorials of early dissolution, but only one of a recent date; the others were covered with dust, and the hand of time had destroyed their freshness.

At a short distance from the churchyard, and still higher up the hill, there is a place called Camp Green. It is a circular area of about fifty yards diameter, encompassed with a high mound of earth, round which a ditch, or moat, appears to have been carried. In some places the ditch is nearly filled up, and the mound is gradually crumbling into the area below; it is therefore highly probable, that before the present generation has passed away Camp Green will be known only by name.

## SECTION II.

*Hope Dale.—Recollections of a former Excursion.—Approach to Castleton.—Fine Autumnal Evening.—Castleton Church.—Peak's Hole.*

FROM Hathersage to Castleton, a distance of six miles, the road lies through *Hope Dale*. - Local attachment, and the common consent of travellers, have adorned this dale with a thousand beauties; and those who have the good fortune to reside within it, satisfied that their lot "is cast in pleasant places," represent it as one of the most delightful spots in the Peak of Derbyshire. It is, indeed, a lovely valley, and though inferior in beauty to many other parts of the same county, it yet contains some charming scenes, which, like light thrown into a picture by the hand of a master, have a magical effect. The traveller whose chief object is to reach the end of his journey with all possible expedition beholds them with pleasure, and the artist loiters amongst them with sensations of delight. A beautiful river winds gracefully through the dale, watering some excellent meadow land as it moves along. The cottages with which the valley is studded are of a sober grey tone of colouring, and pleasant to the eye. The villages of Hope and Brough, half hid amongst surrounding trees, and half revealed, increase the loveliness of the scene. Near Malham Bridge, where the road to Castleton crosses the Derwent, some very beautiful views occur; and farther on in the dale the near approach to Hope is extremely picturesque. The little river that passes by this village is overhung with ash and alder, which grow luxuriantly on its banks, amidst hazles, honey-suckles, and wild roses.

My journey through this dale of Hope was rendered peculiarly interesting by the recollection of having passed the same road several years before, in company with a much-esteemed and now-departed friend. He was then unwell, but not at all apprehensive that he should so soon go to the "home of his fathers." Our former friendship—his character and

death — came forcibly upon my mind, and absorbed for a time every other consideration: he had a warm, benevolent, and affectionate heart; and though somewhat hasty in temper, he was steady and sincere in his attachments, and his transactions with mankind were invariably regulated by principles of honour and integrity: he “should have died *hereafter*.” I well remember the time we passed this dale; it was a fine autumnal evening, and the sun was sinking behind the high mountains of the Winnats, as we approached the village of Castleton. The sweet serenity of the sky—the hour of the day—the season of the year—all were in unison, and conspired to produce a mental harmony:

“For autumn—solemn, tender, and serene—

“Breathed exquisite enchantment o’er the scene.”

MONTGOMERY.—MS.

A little before us the river, rippling o’er its pebbled bed, quivered with light; a bridge, to which we were led by a turn in the road, was a good object in the foreground of the landscape; some full-grown and well-clothed trees hid the greater part of the village, and made it a better subject for the pencil: a few dwellings were partially displayed, over which rose the tower of the church, but not one obtrusive feature appeared to disturb the repose of the scene; and the extent of the place might be traced by the smoke from the cottage chimnies, as it slowly ascended above the loftiest branches of the intervening trees. A steep and rugged hill lay on our left, on whose summit stands an old dilapidated castle, venerable in ruins and hoary with years. Beyond the village, the view is terminated by the high rocks and bleak eminences of the Winnats, and a little to the right, Mam Tor rears her majestic head above the surrounding hills. The space between Castleton and the mountains that bound the western extremity of the vale was indistinct and in shadow, whilst the last light of the setting sun, gradually softening until it became exquisitely tender, lingered on the tops of the adjacent hills. A combination of more favourable circumstances could hardly occur; and a soothing tranquillity—a mild and chastened glow of pleasurable feeling—took possession of the mind as we contemplated the scene before us. Our carriage moved slowly along as I hastily wrote the following impromptu to the setting sun:—

Oft have I marked, bright orb ! thy opening ray  
Give the glad promise of a perfect day ;  
Watch'd thee slow sailing through thine azure sea,  
Till all the glowing heaven was full of thee ;  
Beheld the clouds of evening intervene,  
Spreading a purple radiance o'er the scene,  
Thy last light lingering on the mountain's brow,—  
Deep shadows resting in the vale below :  
But never saw thee shed a sweeter ray,  
E'en on the loveliest close of an autumnal day.

Shortly after our arrival at Castleton we visited the castle, an ill-shapen ruin, which stands on the verge of a rocky precipice that forms the roof of Peak's Hole. This dismantled fortress, though not a bad object from some parts of the dale, is utterly devoid of those picturesque appendages on which the eye of the artist loves to dwell, and it sinks into insignificance amongst the wild scenery that surrounds it.

The antiquary, however, will contemplate the "ancient Castle of the Peake" with other feelings, and its dilapidated walls, rude and unshapely as they are, may be to him a source of gratification. The top of the hill where the castle stands is but a circumscribed plot of ground, nor can it at any time have been sufficiently ample to accommodate the numerous establishment of a great feudal chieftain ; yet the family of the Peverils are said to have occasionally resided here, and not without pomp and splendour. Mr. King, who has minutely described this castle in the sixth volume of the *Archæologia*, is of opinion that it was a place of royal residence during the government of the Saxons ; others contend that it is a Norman structure, and that it was probably built by William Peveril, the natural son of William the Conqueror, to whom the traditions of the country ascribe it, and who certainly possessed it at the time of the Doomsday Survey, in the record of which it is denominated "the CASTLE OF THE PEAKE."

It has been remarked that this castle cannot at any time have been well calculated for defence, because, there being no well or reservoir of water within its walls, it could but ill maintain a procrastinated siege ; to this observation it has been replied, that the spring at the upper extremity of Cave Dale might, by some very simple contrivance, have been made to furnish the garrison with this necessary article. Another, and a more ample supply, lies more conveniently ; this conjecture may therefore be abandoned, without injuring the re-

putation for strength which this fortress, supposing it to have been one, may have had. A well has been recently discovered on the summit of the hill called *Long Cliff*, between which and the castle there is a communication, though now a very dangerous one, across the narrow ridge of rock that overtops the entrance into Peak's Hole. This well is built of the same kind of stone as the castle, and it is so situated as easily to be made available for an abundant supply of water.

Night was now rapidly closing in upon us; we therefore descended the steep side of Castle Hill, and on re-entering the village, we observed the church lighted up for evening service. This we learned was a new arrangement made by the minister, in opposition to the wishes of the inhabitants of Castleton, who had been accustomed to go to church in the morning and afternoon, by day-light. Notwithstanding this convenient practice, the minister refused to attend at the usual time, and he substituted an evening for an afternoon service. The churchwardens urged that the distant parishioners would be greatly inconvenienced by this innovation on long established usage, and they objected to furnish lights; therefore those who attended carried lanterns and candles from their houses, and placed them in the pews of the church, which was thus lighted when we beheld it.

Early the following morning we visited PEAK'S HOLE, one of the most striking and sublime objects in the mountainous districts of Derbyshire. This place is well known, and its mysterious labyrinths have been frequently described with a minuteness of detail that supersedes the necessity of future observations. It is not a pleasant task to travel over ground that has been so often occupied, where nothing remains to be gathered except what others have omitted or refused to notice; yet such precisely is the situation of the tourist who traverses a country where many have been before him, and whose pen has to delineate the features of scenes on which others have previously lavished the riches of description. Language is better adapted to express sentiment and feeling than accurately to depict the scenery of nature; hence the difficulty a writer always experiences in conveying to others even a tolerable idea of the forms of which it is composed, and the character it assumes; nor is the pencil on all occasions a more efficient instrument than the pen. In portraying the near approach to Peak's Hole, and the entrance into the first grand cavern, these powerful little agents have but

rarely been directed by able hands. Where failure is common, and where, with very few exceptions, it has been almost uniformly the same, a want of success can hardly be attended with disgrace.

Peak's Hole is situated at the extremity of a deep and narrow rocky chasm, whose craggy projections hide it from the traveller until he is near enough to measure with his eye the whole of its dimensions, and feel the full force of its effect on his imagination: it then suddenly bursts upon him in all the wildness of its character, obscurely grand and terrific. Such a heavy mass of unsupported rock,

“ By its own weight made stedfast and immoveable,”

when first beheld produces an involuntary shuddering; from this the mind soon recovers, and forgetting the selfish apprehension of danger, reposes with an awful sublimity of feeling amidst the vastness of this stupendous cavern. The light at the entrance is generally favourable, and it sometimes falls sharply on the rocky projections in the foreground of the picture, then suddenly fades away, and gradually loses itself in impenetrable gloom and utter darkness.

The dubious twilight that pervades the interior of the first cavern of Peak's Hole, especially when viewed from without, eminently serves the purposes of grandeur: dark, confused, and uncertain objects float before the mind, which, not limited in its operations by any obvious or defined boundary, gives extent to space, and contemplates with profound complacency the indistinct and mysterious images of its own creation. This train of thought and tone of feeling are sometimes interrupted by a human being passing in distance athwart the gloom; his haggard figure, as he stalks along, wrapped in an uncouth garb, and his umbered face, brightly illumined with the torch he bears. This is not the portraiture of imagination — it is what almost every day presents, and it is an appendage admirably in character with the scene. The banditti figures with which Salvator peopled his landscapes could alone make the picture more terrible.

Other occurrences, still more adventitious, occasionally conspire to improve the effects of this stupendous cavern, and exalt the imagination of the beholder, amidst the loneliness and horrors of a place never visited by the cheering rays of the sun. Here “ there is a path which no fowl knoweth, and which the vulture's eye hath not seen.” During my last ex-



cursion to Castleton I observed a party of twelve or fifteen persons entering Peak's Hole, and being anxious to mark the appearance which the cavern presented when irradiated with their torches, I accompanied them to a situation favourable for my purpose. They had prepared themselves with proper habiliments for the occasion—loose gowns were thrown over their travelling dresses, and the ladies had covered their heads with a species of shawl, that came over the shoulders, and was fastened across the bosom. Monks with cowls, and nuns with hoods, seemed to make up the whole party. They followed their guide along a rude path in a winding direction, each carrying a lighted torch. Portions of the roof of the cavern were thus successively exhibited in flitting gleams and shadows; and as they moved onwards, the spars and stalactites that hung over their heads glittered with evanescent splendour. As they receded slowly through surrounding darkness, each individual in the procession appeared invested with a mild halo of light, for the distance and the intervening gloom subdued and softened the glare of the torches, and the whole was solemn and impressive beyond conception. The strange emotions of delight awakened by this novel scene were favoured by the breathless silence that prevailed, which was only occasionally interrupted by a drop of water falling at intervals from the roof of the cave upon the floor beneath, with a dead and leaden sound, that was more *felt* than *heard*.

Within the far extended ribs and layers of rock which form the roof and sides of Peak's Hole are several huts or dwellings, humble, indeed, but yet inhabited, and men, women, and children, rudely clad, and employed in the manufacture of twine, give life and animation to this singular scene. When a few only of the many individuals engaged in this business are at work, there is something picturesque in their appearance; but peopled as the place generally is, its solemnity is interrupted by noise and clamour, and an effect is produced not altogether in unison with its natural character. Those who wish to feel how very impressive Peak's Hole can occasionally be, should contrive to visit it alone, when the spinners are absent, and silence and solitude prevail.

At the extremity of the spacious cavern that may be regarded as the vestibule of Peak's Hole, it suddenly contracts, and becomes, in many places, only a narrow aperture, which is continued, through various windings, to the extent of two thousand two hundred and fifty feet. In traversing this damp

and dreary wilderness, several capacious openings or interior caverns occur, which are known by the different appellations of the *Bell House* — *Roger Rain's House* — *the Chancel* — *the Devil's Cellar* — *the Half-Way House* — and *Great Tom of Lincoln*, &c. &c. and a current of water is occasionally forded in exploring this subterranean passage. This stream buries itself in the earth at a place called *Perry Foot*, nearly three miles from Castleton, on the road to Chapel-en-le-frith, and, after running through Peak's Hole, re-issues into day at the entrance into this sublime orifice. Formerly an assumed ignorance threw an air of mystery over the origin of this little rivulet: no one could conjecture from whence it came: its source is now, however, no longer doubtful.

An intelligent foreigner, in his *Journal of a Tour and Residence in Great Britain*, observes, "that he was struck on approaching Peak's Hole with its strong resemblance to the rock of the *Fontaine de Vaucluse*."

## SECTION III.

*Cave Dale. — View from the Hills above. — Juvenile Beggars at Castleton. — Fluor Mines. — Odin Mine. — Mam Tor. — Winnats. — Speedwell Mine. — Faujas St. Fond. — Marwe and Whitehurst.*

PEAK'S HOLE is commonly the first object of those who visit Castleton, and they generally proceed immediately from one subterranean excursion to another. We, however, preferred traversing for a while the surface of terra firma, before we again "left the warm precincts of the cheerful day" to explore the gloomy recesses of Speedwell Mine; passing, therefore, through a part of the village between the church and Castle Hill, we entered a narrow dell, called the *Cave*, into which we were admitted through a rocky portal, about six feet wide. This deep ravine is closely hemmed in with rock on every side; and, with one solitary exception, neither shrub nor tree is to be seen within it. Rude weather-beaten crags, with occasionally a stripe of thin mossy verdure inserted between, constitute the two sides of this dell, which, in some places, is from eighty to one hundred paces wide, and in others not more than twenty or thirty. About two-thirds up the dell, the view towards Castleton has a wildness about it that no other landscape in the same neighbourhood possesses. The castle, seated on the extreme verge of a narrow ridge of rock, looks fearfully tremendous, borrowing importance from the situation it occupies amongst the rocks and precipices that are thrown around it. Near the village, where the two sides of the dell approximate, a pleasing view is admitted of distant hills, whose shadowy summits and cultivated slopes give a character of loveliness to the remote parts of the scene. At the upper extremity of Cave Dale a contracted pass, similar in dimensions and appearance to the one by which we had entered, dismissed us into a more open valley. The path, though still slippery

and rugged, became less precipitous as we proceeded, and we followed its windings until we attained the top of an extensive eminence, where we joined the road that leads from Castleton to Tideswell. Here we were amply rewarded for the toil we had sustained, by one of the most delightful landscapes in any part of the Peak. We stood on an immense sweep of hill extending on our right beyond High-low to the river Derwent, where it meets that part of the East Moor called Millstone Edge, in the vicinity of Hathersage; from whence another chain of mountains, of greater altitude, is continued in a westerly direction by Win-Hill, Lose-Hill, and Mam Tor; thence, turning to the south and south-east by the Winnats and Long-Cliff, the circuit terminates at the place where we stood, forming, altogether, a continued range of eighteen or twenty miles of lofty hills, within whose capacious circle lie the dales of Hathersage, Brough, Hope, and Castleton, rich in beauteous meadows, and adorned with woods and cottages and winding streams.

Following the road to Castleton, we re-entered the village nearly at the same place where we had left it: here again we were assailed by boys and girls, begging with unceasing clamour for halfpence, or whatever their importunity can obtain. This is one of the intolerable evils of Castleton; every visitor condemns the practice, which he contributes to perpetuate, by rewarding the perseverance of the half-clad rogues by whom he is pestered. Here the child, as soon as he can articulate, is taught to beg; educated in the practice, all his actions and feelings are mendicant, and he begs mechanically through life, without a sensation of either shame or meanness. Nothing but a determination not to give can ever cure this degrading propensity.

We now took a short excursion along the new road to Mam Tor, intending to return down the Winnats to Speedwell Mine. This was a loitering ramble, as we were frequently detained by the road side, hunting for crystallized fluors and marine impressions. - Here we found many specimens of shells, beautifully and distinctly marked. The limestone strata are full of them; and they are so perfectly and accurately formed, that one cannot but conclude that they once existed in another state. The correctness of Dr. Leigh's theory, "that these representations of creatures and their parts, and also the other modifications of matter which are found in Poole's Hole and the mines of this country, are purely the wanton sportings or

*lusus naturæ* of the fluor stalactites, caused by different mixtures of bituminous, saline, and terrene particles," will be disputed by nearly every man who visits Castleton, and attentively examines the rocks and the marine impressions they contain.

Midway up the hill, along whose base we were grovelling, are the mines of Tray-Cliff and Water-Hull — the subterraneous excavations where that elegant spar, provincially called *Blue John*, is obtained. A long series of rugged steps, hewn in the limestone rock, leads to the principal of these caverns: here the fluor is found in detached pieces of from one to sixteen or eighteen inches thick; but large blocks of this beautiful material are extremely rare. The cells of Tray-Cliff mine may be explored with but little inconvenience: their dimensions are various, and their sides and roofs are adorned with spars and stalactites, which, as the light of the torch sports amongst them, shift their resplendent reflexions as rapidly as the corruscations of the northern sky.

ODIN MINE next attracted our attention: it is supposed to be the oldest in Derbyshire, and to have been worked by the Danes, as its name seems to import, nearly one thousand years ago. Its stock of ore is not yet exhausted, though the vein has been pursued through a lapse of many centuries. The entrance into this mine is at the base of the hill, within a few yards of the road. Its direction is nearly horizontal, and as it is tolerably spacious within, it is easy of access; its interior may therefore be visited with but little inconvenience, and the manager will be found to be an attentive and obliging man, ever ready to gratify the curiosity of strangers. A gently-declining shaft, nearly one mile in length, leads to a vein of ore which in some places is fifty or sixty yards below the level of the entrance, and in others nearly as much above it. The ore is of various thicknesses, from three or four inches to as many feet, and nearly one hundred people are employed in getting and preparing it for the smelting-mill. Many beautiful crystallizations of blende, barytes, fluor, calcareous spar, selenite, &c. &c. are found in this extensive mine, and occasionally that curious mineral called *slikensides*, whose mysterious properties were noticed in the first part of this work. Mr. Mawe, in his *Mineralogy of Derbyshire*, says, "I have seen a man when he came out of this mine only a few minutes after the explosion, who, regardless of danger, had pierced the sides of this substance, and was much hurt, and cut vio-

lently, as if stabbed about the neck and other places with a chisel, whence he was unable to return to the mine for two weeks."

We were now at the foot of MAM TOR, one of *the seven wonders of the Peak*, and yet we observed nothing wonderful about it, for we could not persuade ourselves of the fact that it is incessantly shivering away without any diminution of its bulk. It is an immense hill composed of a very flaky substance; and sometimes in winter, during a severe frost, the decomposition is so rapid, that the shivering mountain, as it is called, keeps a continual discharge, accompanied with a gentle noise, resembling the sound of a river passing over its pebbled bed, as it comes upon the ear softened by distance. I once, during the stillness of a November night, heard the rush of this mountain very distinctly in my bed-room in Castleton, and I listened to the murmurs that it made, but was utterly unable to discover the cause.

From the top of Mam Tor, one thousand three hundred feet above the level of the valley below, we had a delightful view into EDALE, which a modern tourist has described as "a place in which the inhabitants, secluded in the bosom of the mountains from the bustle of the world, appear to enjoy all the quiet and security that pervaded the happy vale of Rasselas." The view from this eminence is not of a common description: the most striking features of the Peak of Derbyshire — its loftiest hills, and some of its loveliest dales — are included in the prospect.

From the summit of Mam Tor a walk of a mile brought us to the entrance into the WINNATS. One of the peculiarities of the scenery of Derbyshire is the sudden transition from barrenness to cultivation, and from cheerless eminences to delightful and luxuriant vales. This rapid change is no where more strikingly exemplified than in the approach to Castleton from Chapel-en-le-frith. The road is carried over a long range of bleak mountain ground until it arrives at the western extremity of the Winnats, or Wind-gates — poetically called by some writers "the portals of the winds."

The Winnats is a deep and narrow defile, nearly one mile in length: through this chasm the road winds into the valley below, amidst crags, and pinnacles, and piles of rock. Wild and savage in appearance as this ravine is, it is not entirely devoid of beauty: a number of elegant plants are scattered amongst the crags, and the mosses and lichens that chequer their

sides blend their unobtrusive hues with the more gaudy colouring of the flowers by which they are surrounded. In some places the rocks are perpendicular, in others they are frightfully steep, and difficult of ascent even for any animal whatever; yet sheep are frequently seen grazing on the tops and sides of the loftiest projections, where apparently there is no space to stand on: I have sometimes felt giddy at beholding them, and have trembled with apprehension lest they should suddenly be dislodged from their insecure and scanty pasturage, and precipitated amongst the stones below. These useful little animals are often very happily introduced in landscape: the repose and stillness of a scene are improved by the presence of a flock of sheep at rest; but here they have a contrary effect: on the bleak sides of the Winnats they can only occupy a situation of peril, where they increase the impression of danger, and make the place more terrible.

Proceeding onward through the chasm, it gradually contracts; the two sides approximate nearly together, and lift their rent and broken summits so high into the air, that they appear to form an insuperable barrier to any farther progress. The irksome feeling of being close pent up in a narrow rift of rock is thus forcibly impressed upon the mind; a turn in the road, however, soon dissipates the idea of confinement; the borders of the pass gradually recede, until the dale, in which the villages of Castleton, Hope, and Brough, tranquilly repose, bursts upon the sight. The eye can hardly wander over a more delightful scene than is here displayed: such a landscape, even under circumstances less favourable, would be seen with pleasure, but heightened in effect by abrupt transition and striking contrast, it powerfully arrests attention, and sometimes exalts admiration into rapture.

It was a fine sunny day as we passed through the Winnats; and whilst my companion was sketching by the side of a rocky projection, which protected him from the strong current of wind that sweeps, sometimes irresistibly, through this yawning chasm, I took a situation in a recess amongst the crags, high above the road, that afforded equal shelter. It was now mid-day, and all was still around us; not a sound was heard, save occasionally the wild scream of the hawk as it fluttered about its nest in a fissure of the rock far above us. The clamour of this noisy bird interrupted my meditations, and drew my attention upwards, when I beheld a creature "fashioned like myself" on the extreme verge of the highest rocky pin-

nacle in the Winnats, but I could scarcely imagine the appearance real. The dark outline of a human form was alone distinguishable, and standing as the figure did against the sky, with no familiar and well-understood object near by which dimensions might be measured, it seemed gigantic. The illusion was momentary, but as soon as I was satisfied that a human creature was thus fearfully placed, an apprehension of danger immediately succeeded, and the whole scene became sublimely terrible. These impressions were evidently transient, yet the rapidity with which they succeeded each other and passed away was a source of interest.

The Winnats is not without a tale of horror. About sixty years ago a gentleman and lady, mounted on single horses and unattended with servants, are said to have been murdered in this dreary pass. They were strangers in the country, and some circumstances induced the supposition that they were on a matrimonial excursion to the north. They were both young, and one of the men concerned in the murder stated the lady to be extremely handsome. The morning after the commission of this atrocious act, the horses belonging to these unfortunate persons were found in the neighbourhood of Castleton, without riders, but properly caparisoned for travel. Suspicion pointed to the crime that had been committed, and an enquiry took place, when, after a few days' search, the dead bodies were found in one of the holes in the craggy sides of the Winnats. All attempts to trace out the perpetrators of this horrid deed were for a long time fruitless: they escaped the punishment of an earthly tribunal, but a singularly-calamitous fate attended them. They were five in number: one only died in his bed, who confessed to have participated in the crime, and as he was the last survivor, he told who were the companions of his guilt; two of them, working near where the murder was committed, were killed by the sudden falling of a part of the rock above them; the other two were the victims of different accidents, and the inhabitants of this district regard their premature deaths as awful instances of divine vengeance. Such is the tale of blood connected with the local history of the Winnats, and it is so circumstantially related, that the names of the men who were concerned in the commission of the crime are mentioned, and the manner of their death particularly detailed. This story I have told as it exists in the vicinity of the place, but the enquiries I have made into the accuracy of the narrative induce me to suppose it fabulous.



At the entrance into the Winnats, within a mile of Castleton, is SPEEDWELL MINE — an artificial excavacion, that leads to a natural cavern, much visited by travellers, and esteemed one of the greatest curiosities in the Peak of Derbyshire. A descent of upwards of one hundred steps leads to a narrow canal, along which the visitor is ferried through a channel hewn in the heart of the rock, when he enters a terrific void, vast as Milton's palace of Pandemonium, and filled with impenetrable darkness. The light of the torch, overpowered by impervious gloom, seems feeble in such a place, and glimmers like a little star surrounded by a world of night and blackness. Leaving the boat, we ascended a stage or platform, erected above the level of the canal. The nerves of that man must be firm and well-strung who in this situation can contemplate the space around him without shuddering. Standing in the midst of a gulph, where all below is a dark vacuity of immeasurable depth, above a mighty cavern, whose loftiest recesses no light can reach, and all around uncertain and obscure — an awful feeling takes possession of every faculty, and breath, and thought, and motion, are nearly suspended.

The lights that have been hitherto used to discover the capacity of this subterraneous cavern have only illumined a portion of its vastness, and rendered more fearful and sublime the impressions made upon the mind of the spectator in beholding them. While we listened to the dashing of the water which is precipitated with a tremendous noise into the abyss that yawned beneath us, our guide clambered up a rocky projection with lights, that gave a partial glimpse of the horrors of Speedwell Mine, but they only served to make "darkness still more visible." Two gentlemen who visited this place since the materials for this excursion were collected, took with them some powerful rockets: these they threw up in the midst of the cavern, when they rose uninterrupted to their greatest height, exploded, and spread out their brilliant scintillations as freely as if they had ascended under the canopy of heaven. The grandeur of a part of this magnificent vault was thus exhibited, and some of its boldest projections briefly illumined, but its utmost altitude and expansion remained unexplored.

We now returned to Castleton, and as we emerged from Speedwell Mine, the clear light of a beautiful evening gleamed on the side of the mountains, and played along the valley. I never saw the fair face of nature look half so lovely — never felt the invigorating influence of so sweet a breeze.

As evening advanced, Mam Tor became a more imposing object; the whole dale indeed seemed to contract, and the hills that environ it to increase in bulk and altitude as night and darkness approached, and the detail of the intervening space was less distinct. It is difficult at any time, and under any light, to form an accurate opinion of the distance of large and lofty mountains; the eye, unaccustomed to contemplate such objects, is but little aware of the illusion to which it is subjected. On my first visit to this part of Derbyshire, when totally unacquainted with the distance between Mam Tor and Castleton, I supposed it a loitering walk of ten minutes only; the mountain, however, appeared to recede as I approached, and I was surprised to find it nearly two miles off.

Castleton furnishes a great variety of what are termed the curiosities of the Peak. Brilliant spars, petrifications, crystals, ores, and stalactites in abundance. One of the spar shops is kept by a very intelligent man, who has long made mineralogy his study, and it contains many beautiful specimens of the fossils of Derbyshire, some of which are in their native state, others are formed into elegant ornaments, from ladies' necklaces to urns, vases, and obelisks. In these shops information and amusement may be obtained; few travellers, therefore, omit to visit them, as they are alike open to those who purchase and those who do not.

Mr. Mawe, in the preface to his "Mineralogy of Derbyshire," observes, "that for the purpose of obtaining mineralogical information, Castleton seems to be the best situation, where such a variety of strata, mines, and minerals occur; as perhaps no situation in this kingdom can boast." "The various mines and veins of ore," he adds, "are of the first consequence, while the mountains around present a variety of strata worthy the attention of the geologist."

Castleton is in this respect of the first importance; it is an epitome of all that the Peak of Derbyshire contains: hills, rocks, caverns, mines, fossils, and minerals are here congregated together, presenting a rich variety of materials for study and contemplation. Among the most extraordinary productions of this district, the mineral *Caoutchou*, or elastic bitumen, may be classed: Mr. Mawe ranks it amongst inflammable ores: it is of a dark brownish colour, and it is easily compressed; but the same piece is not always equally elastic: when lighted, it emits a beautiful white flame, similar to gas-light. Hitherto, this curious mineral has not been discovered

in any other part of Derbyshire, and a more singular product of nature is but rarely found.

About a mile east of Castleton is Dirlow-Mine, a place that was visited by Faujas de St. Fond, for the purpose of investigating the stratum of toadstone there, in which lead ore is said to exist. It was his particular object to disprove the theory of Whitehurst, and, as he observes, "to establish, by indisputable fact, where any doubt remained on the subject, that the toadstone of Derbyshire is not a product of volcanic fire;" and he concludes his observations by triumphantly remarking, "that the existence of lead ore in the *trapp* is a certain proof that it is not the product of fire." Supposing, however, the material in which lead ore has been found in Dirlow Mine to be actually toadstone, Whitehurst's theory is but little affected by it, metallic veins, as I have before observed, on the authority of Bakewell, having been worked even in the crater of an extinct volcano. St. Fond's conclusion, therefore, appears to have been hastily drawn. Mr. Mawe indeed intimates his regret, that this scientific and intelligent foreigner did not examine the substance in question more minutely; and he seems to be of opinion, that the stratum of reputed toadstone is in fact "a limestone strongly impregnated with pyrites, which are in a decomposing state. The green earthy matter," he adds, "I suspect to be chlorite." Mr. Mawe's opinions and suspicions are as little satisfactory as St. Fond's. The substance which they admit to be toadstone, and that which is disputed by them, are not distinguishable from each other by any difference that can be perceived and understood by common observers; but geologists and mineralogists are sometimes inclined to make appearances bend to their peculiar theories.

A little distance from the castle, at the upper end of the deep ravine called Cave Dale, the toadstone appears in a regular basaltic column.

## SECTION IV.

*Mid-day View of Castleton Vale. — Ebbing and Flowing Well. — Approach to Chapel-en-le-Frith. — Chinley. — The Apostle of the Peak. — Kinderscout. — Evening at Glossop. — Catholic Chapel at Glossop Hall. — Glossop Church. — Rush-Bearing. — Monument to the Memory of Joseph Hague, Esq. — Brief Memoir of him.*

MY last visit to Castleton was in the summer of 1820. I was then on my way to Glossop, a part of Derbyshire which I had not originally intended to include in my excursions, but I gladly extended my journey to that remote part of the county, where I expected to find much less of picturesque beauty than wildness and sterility; I was, however, pleasantly disappointed, and I felt myself indebted to my companion for the opportunity afforded me of visiting so interesting a portion of the **PEAK**.

We left Castleton soon after mid-day, when the sun was high in the heavens, and took the road that had been lately made along the base of Tray Cliff, and the side of Mam Tor, for the purpose of avoiding the steep path through the Winnats. As we ascended the hills, we had a fine view of the valley below; but the landscape wanted shadow. The sky was cloudless, and the whole horizon was filled with a blaze of light, that rendered every object, even in distance, clearly discernible; yet the scene was less lovely than when beheld at the close of the day, when every inequality is marked by the shadows of a declining sun, and the forms of objects are either thrown in lengthened lines, or lie in masses along the ground.

From this place to Chapel-en-le-Frith, a distance of about five miles, the road has but little interest; even the ebbing and flowing well at Bar Moor Clough may be passed without notice, unless a fellow-traveller, previously acquainted with the existence of this singular phenomenon, points it out to ob-

servation. This *Derbyshire wonder* lies in a field by the roadside, about four miles from Castleton, surrounded with mud and weeds, and made filthy with cattle. During our short stay near it, we neither saw it ebb nor flow. A little beyond this place the road emerges from among the dales, and the country about Chapel-en-le-Frith gradually presents itself. On our approach to the town, a very pleasing scene lay before us: the houses were almost lost amidst surrounding trees, over which the tower of the church rose with considerable grace and majesty; beyond, Eccles Pike reared high its peaked head, and the beautiful woods and grounds around Bank Hall, the residence of Samuel Frith, Esq. lay on our left. There was something formal and insipid in the foreground, but the whole of the composition beyond was well arranged, and the parts excellent.

About a mile and a half from Chapel we passed through Chinley, where the Calvinistic dissenters have a meeting-house, which originally belonged to the Rev. William Bagshaw, an eminent nonconformist divine, who was called the "APOSTLE OF THE PEAK." He was the author of a work which he published under the title of "*De Spiritualibus Pecceis*," — and of several devotional tracts that were read with avidity throughout the whole of the Peak of Derbyshire, where the character of this truly religious minister was well known. In 1662, he was ejected from the vicarage of Glossop, which he had possessed for many years. He had afterwards a congregation at Chinley; from thence he removed to Great-Hucklow, where he died at an advanced age, in the fortieth year after his ejection from the vicarage.

We found but little to interest us on our way from Chapel to Glossop, excepting that we had occasionally a hasty glance at the top of KINDERSCOUT, which we left at a short distance on our right, between Hayfield and Glossop. This is the highest mountain in the Peak of Derbyshire, and from its summit an extensive prospect is descried; but its sides are so loose and boggy, and so frequently intersected with runlets of water, that but few people attempt to climb to the top of it. In winter the summit of this eminence is often covered with snow; the following poetic distich has therefore become familiar to every individual who resides in the vicinity of this huge hill;—

"If there be snow without,  
"It will lie on Kinderscout."

It was evening when we approached the village of Glossop; the sun was sinking below the horizon, which in the west was suffused with a glow of light, that spread a warm aërial tint over all the landscape, and revived the recollection of some of the best sun-set pictures of Claude Lorraine: the yellow transparent haze that hung upon the scene softened the outline and colouring of objects, which, under a clearer atmosphere, might have been obtrusive to the eye, and harmonized the whole into beauty.

“ ’Twas Summer tide; the eve was sweet  
As mortal eye has e’er beholden;  
The grass look’d warm with sunny heat:  
Perhaps some Fairy’s glowing feet  
Had lightly touch’d, and left it golden.”

I have somewhere met with an account of Glossop being situated in one of the *deepest* and *wildest* dales of Derbyshire; but I found the representation extremely incorrect: the open vale wherein it lies is nearly surrounded with high moorland wastes, some of which are covered with their native heath, and others newly planted, but all between is a well-cultivated district. A series of groups of houses, scattered about an ample valley, constitute the village of Glossop. In the principal of these groups is the church, an humble edifice, but yet a pleasing feature in the scene. I love to see the tower or spire of a village church rising from the midst of trees, and cottages scattered irregularly around it. Such a picture is delightful to the eye; and the mind insensibly associates the idea of orderly conduct and moral feeling with the appearance of these hallowed tabernacles of religious worship. However humble the village church may be, it gives importance and respectability to the habitations with which it is connected.

Glossop is an extensive manor, including a circumference of nearly thirty miles: all within this ample circle, with a few trifling exceptions only, is the entire property of the present Duke of Norfolk; and in eight of the ten hamlets that constitute this large parish, not an acre of freehold ground belonging to any other individual intervenes.

In the immediate vicinity of the village great improvements have recently been made: a little rivulet, called the Shelf, which takes its rise amongst the adjacent hills, meanders through the valley, and a number of mills for spinning cotton have been erected on its banks, and are bountifully supplied

with water by this mountain stream. Glossop is therefore rapidly becoming a manufacturing district; its population is increasing, and a new road, which is now making through it from Sheffield to Manchester, will furnish a readier communication with the neighbouring places, and greatly facilitate its improvement.

We arrived at Glossop too late in the evening to explore its scenery; and as twilight withdrew, and night closed upon us, all but the dim and feeble outline of objects became obliterated — darkness crept over the face of the mountains, and they lay in imposing masses around us.

We regretted that we had not an opportunity of seeing Glossop Dale by moonlight: the lofty eminences by which it is environed, the many swelling hills that lie below, the dark woods that cover them, and all the variety of objects that it contains, when presented to the eye in unintelligible masses, must at such a time, and under the effect of so bewitching a light, be strongly impressed with grandeur.

Our residence during our short stay in this part of Derbyshire was at Glossop Hall, a mansion belonging to the Duke of Norfolk, and occupied by M. Ellison, Esq. his grace's agent. The prospect from the front of the house is singularly beautiful. On the right hand and on the left a thickly-planted screen of ash, oak, chesnut, elm, and sycamore, prevents the eye from wandering over a great variety of desultory parts, and confines it to the lovely scenery that lies between. A verdant declivity slopes from the house to a little grove of trees at the foot of the hill, where a busy rivulet is seen in occasional glimpses through the overhanging branches; beyond another grove occurs, which is connected with some plantations nearer the foreground; the distance is composed of magnificent eminences, clothed with wood and heath and intervening verdure. From the middle of the picture here beheld, a hill finely covered with wood rises out of the valley. When the whole of this eminence is included within the view, the outline it presents is too regularly round to be strictly beautiful; but from the front of Glossop Hall this regularity is agreeably broken by the intervention of some tall larches, that cut the line of the hill, and lift their feathered branches and spiral tops into the sky: these graceful trees are so situated and connected with the more massy foliage near, as to be objects of considerable beauty.

A plantation entirely composed of larches is not a pleasant object to contemplate: there is a tiresome monotony in the recurrence of the same lines and forms, a thousand and a thousand times repeated, where the wild playfulness of nature should alone prevail. A plantation is a wood of a humbler description. With such an object nothing absolutely formal or constrained should be associated; and though they are generally made on too small a scale to admit of all the noble varieties of a wood, the trees of which they are composed should nevertheless be so diversified in form, station, and colour, as to produce a pleasing impression; but a contrary practice too much prevails: a straight line of Scotch firs, placed with geometrical precision, and so closely thrust together as to render all beyond impervious to the cheering light of the sun, generally forms the boundary of new plantations. Larches are sometimes introduced, and at a certain season of the year they have a cheerful effect; but the spiral-topped trees should always be liberally intermixed with others. The beech, the oak, and the Spanish chesnut, should not be omitted, and the boundary line should be varied and irregular. The light must be admitted to play freely between the trunks, and amongst the branches of the trees, that intelligible shadows, and not gloom, may prevail.

Glossop Hall is occupied by a Catholic family, and a chapel for religious worship is included within its walls. The neat and clean appearance of this chapel sufficiently denotes that it is not a neglected part of the mansion. With the exception of the altar, it is an unadorned apartment; there it is rich and imposing. A recess, formed by four Ionic columns, contains the altar, which is surmounted with a well-sculptured figure of our Saviour on the Cross: the space behind is occupied with a picture of the Crucifixion, of a large size, and admirably painted. I could not learn the artist's name, but I understood it had been presented to this retired dwelling by the Duke of Norfolk, from his collection at Arundel Castle.

Previously to our leaving Glossop we visited the village church, a plain and lowly structure, and as little ornamented in the interior as it is without. Here we observed the remains of some garlands hung up near the entrance into the chancel. They were the mementos of a custom of rather a singular nature, that lingers about this part of Derbyshire, after having been lost in nearly every other. It is denominated "*Rush-*



*bearing*," and the ceremonies of this truly rural fête take place annually, on one of the days appropriated to the wake or village festival. A car or waggon is on this occasion decorated with rushes. A pyramid of rushes, ornamented with wreaths of flowers, and surmounted with a garland, occupies the centre of the car, which is usually bestrewed with the choicest flowers that the meadows of Glossop Dale can produce, and liberally furnished with flags and streamers. Thus prepared, it is drawn through the different parts of the village, preceded by groups of dancers and a band of music. All the ribbons in the place may be said to be in requisition on this festive day, and he who is the greatest favourite amongst the lasses is generally the gayest personage in the cavalcade. After parading the village, the car stops at the church gates, where it is dismantled of its honours. The rushes and flowers are then taken into the church, and strewed amongst the pews and along the floors, and the garlands are hung up near the entrance into the chancel, in remembrance of the day. The ceremony ended, the various parties who made up the procession retire, amidst music and dancing, to the village inn, where they spend the remainder of the day in joyous festivity.

In Glossop church there is a monument to the memory of Joseph Hague, Esq. a benevolent-hearted man, who resided at Park Hall, near Hayfield, and who left the interest of one thousand pounds annually for ever towards clothing forty poor men and women belonging to the township of Glossop, and not receiving parochial relief. The monument consists of a white marble tablet, surmounted with a bust of the deceased, which was executed by *Bacon*, and in his happiest style. We but little expected to find so good a specimen of sculpture in this remote part of Derbyshire. The bust alone is said to have cost four hundred guineas; but its price is no doubt greatly exaggerated, probably to increase its value in the estimation of the vulgar, who judge of the excellence of works of art by what they cost, and not by what they are.

Mr. Hague was born of very humble parents at Chunal, a small village between Hayfield and Glossop, and he was turned upon the world at a very early period of life, to provide for his own subsistence. When quite a boy he travelled about the country and sold small articles, which he carried with him in a basket; afterwards, as his stock increased, he purchased an ass, and finally he became a very respectable

merchant. He had several children, who died early in life; but, having acquired considerable wealth, he adopted a family of relations of the name of Doxon. These he educated; and, that he might witness the effects of his farther benevolence, he divided the chief part of his property amongst them while he was yet capable of enjoying life and all the luxuries that wealth can purchase, and retired to Park Hall, where he spent the remainder of his days in a frugal but happy retirement.

## SECTION V.

*The river Etherow.—Broad Bottom Bridge.—Compstall Bridge.—View from Compstall House.—Cotton Printing.—Junction of the Etherow and the Goyt.—Marple Bridge.—Mellor Mill.—S. Oldknow, Esq.—Scenery of the Goyt.*

WE left Glossop the morning after our arrival there, intending to visit the banks of the Etherow, one of the boundary rivers of Derbyshire, which rises at the northern extremity of the county, and, after running to the vicinity of Motram in a western direction, gradually inclines towards the south, and separates Derbyshire from Cheshire. Hitherto this river has attracted but little attention from tourists, who have generally confined their observations to the Derwent, the Dove, and the Wye; it is, therefore, but little known.

About three miles from Glossop we passed the village of Charlsworth, which is situated on the side of a steep hill: the houses are built with a cold grey-coloured stone; and, as there is scarcely a single tree amongst them, the place has altogether a very cheerless appearance. Near this village we had the first view of the Etherow, which was seen, in occasional glimpses, winding through a deep valley, amongst overhanging trees.

Lady Mary Wortley Montague has somewhere remarked, that the most beautiful scenery is always found along the channels of rivers; and, as far as the observation applies to the Peak of Derbyshire, it is peculiarly correct: nature indeed hides her most romantic scenes in deep recesses and sequestered dells, amongst rocks and woods, and streams of living water.

As we deviated from the road that leads to Marple Bridge, we had a rich diversity of landscape before us; and, at a short distance on our right, the choicest beauties of the Etherow appeared to be combined. Our path was narrow, steep, and rugged, and but ill adapted for travelling in a tilbury; we however moved cautiously, and came upon the margin of the river at Broad Bottom Bridge.

Man scarcely ever meddles with the scenery of nature without impairing its beauties, and at this place he has been eminently successful. Rocks have been removed, and a situation scooped out of the picturesque banks of the Etherow for the erection of mills, and the noise and clatter of machinery have succeeded to the solemn stillness that once pervaded this retired dell.

The Etherow is here a broad and rapid stream; its banks are high and rocky, and at their nearest approximation a stone bridge, which is a noble structure of one immense arch, crosses the river. The view from below this bridge was once eminently rich in scenery, but the mills of Messrs. Kelsall and Marsland, and the buildings connected with them, have strangely marred the prospect; they are obtruded into the very middle of the stream, and are so situated as effectually to hide the river and its finely-wooded banks, at a place where the greatest beauty prevails.

The perpendicular rock on the Cheshire side of the Etherow, at Broad Bottom Bridge, is called Cat Tor. This precipice is nearly one hundred feet high: its craggy summit is crested with trees, and the more friable soil, on which the top-cliffs rest, nourishes the roots of a variety of shrubs and brambles that grow upon its sides.—

“ Around its broken summit grew  
The hazel rude and sable yew,  
A thousand varied lichens dyed  
Its waste and weather-beaten side,  
And round its rugged basis lay,  
By time or thunder rent away,  
Fragments, that, from its frontlet torn,  
Were mantled now with verdant thorn.”

SIR W. SCOTT.

The bed of the river, near the bridge, is covered with stones of various dimensions, amongst which we found many specimens of quartz and granite, some of them weighing several hundred pounds; but the Cornwall and the Aberdeen granite are most abundant. It may here be observed, that the whole of this district is a micaceous and sandstone grit, and that no granite rock is known to exist within more than one hundred miles of the Etherow.

The pile of buildings above the bridge so entirely intersected our view, that we obtained permission of Mr. Marsland to pass through his premises to explore the scenery still higher

up the valley. The Etherow is here a deep and noble stream; and the trees on its banks, where nothing puny or insignificant is to be seen, are of the most luxuriant description. A weir is thrown across the river in a semicircular direction, over which a mass of water is precipitated into an ample bason below, and dashed into the whitest foam. Above the weir the banks are, in some places, extremely steep, in others perpendicular; and the thick foliage of the oak, and the lighter branches of the ash, were reflected from the watery mirror below, in all the freshness of nature; the whole presenting an inverted landscape, gay with a thousand intermingled hues, and rich with a variety of lovely objects.

In the immediate vicinity of Broad Bottom Bridge, within the rocks that form the channel of the Etherow, globes of red sand-stone, from twenty to fifty or sixty inches in diameter, are frequently found; and a practice prevails of covering them over with paint, and marking them with the more prominent indications of the human countenance; they are then placed in the most conspicuous situations, upon gate-posts and walls, to "grin a ghastly smile" at the stranger as he passes along. Nothing can be more grotesque in appearance, or ludicrous in effect, than these shapeless heads and staring faces.

From Broad Bottom Bridge we ascended the hill, and regained the road we had left. During a ride of a few miles only, we had occasionally some pleasing views of the Etherow, winding through a delightful vale that lay on our right; and as we approached Marple the scenery became eminently beautiful; a fine river, a rich and fertile valley, and hills covered with wood, made up the nearer parts of the landscape; beyond, the distance was soft and shadowy, yet sufficiently distinct to exhibit the undulations of the ground, and the dim outline of the various objects with which it is adorned.

We again descended to the margin of the Etherow, at a place called Compstall Bridge, near which there is an extensive factory for cotton printing, belonging to G. Andrews, Esq. at whose hospitable mansion we spent the remaining part of the day, and rested for the night. The residence of Mr. Andrews is situated on the declivity of a hill, with beautiful woody scenery rising far above, and a verdant slope below, that declines to the river. Compstall Bridge, a good modern structure, lies on the left of the house; above it, the banks of the Etherow are high and rocky; their upper cliffs are covered

with trees, and the eye, as it ranges into distance, passes over a rich variety of landscape, terminating in remote eminences that mingle with the far-off horizon. The mansion is sufficiently elevated to command a fine view of the surrounding country; and, from the terrace-walk, near the principal front, the high-wooded banks of the Goyt, every where marked with beauty, present a very rich, and in some places a magnificent picture; and where the river, after passing Marple Bridge, and winding through the meadows, withdraws from the scene, the aqueduct of the Peak Forest Canal spans the busy stream that frets and foams over its rocky channel in the glen below. This elegant structure has the appearance of a Roman bridge of three arches, and it emerges from the woods with uncommon grace and dignity. A finer object in landscape is but seldom seen; and when the mild radiance of an evening sun is playing amongst the trees with which it is connected, and tipping the topmost branches with light, whilst all below is reposing in shadow, the view from Compstall House is one continued scene of beauty.

On the following day we visited Mr. Andrews's manufactory, for the purpose of observing his manner of printing cottons, which is here done by cylindrical copper rollers, on which the different figures are engraved. The process of this mode of printing is so rapid that pieces of twenty-eight yards are thrown off from each set of rollers in less than two minutes. It seems, indeed, as if the whole operation was performed rather by magic agency than by the intervention of human means. Some of the machines were printing with one colour only, some with two, but none with more than three, which is the maximum of the present practice.

A new description of rollers has lately been introduced by this gentleman into his manufactory. The figures, instead of being engraved upon them as on a copper-plate, are cast in metal, like printers' type, and soldered to the roller, presenting an elevated surface, which receives the colours and transmits them to the cotton. The contrivance appeared to us ingenious, and well calculated to save expence, but not applicable to the general purposes of the trade.

From Compstall Bridge we followed the Etherow to its junction with the Goyt, which takes place amongst some very lovely scenery, about a mile and a half from Mr. Andrews's house. It is remarkable that Dr. Aiken, in his History of the country round Manchester, whenever he speaks of this

river, calls it the Mersey, with one exception only, and where this occurs he says, "The Etherow flows into the Goyt near Chadkirk — thence the river is continued under the name of the Goyt to Stockport, where it takes the name of the Mersey."

A pleasant walk of about a mile on the banks of the Goyt brought us to Marple Bridge. The views about this little village are not of a common character. The river is an ample and impetuous stream; its banks are lofty, rocky, and precipitous, and but a few weeks previously to our visit they were every where profusely wooded; but we saw the axe employed, and this beautiful river despoiled of some of its finest ornaments. The Derbyshire side of the stream, from Marple Bridge to Mellor Mill, which a short time before waved with the most luxuriant foliage, was entirely denuded. The proprietor, we were informed, had been extending his purchases, and his trees were cut down to be bartered away for acres. As we passed along this now-naked bank, we came to a high point of ground, where the prospect is rich even to magnificence. From the situation where we stood, we could trace the course of the river for several miles, winding amongst woods through a deep and narrow valley, full of picturesque beauty. The residence of S. Oldknow, Esq. which is a neat but not a large mansion, is so embowered in trees as to be nearly obscured by them; and the few buildings that are scattered over the other parts of this fine landscape, with the exception of the mill, are almost lost in surrounding wood. This is one of the noblest scenes on this romantic river.

Mr. OLDKNOW was one of the earliest manufacturing settlers in this vicinity, and he is now regarded as the father of the district. He found a busy river coursing its way through a deep dell, and he saw the many advantages which so powerful a stream presented for manufacturing purposes; he therefore established himself near Mellor; and his example and success in business soon procured him many neighbours, until the banks of the Goyt and the Etherow became the busy scenes of industry, and the resort of enterprising men and mechanical talent.

Mr. Oldknow has always been an active man in public life, and many improvements made in the vicinity of his residence have been indebted, not only to his example, but to his personal exertions. The Peak Forest Canal originated chiefly with him; and, though not hitherto a profitable spe-

culation to the proprietors, it has been productive of considerable advantages through the line of its operations, and ultimately it may be more successful. Mr. Oldknow is now declining into years, but he is yet full of spirit and activity; and, if he can only feel that "nothing has been done, while any thing remains to do," and prevail upon his neighbours and others to extend the Peak Forest Canal from the vicinity of Chapel-en-le-Frith to the eastern boundary of Derbyshire, he may yet be remunerated for his exertions. This gentleman is at present less occupied with manufacturing than agricultural pursuits, and this department is under the best regulated management imaginable. He keeps a great number of cattle, and they are housed and fed in buildings that have been erected at a great expence, where every possible attention is paid to their welfare and convenience. There is a contrivance and a neatness about the whole of Mr. Oldknow's farming establishment, that are but seldom attended to where the accumulation of profit is a primary consideration.

From Mellor Mill we perambulated the banks of the Goyt, amongst scenes as truly romantic, and as replete with beauty, as any in Derbyshire, until we came to a part of the valley where the hills and woods are thrown farther from each other, and some lovely meadows interpose between. Here we left the margin of the river, for the purpose of obtaining a more extended view from the elevated grounds. The landscape we now beheld was essentially different from what we had seen in the dell below, where the eye dwelt upon the characteristic features of the various objects that composed the picture, and was delighted with the detail: here every thing was on a scale of magnitude, that pleased by its vastness. No part of the prospect was distinctly marked, with the exception of the foreground, and even there the subordinate parts were lost, in the contemplation of the whole. The river below us was a mirror of sunny light; but the sparkling breaks, the interrupted rushings, and the playful eddies, which had charmed us while loitering on its banks, were now seen with indifference. The characters and forms of trees, the graceful branches of the ash, and the gnarled ramifications of the oak, we had observed with pleasure, when they were prominent features in the circumscribed scenes that we had so recently left; but now our horizon included a more ample circumference, and individual objects were lost in the aggregate. Hills and woods, and verdant meadows, made up the



picture ; and the light-blue haze of a hot summer's day harmonized the whole into loveliness.

Having explored the course of the Goyt to the vicinity of a pleasant village called New Mills, which is most romantically situated on one of the tributary streams of the river, we returned to Mellor Mill, and from thence retraced our steps to Glossop, where we spent the remainder of the day.

## SECTION VI.

*Return from Glossop. — Peak Forest. — Eldon Hole. — Bagshaw Cavern. — Small Dale. — Lime-kiln Fires. — Night Scene. — Morning in Hope Dale. — Hope-Brough. — The river Derwent.*

WE had been much gratified with our excursion to Glossop, and we left it with a wish to revisit it on some future occasion. Nine miles of tedious road, which we had travelled over only a few days before, lay between us and Chapel-en-le-Frith; and, as we did not anticipate much pleasure in passing a second time over so uninteresting a district, we were secure against disappointment. This road, like many others both in Derbyshire and elsewhere, has been made in despite of both hill and dale. Hardly any set of people commit greater blunders than the projectors and makers of public roads. If a valley interferes in the line of their operations, they shew their utter contempt of the accommodation it offers, and their talent at surmounting difficulties, by clambering up and down every hill that nature has interposed between them and the point of their destination.

We again passed by Chapel-en-le-Frith, and shortly afterwards we made another pause at the ebbing and flowing well; but, during the short time we remained near it, no sensible alteration took place in this extraordinary phenomenon; nor were there any appearances about it which indicated that the water had very recently either ebbed or flowed. Some few years before I observed the rising and sinking of this well twice in the short space of half an hour.

A little beyond this celebrated well we left the Castleton road by a sharp turn on our right, and proceeded to Peak Forest, a little village, surrounded by an extensive tract of land, to which the same name is applied. This forest was anciently called *De alto Pecco*; and the parishes of Castleton, Hope, Chapel, Glossop, and Mottram in Longdendale, are said to have been once included in it. Within half a mile

of the village is ELDON HOLE, another of the reputed wonders of the Peak of Derbyshire. Unassisted by fable, and the babbling of the credulous gossip tradition, there is nothing either vast or astonishing in this fissure in the limestone strata: it is a deep yawning chasm, entirely devoid of any pleasing appendages, and altogether as uninteresting as any hole in a rock can possibly be.

Many and marvellous are the stories that have been told of Eldon Hole. Cotton has celebrated it in English verse, and Hobbes in Latin hexameters. Cotton, it appears, endeavoured to ascertain the depth of this fathomless pit; but, according to his own account, he did not succeed: he says,

“ But I myself, with half the Peake surrounded,  
Eight hundred four-score and four yards have sounded;  
And though of these four-score returned back wet,  
The plummet drew, and found no bottom yet;  
Though when I went to make a new essay,  
I could not get the lead down half the way.”

There is nothing like a tale of wonder; and this *tremendous* gulph, which is about twenty yards long, seven wide, and sixty deep, has often excited both terror and amazement. So early as the reign of Elizabeth, the Earl of Leicester is reported to have hired a man to go down into Eldon Hole to observe its form, and ascertain its depth. The account of this experiment says, “ He was let down about two hundred ells, and after he had remained at the length of the rope awhile, he was pulled up again, with great expectation of some discoveries; but when he came up he was senseless, and dyed within eight days of a phrensy.” This circumstance is alluded to by Cotton in the following lines:—

“ Once a mercenary fool, 'tis said, exposed  
His life for gold, to find what lies inclosed  
In this obscure vacuity, and tell  
Of stranger sights than Theseus saw in hell;  
But the poor wretch paid for his thirst of gain—  
For, being craned up with a distempered brain,  
A faltering tongue, and a wild staring look,  
He lived eight days, and then the world forsook.”

About forty years ago, a Mr. Loyd descended into this gloomy abyss, explored the depths, and the capacity of its interior recesses, and removed the mystery which until then

had hung upon it. A detail of this undertaking was published in "the Philosophical Transactions," vol. lxi. p. 250. The whole of Mr. Loyd's descent was nearly sixty yards when he reached the bottom of the chasm, where he found several cells of different dimensions, whose sides and roofs were every where covered with stalactites and calcareous incrustations. In one part of the principal cavern he discovered a fissure in the rock, through which a strong current of air proceeded; this, however, he could not examine, as it was nearly filled up with huge stones, that appeared to have been rolled upon it. This aperture, the miners say, communicates with a lower shaft of vast depth, with water at the bottom; if so, Cotton, whose measurement of it to the extent of more than eight hundred yards, was, as he says, "witnessed by half the Peak," may still be correct; but Mr. Loyd's statement induces one to conclude that he actually reached the lower extremity of Eldon Hole at less than sixty yards from his entrance into it.

I must now, with all becoming courtesy, bid adieu to my companion to Glossop, and resume the narrative of my pedestrian excursion from this place to Hope Dale, and from thence to Matlock. From Peak Forest, a walk of a few miles, over wild moorland ground, and newly-cultivated pastures, thinly covered with verdure, brought us to the little village of Bradwell. We had heard much of Bagshaw Cavern, and we wished to visit it; but the day was now fast closing upon us; and, as the entrance into it is not only uninviting, but absolutely repulsive, we determined to press onward to the place where we proposed to pass the night. We had previously seen enough of caverns, and we were too much fatigued to be highly gratified with creeping through narrow apertures to look at spars and stalactites, however beautiful. We nevertheless determined to visit it on some future day, but hitherto that day has not arrived. The entrance into the crystallized grottos at Bradwell is narrow and inconvenient; the passage, however, soon becomes more accommodating, and a man of short stature may grope his way into the caves beyond without much stooping. Different appellations have been given to these subterranean cells: one is called the Music Chamber; another, the Grotto of Paradise; a third, the Grotto of Calypso; and a fourth, I believe, is not yet honoured with a name. Exploring them, a world of novel

scenery is unfolded, beautiful and fantastic as the mind can possibly conceive: the moving lights of the torch, as they play amongst the transparent crystallizations, and the numerous sparry icicles that depend like lustres from the roof, have a very beautiful, and even a magical effect. This place, however, is not likely to be frequently visited; the timid will shrink from the undertaking with apprehension, and the treasures that it contains must be reserved for those who are not deterred by common difficulties, and can cheerfully submit to the inconvenience of stooping and crawling along the rugged and narrow passages that lead to the inmost recesses of the Peak mountains.

Our nearest road to Hope, where we proposed spending the night, lay through Small Dale, a little village that derives its name from a deep narrow dell, formed by masses of rock thrown together in abrupt knolls and lofty crags. We however preferred keeping on the brow of the hill that overlooks the dale, where we had a good road; and the darkness of the night rendered such an accommodation desirable. The burning of lime is here a considerable trade; and the kilns used for the purpose are situated at the bottom of the dell, one side of which was formed by the rocks where we stood; of the other, aided by a transient light emitted from the fires of the lime-kilns, we caught occasionally an uncertain glimpse: all between was a gloomy vacuity, which the eye could not penetrate. The whole dale indeed was one immense cauldron steaming with smoke, that at intervals was partially illumined by momentary gleams and flashes from the fires below — then curling into mid-air, it rolled over our heads in murky volumes, forming a canopy “as dark as Erebus.” The obscurity that pervaded this nocturnal scene, together with the short and feeble emanations of light shot from the kilns in the deep dale beneath, only made darkness more palpable, and powerfully assisted the impressions it produced. We stood to contemplate the picture before us, until some heavy drops of rain, and the hoarse murmurs of distant thunder, warned us to depart. Being yet more than two miles from the end of our journey, the darkness of the night, and the coming storm, induced us to alter our original intention, and spend one more night at Castleton, where we arrived in time to escape being deluged in torrents of rain.

The following morning, as we proceeded on our way to

Hope, the open valley we passed through was covered with a thick misty vapour, that obscured every object. The sun, however, ascending above the hills, soon spread his warm influence over it; and the vapour, that before was a dull and inactive mass, soon became a source of beauty: as if instinct with life, it everywhere appeared in motion; and it was highly curious to observe the whole progressively leave the vale, and, assuming the form of clouds, pass in regular and solemn march across the sides of the mountains, settling in succession on the summits of Winhill, Losehill, and Mam Tor. These phenomena are common in the Peak of Derbyshire; and though not amongst the fixed and permanent features of the place, they are interesting appendages to mountain scenery, and sometimes produce a grand effect.

In our walk to Hope we passed the little hamlet of Brough, an insignificant village, but supposed to have been once a place of some importance. Where the two rivulets, the Bradwell and the Now, meet, a Roman town formerly stood. The site it occupied is a field now called the Halsteads, near which a stone column, evidently Roman, a bust of Apollo, and the mutilated head of another deity, both of rude workmanship, were found. Near this place bricks and urns, impressed with Roman letters, have occasionally been turned up with the plough and the spade; and at Brough Mill, a gold coin of the Emperor Vespasian, in a good state of preservation, has been dug up. These circumstances all concur to prove the fact of the Romans having had a settlement here; and the opinions of that venerable antiquarian, the late Rev. Mr. Pegge of Whittington, and the northern tourist, Mr. Bray, favour the same conclusion.

HOPE, a very respectable-looking village, was the next place we passed through. The church stands on an insulated plot of ground by the road-side, and, in connexion with a group of picturesque dwellings, and a double row of lime-trees, by which it is nearly surrounded, presents a very pleasing picture. From Hope we had a delightful walk down the valley by the side of the river Now, until we reached Malham Bridge, where we once more regained the banks of the Derwent.

The Wrongsley and the Westend, two little rivulets, that rise amongst the heathy hills at the northern extremity of the county, are the sources of this beautiful river. These considerable streams, after running a few miles among moorland

wilds, flow into each other near a place called Abbey House, and there assume the name of the Derwent, which, pursuing its way in a southerly direction, passes the village of Derwent, and shortly afterwards receives the Ashop, a river that has its source at the base of Kinderscout; proceeding thence to Malham Bridge in Hope Dale, it is joined by the united waters of the Bradwell and the Now.

In the space of forty miles, which includes the whole course of this river, from the highest and wildest parts of the Peak to the town of Derby, scenery more richly diversified with beauty can hardly any where be found. Generally, its banks are luxuriantly wooded; the oak, the elm, the alder, and the ash, flourish abundantly along its course; beneath the shade of whose united branches the Derwent is sometimes secluded from the eye of the traveller, and becomes a companion for the ear alone; then suddenly emerging into day, it spreads through a more open valley, or, winding round the base of some huge mountain or rocky precipice, reflects their dark sides as it glides beneath. Sometimes this ever-varying and ever-pleasing stream precipitates its foaming waters over the rugged projections and rocky fragments that interrupt its way; again the ruffled waves subside, and the current steals smoothly and gently through the vale, clear, and almost imperceptible in motion.

What an emblem of the busy world does this river present, when contemplated through its various windings, from its source amongst the heathy hills of Derbyshire to its confluence with the Trent! In the immense multitude that compose the aggregate of mankind, there are many who seek the sequestered shades of a still and retired life—who shun the tumult of society, and seclude themselves, not only from the eye of the traveller, but who pass through life equally unknown and unknown. Others rush into day, and like the Derwent, pouring through the more open and sunny meadows, court and attract the gaze of all around them, and *live* only in proportion as they become the object to which public attention is directed. There are likewise those who delight to mix in the agitated scenes of a troubled world, and whose pursuits partake the character of the Derwent, when forcing an impetuous passage over the disparted fragments of rock that obstruct its channel and impede its course.

Those who have perambulated the banks of the Derwent, and become acquainted with its beauties, will recollect with

delight the many exquisite scenes that it adorns, the pleasing groves of Stoke, the splendid palace and noble grounds of Chatsworth, the placid Darley Dale, the romantic rocks and woods of Matlock, Willersley Castle, and the whole of those picturesque hills that shape its course from thence to Belper, Duffield, and Derby.



## SECTION VII.

*High-low. — Leam. — Padley. — Approach to Calver. — Calver Lime. — Morning Scene. — Hassop Hall. — Longstone. — Godfrey Rowland imprisoned in the Castle of the Peak.*

FROM Malham Bridge we followed the margin of the Derwent to Hazleford, where we crossed the river amidst some very beautiful scenery. From this place we visited the old mansion at High-low, and then returned by Leam into the valley we had so lately left. The house at High-low was once a comfortable residence, but there are now many marks about it that indicate an alteration in its fortunes. It was formerly inhabited by a branch of the family of the Eyres, one of the oldest in this part of Derbyshire, but it is now a mere farmer's dwelling, and scarcely worth a visit. At the back of the house there is a high conical hill, which has the appearance of being thrown up by the labour of man; but it is so immense a mound that the supposition seems extravagant. Its name, however, implies that it was once a burial-place; if so, it is scarcely less mighty than the Tomb of Achilles —

“That wide the extended Hellespont surveys.”

From High-low, a short walk brought us to LEAM, the residence of C. M. Middleton, Esq. How beautifully situated is this delightful mansion! It is surrounded with hills, rocks, woods, and dales, amongst which flows the river Derwent, every where fringed with a variety of the finest foliage. Leam Hall occupies an elevated situation on the side of a steep hill, and every view that it commands abounds with beauty.

Regaining the brink of the Derwent, we had a leisurely ramble through the woods in the direction of Grindleford Bridge. Every person who has made the tour of the Peak of Derbyshire must have observed the frequent occurrence of

wells and troughs of water, placed by the road-side for the accommodation of travellers and their horses. This is both a commendable and a convenient practice; and the many streamlets that run down the sides of the hills furnish the means of doing a good deed at a little expence. As we passed along the road through the wood below Leam, we noticed a well of this description, which was really a very pleasing object, and my companion gave it a place in his sketch-book. A little stream rushing down a steep declivity, and leaping from one projection to another, amongst fragments of rock, and the tangled branches of light overhanging trees, fell into a basin, that was placed in a woody recess at the road-side to receive it; and the picturesque appendages by which it was surrounded made it a good subject for the pencil. Shortly afterwards we came to a more open part of the valley, where we had an unobstructed view of the left bank of the river, and the dells and woods of Upper and Nether-Padley.

Padley Hall, scarcely a vestige of which now remains, was once the most important mansion in this part of Derbyshire. It was for several centuries the family residence of the Eyres, from whom it passed into the possession of Sir Thomas Fitzherbert, who married the daughter of Sir Arthur Eyre, and occupied the Old Hall at Padley, in the reign of Elizabeth. G. Talbot, the sixth Earl of Shrewsbury, hereditary Earl Marshal of England, was at this time Lord Lieutenant of the county of Derby; and he appears to have exercised an unbending rigour towards the Catholic Recusants within his jurisdiction. In a letter of his to Sir Thomas Knyveton, he says, "The Queens Majestie beinge moved by sundry occasions greatlie importing the Estate of this her realme, to *abridge the liberty of sundry papists recusants*, ill members of the same, resyant within this County of Derby, &c. I have thought mete heereby to requier you forthwith to receave into y<sup>r</sup> charge and custodie the bodie of Philip Draycote, Gent. recusant, to be by you well saflie kept as her Mt<sup>s</sup> prisoner, upon his proper costs and charges, untill further order, &c." This authority the Earl of Shrewsbury appears to have used with some severity towards the family at Padley. In the year 1587, John Manners and Roger Columbel inform the Earl, that "Yesterday being Candlemas Daye, Mr. Columble went himself yearly in the morning with sixteen or twenty men to *Padley*, where he found Thomas Fitzharbert's wife, Anthony Fitzharbert, two of his sisters, and about twenty persons besides,

seeming to be of their household; and made diligent searche for Mr. John Fitzharbert, but could not find him," &c. In another part of the letter, they add, "Padlaye maye be doubted much to be a house of evil resort, and therefore, my L. their wilbe no good redresse there (in our simple opinyons) in those matters, unless that some may be resyant there that wilbe conformable, and some preacher placed amongst us, here in the Peake, to teache the people better."

Two years after the date of the preceding letter, Sir Thomas Fitzherbert addressed the following to the Earl of Shrewsbury:—

Very good Lorde,

W<sup>th</sup> all humble dewtie, I crave leave in lowly wise to openne my greifes unto you. I suppose y<sup>r</sup> honor hathe knowne me above fiftie yeres, and my wief, that was daughter and heire unto S<sup>r</sup> Arthur Eyre. I trust I have bine dewtifull unto my Lords y<sup>r</sup> grandfather, y<sup>r</sup> father, and y<sup>r</sup> Honor, and I have found y<sup>r</sup> Honors all my good Lords, till now of late y<sup>r</sup> Lo<sup>pp</sup> entringe into the Howse of Padley, found two semynaries there, all unknowne unto my brother, as was confessed at theire deathe, and is well approved since by good testimony; sithence w<sup>ch</sup> tyme y<sup>r</sup> Lo<sup>pp</sup> also hath entred uppon my Howse of Padley, and the demeanse thereof, seized all the goods of my Brothers and myne that was in that Howse, amongstest w<sup>ch</sup> I had certeine evidences of a Woode and Meadowe under Levin Howse, called Fawltclyffe, w<sup>ch</sup> as I am enformed y<sup>r</sup> Honor hathe entred uppon, and occupieth whollie to y<sup>r</sup> use, though I have bine possessed and my wief's auncestors thereof, tyme out of mynde. Very good Lo—, theise things are greater than my presente poor estate can suffer, or in any wise beare, I payinge her Mat<sup>ie</sup> the statute of recusansie, beinge CCLX<sup>li</sup> by yeare, w<sup>ch</sup> is more then all my rents yerlie rise unto. Loathe I am to complaine of y<sup>r</sup> Ho<sup>r</sup> any waie, wherefore I complaine me firste unto y<sup>r</sup> Lo<sup>pp</sup>; hopinge you will deale so noblie and chaitable w<sup>th</sup> me as I shall be restored to my Howse, lands, and goods, by y<sup>r</sup> Honor, so as I shall be fullye satisfied, and be able to paie her Mat<sup>ie</sup>, and for ever bounde to praie for yo<sup>r</sup> Lo<sup>pp</sup> liefe in all honor longe to continew. From London, this 28<sup>t</sup> of Maie, 1589.

These letters scarcely require a comment; they exhibit a shocking picture of the exorbitant power of the nobility, and the miserable situation of the Roman Catholics in the days of Elizabeth. Heartily congratulating ourselves that we were not disciples of the pope, and subjected to the mild and tolerant government of "*the golden days of good Queen Bess*," we left the vicinity of Padley, and proceeded on our way to

Grindleford Bridge and Stoke. As we descended the hill beyond Stoke Hall, the darkness of the night was fast approaching. The rocky eminences about Calver had lost their peculiar features, and lay in masses before us. The lime-kilns were now become imposing objects; the very outline of their base was lost in shadow: from their summits volumes of smoke, partly illumined by unseen fires, rose in spiral folds, that became dark and heavy as they ascended. At the top of one of the kilns, a human figure, placed against the white volume of smoke that rolled over his head, had a fine effect; his form came dark upon the eye, and, being surrounded with illuminated and murky vapours, he seemed like a magician framing his spells and muttering his incantations over a burning cauldron. The scene was essentially different from the one we had observed the preceding evening, yet it strongly reminded us of the night-fires of Small Dale.

CALVER is a part of one of the principal limestone districts of Derbyshire, and it derives considerable advantage from its proximity to lands where a different soil prevails, and its produce is in great demand. The lime obtained here is admirably fitted for agricultural purposes; hence a lucrative trade has been established, for the supply of which the hills of Calver furnish abundant materials. It is much to be regretted that no canal communication has been opened between this and other parts of the same county, where lime is wanted and coal abounds; a mutual exchange of the productions of each would be highly advantageous to both. Great difficulty would certainly be found in thus passing the immense rampart of hill by which they are divided; but, as a canal has been lately continued to Sheffield, it might easily be carried through Abbey Dale to East Moor, above Totley, and thence by Dronfield to Chesterfield. With the nearest part of this branch a rail-road, on the principle of the one near Chapel-en-le-Frith, might communicate. The practicability of this undertaking is easily discernible, and its utility would produce an increase of business to the Sheffield and Chesterfield Canals, that would be of incalculable benefit to both.

The limestone rocks of Derbyshire not only furnish excellent manure for agricultural purposes, but, when untouched by fire, they produce the best materials in the kingdom for road-making. The persons employed here in this useful branch of labour are by no means deficient in a knowledge of their business; on the contrary, they appear to understand the best

principles of making and repairing roads. They break the limestone to a circular gauge of from two and a half to three inches in diameter, and a forfeit is incurred for every stone that will not pass the ring: the stone when thus broken is laid upon the road six or eight inches thick, and shortly it becomes so hard and compact, that the carriage wheels as they pass over it scarcely leave a mark behind them. In the vicinity of Bakewell, Basslow, Calver, Hassop, &c. &c. this system of road-making has long prevailed, and has been found very beneficial; the roads are not only easy to travel on, but they are very durable, and made at little expence.

We once more passed the night at the Moon Inn at Stoney Middleton, within half a mile of Calver; and the following morning, after sketching a picturesque waterfall at a corn-mill near the inn, we proceeded to Hassop, a very pleasant village, where Lord Kinnaird, the eldest son of the present Earl of Newburgh, resides.

As we left Calver, the morning was singularly fine and beautiful; the air was balmy and full of freshness, yet so still, that the smoke from the cottage chimneys was hardly disturbed by its breathings; the herbage in the fields, and the leaves of the trees, were "impearled with the dew;" and God's beautiful sky was one magnificent canopy of clear and spotless azure. There was no contemplating the scene without experiencing sensations of delight. The dullest clod that ever wore the form of man could not have been insensible to the influence of so much beauty; every thing around us seemed to feel it. The hares and pheasants, which are here abundant, were running and playing about by the road-side, as if the world and all that it contains had been theirs, and theirs alone. I was delighted with their gambols—with the confidence they displayed; and should have thought it a sacrilege against the happiness of nature to have broken in upon or disturbed their sports.

The manor of Hassop formerly belonged to the Foljambes; but, in the year 1498, it was purchased by Catherine, the widow of Stephen Eyre, a younger son of Ralph Eyre, Esq. of Padley; since when it has continued in the possession of the same family. The late Earl of Newburgh died without issue, and the title being inheritable through heirs female, it devolved to Francis, the present earl, who is the son of Lady Mary, the youngest daughter and co-heiress of Charlotte, Countess of Newburgh; Prince Justiniani, the son of the eldest daugh-

ter, being incapable of inheriting the title, in consequence of being an alien.

The Eyres, as I have before observed, is one of the oldest families in Derbyshire, where they have continued to reside through the long lapse of more than seven hundred years, as appears from the following curious extract from an old pedigree, which is still preserved at Hassop: "The first of the Eyres came in with King William the Conqueror, and his name was Truelove; but, in the Battle of Hastings (14 Oct. 1066) this Truelove, seeing the King unhorsed, and his helmet beat so close to his face that he could not breathe, pulled off his helmet, and horsed him again. The King said, 'Thou shalt hereafter from Truelove be called *Air* or *Eyre*, because thou hast given me the air I breathe.' After the battle, the King called for him, and being found with his thigh cut off, he ordered him to be taken care of; and being recovered, he gave him lands in the county of Derby, in reward for his services; and the seat he lived at he called Hope, because he had hope in the greatest extremity; and the King gave the Leg and Thigh cut off in armour for his crest, and which is still the crest of all the Eyres in England."

In the year 1643, Hassop Hall had a military character; it was then garrisoned for the King by Colonel Eyre, who distinguished himself in an eminent manner at the siege of Newark. A good portrait of this gallant loyalist adorns one of the rooms at Hassop. The gardens around the house, though rather trim and formal, are kept in excellent condition, and the plantations are ornamented with a rich diversity of the noblest trees.

" Here towers erect in sable spire  
The pine-tree, scathed by lightning fire;  
The drooping ash, and birch between,  
Hang their fair tresses o'er the green;  
And all beneath at random grow  
Each coppice dwarf of varied show,  
Or, round the stems profusely twined,  
Fling summer odours on the wind."

*Rokeby.*

Hassop is one of the pleasantest little villages in the Peak of Derbyshire. A chain of hills that screen it from the north rises high above it, and the gentle slope on which it stands declines into some well-cultivated vales, and overlooks a variety of rich and beautiful prospect. The cottages are neat and clean; and an appearance of comfort pervades the whole place.

A walk through Hassop is like a walk through a garden: libernums and laurels, roses and evergreens, adorn the way-side; and the air is perfumed with the fragrance of a thousand flowers.

From this village we proceeded along a pleasant road to Longstone or Longsdon, where, in the fourteenth century, a family of the name of Rowland possessed considerable property: their residence was the Old Hall, a place now occupied by Major Carleill. In the rolls of Parliament, volume the third, page 518., there is a copy of a petition, dated the 4th of Henry the Sixth, from Godfrey Rowland, who there calls himself "a simple Esquier, praying for a hasty remedy against Sir Thomas Wendesley, John Dean, vicar of Hope, and others, who are stated to have come to the petitioner's house at Longsdon with force and arms—to have carried off goods and stock to the value of two hundred marks—to have taken the petitioner prisoner, and carried him to the Castle of the High Peak, where he was kept in custody six days without victuals or drink, after which they cut off his right hand, and then released him." It is difficult to conceive how such a cruel and intolerable outrage could have been committed on a private gentleman, at a time when something like law and justice prevailed in the country.

Longstone is a small but pleasant village: the cottages are mostly elevated above the carriage-road, and the lofty trees that grow near them and around the hall give the whole place a very rural appearance. At Little Longstone, about a quarter of a mile farther, we found some charming subjects for the pencil; a spreading elm, which stands by the road-side, amongst trees of a lighter and more elegant foliage, that screen but do not hide some cottages near, is of itself a noble object, and the picturesque materials that surround it form a very pleasing composition.

## SECTION VIII.

*Money-Ash. — Marble Quarries. — Source of the Lathkil. — Scene near Conksbury Bridge. — Youlgrave. — Arber-Low. Bradford River. — Alport. — Tufa Rocks.*

THE Marble Quarries near Money-Ash were the next objects of our excursion: we therefore retraced a part of our steps, and leaving Longstone, took the route of a newly-made road, which led us, by a very gentle descent, to Ashford; from whence we clambered over some high hills, and were repaid for the toil of ascending them by the beautiful variety of landscape we beheld from their summits.

MONEY-ASH, though but a small place of about sixty houses, was raised to the dignity of a market-town in the year 1340: a grant for an annual fair for three days was likewise bestowed upon it at the same time; but both fair and market have been long discontinued. Money-Ash is not however entirely deprived of its former consequence; it still remains the seat of the mineral court for the High Peak district: in every other respect it is an insignificant village.

From Money-Ash, a ramble of about a mile brought us into the dell, where the principal part of the grey marble of Derbyshire is procured. Here we found a scene far more rude and savage than we had anticipated. We were aware that the rocks had been blasted and rent to pieces with gunpowder, and their natural features defaced; but we nevertheless supposed we should find some little spot yet unprofaned by avarice, where rock and foliage intermixed compose a beauteous picture:—we were mistaken;—neither tree nor shrub find a home in Ricklow Dale: naked crags fence it in on every side, and huge fragments torn from the cliffs above lie in disordered masses along the ground, where scarce a blade of verdure intervenes to soften the general wildness of the scene; yet even in this strange place some half-starved sheep were scrambling amongst the rocks, and endeavouring to



pick out a scanty subsistence from the narrow spaces between. The marble quarries are at the upper extremity of Ricklow Dale; they appear only to be worked occasionally, and when we saw them they were utterly deserted. Blocks of marble of different dimensions had been detached from the rocks, and lay in heaps at their base, ready to be carted to the mills at Ashford and Bakewell, where they are cut into form and polished for use.

In a continuation of this dale, about a mile and a half nearer Over Haddon, is the source of the LATHKIL, one of the most brilliant streams amongst the dells of Derbyshire. The cradle of this rivulet is pleasingly romantic: from a cavern in a mass of broken rock, whose sides and summit are adorned with branches of trees, the Lathkil issues into day; and running down a gentle declivity amongst huge stones, by which it is divided into separate currents, it is sometimes an object of considerable beauty.

We followed the margin of this little river for several miles, and were every where delighted with its clearness, play, and spirit. About half a mile below the village of Over Haddon, where the old Ashbourne road crosses the dale, some very beautiful scenery occurs both above and below the bridge. The rocks on the two sides of the stream, though not lofty, are broken into pleasing forms, and fringed with trees; but the Lathkil is every where the finest feature in the scene: where it glides smoothly along it is so perfectly translucent, that every object over which it flows is not only distinctly seen, but seen in fresher colours: the flowers and herbage on its banks are but faded resemblances of those over which it runs.

It was a clear sunny day, and, anxious to enjoy the beauty of the scene, we seated ourselves on a rocky knoll covered with mountain thyme, that filled the air with fragrance. Here we passed an hour of real happiness, and every thing that had life seemed equally happy around us. The trout, with which the Lathkil abounds, lay quietly in the river at our feet, and the bright blue dragon-fly and the kingfisher displayed their gaudy plumage to the sun as they flitted along the stream. Near the bridge we observed a number of flies rest awhile upon the water, and then take wing, yet none appeared to settle there: approaching nearer, a part of the stream, where it was stillest, was almost covered with them; and their thin transparent wings trembled with many an unavailing

effort before they bore them aloft in the air. This little insect was just changing its form and mode of being, and we watched the transition from one state of existence to another with considerable interest. Innumerable rushy tubes rose in succession from the bottom to the surface of the water; from these the fly, with a very feeble struggle, soon emerged, and then rested motionless for a moment on that element where it had been nurtured into life; after which it tried its feeble wing — then with an elastic impetus sprung upwards, and flew along the meadows in search of new enjoyments.

As we ascended the hill by Conksbury, on our way to Youlgrave, we had several pleasing views of that village, in which the tower of the church, environed with trees, was always a principal object. YOULGRAVE is situated on the side of a hill, which declines gently into an open little vale, that is watered by a brilliant stream, called the Bradford. The church is a handsome building, with a finely-proportioned tower, surmounted with eight ornamented pinnacles; and it stands in the midst of a spacious burial-ground, nearly surrounded with a plantation of lime-trees.

The church contains several monuments of rather a costly description, one of which is dedicated to the memory of Sir John Rossington, who was a crusader; and another of a more recent date to John Eley, Esq. of Alport, major-commandant of the artillery in the East India Company's service. The parish register contains some curious entries, amongst which there is "a *memoriall* of the great snow," which began in January 1615, and continued, with very little intermission, to the 12th of March. The entry states, that "it covered the earth five quarters deepe upon the playne;" that "it was the fear and admiration of all the land, for it came from the four parts of the world, so that all countrys were full, yea, the south parts as well as the mountaynes." We were also informed by the parish clerk, that the register contains the entries of the births of twenty-two children of Mrs. Thornhill, the grandmother of the present proprietor of Stanton; the whole of whom were baptized at Youlgrave church.

From Youlgrave, a rough and ill-made carriage road conducted us to Middleton, a small village, which, by way of distinction, is called *Middleton by Youlgrave*. Near this place we found the celebrated Druidical monument of *Arber-Lowe*, one of the most striking remains of antiquity in any part of Derbyshire. This circle includes an area of from

forty to fifty yards diameter, formed by a series of large unhewn stones, not standing upright, like a part of those on Hartle Moor, but all laid on the ground, with an inclination towards the centre: round these, the remains of a ditch, circumscribed by a high embankment, may be traced. Near the south entrance into this circle there is a mound, or burial-place, in which some fragments of an urn, some half-burnt bones, and the horns of a stag, were found.

After spending a short time at Arber-Low, we proceeded to Gratton, a little hamlet, which, together with the appending manor, belongs to the Thornhills of Stanton. Here the Bradford rivulet first emerges into day. The whole length of this little stream is only about two miles; but it is two miles of beauty. Approaching Alport, we came to the spot where it loses its name in the Lathkil. A high rock, called *Bradford Tor*, crested with trees and light depending branches, occupies the right of the river that washes its base. The left bank is a steep verdant slope, surmounted with a group of dwellings, half hid amongst orchard trees, ash, and sycamore. Near these, a bridge leads into the village, from whose arch the Lathkil rushes impetuously, and, dashing and foaming along its rugged channel, leaps into the Bradford, at the foot of the Tor. Nothing can exceed the beauty of this brilliant stream, as it bounds and sparkles along its rapid descent. Such are the principal features in the foreground of this pleasing picture. The space beyond is composed of cottages, scattered amongst overhanging rocks and luxuriant trees, that display every variety of tint and foliage, from the light pensile branches of the libernum to the majestic ramifications of the oak and the elm. More remote, the steep bank of a narrow dell appears, whose summit is clothed with a plantation of larch and pine, interspersed with beach, birch, and mountain-ash. Still farther in distance, the lofty grounds and woody acclivities of Stanton terminate the scene. This view, it must be observed, can only be obtained from the rising ground in the meadows, on the left of the Bradford. Nearer the river, the distance is lost, and the village becomes a less interesting object.

Alport is a pleasant place, and the greater part of its inhabitants appear to be in reputable circumstances, if the houses where they reside may be regarded as a fair criterion: they are generally good stone buildings, and sufficiently spacious for all the purposes of comfort: a neat flower-garden, belted with laurel, lilacs, and libernum, lies before them, and an

orchard well stored with fruit trees spreads behind. There are of course some inferior dwellings, but not the proportion usually found in a country village.

The Tufa in Derbyshire is universally regarded as a watery deposit very rapidly produced, and it contains indisputable evidences of its formation. At Alport, a large mass of rock, from forty to sixty feet high, is entirely composed of this material; and being adorned with trees, that either shoot from its sides, or take root upon its summit, it is not only a curious, but a picturesque object.

This rock appears to be a congregation of matter, chiefly vegetable, which has been formed into an immense petrefaction by the continual action of water, but at what period is uncertain, as the stream that produced it has either ceased to flow, or has changed its course. The limestone strata of Derbyshire abounds with a variety of animal and vegetable remains, which time has hardened into stone; but in the tufa rocks they are often embedded in their native state: branches of trees are frequently found within them; and in some places they appear an accumulation of sticks, straws, and weeds, closely enveloped in calcareous incrustations; amongst these the natural snail-shell, not in the least altered in appearance, is often found. In one place, where the rock had been recently broken, and the trunk of a small birch tree, about six or eight inches diameter, taken out, we noticed the impression that remained, and took from it a part of the bark that was left behind, which was not at all affected in its nature by its long imprisonment. Some few years ago, the head and horns of a stag, now in the possession of a gentleman at Bakewell, were taken entire from out the tufa rocks at this place. It is not to the geologist only that this curious lime deposit is interesting: a great variety of the most beautiful plants and flowers grow upon it; it is, therefore, equally attractive to the botanist. Here the common thistle flourishes luxuriantly, and displays great beauty, the flowers being peculiarly rich in colour: wild marjoram, mountain thyme, ladies' bed-straw, and a fine variety of bright yellow stone crop — the *Sedum* of Linnæus, are also abundant on these rocks.

While rambling about this pleasant village, we were directed in our researches by one of the inhabitants, of whom we inquired for Alport rocks. After examining this singular assemblage of matter, and looking over a small collection of the minerals and fossils of Derbyshire, some of which were

rare and curious, we thanked our host and cicerone for his attentions, and the timely refreshment his hospitality had spread before us; and, bidding him adieu, we proceeded on our way to Hartle Moor. Leaving Alport, we passed a mill, romantically situated amongst rocks and trees: the water by which it was supplied was spread out into a lucid mirror, and the various objects that surrounded it lay pictured on its surface in all the vivid colouring of nature. Near the mill, the stream is precipitated over a high semicircular weir into a deep bason below, forming a cascade, somewhat artificial, but yet extremely beautiful: agitated water is never otherwise; and when, by the rapidity of its motion, it is whitened into foam, or broken into sparkling particles, it is one of the most pleasing objects that nature any where presents.

## SECTION IX.

*Stanton. — Visit there in the month of November. — Andle Stone. — Plantations on Stanton Moor. — View from the hill near Cat Stone. — Stanton Lees. — Stanton House : fine Work there by Gibbons.*

OUR walk to Hartle Moor lay through a narrow lane shadowed with trees, that at intervals admitted a glimpse of the surrounding country, and opened a pleasing view of the plantations and grounds about Stanton. The park, the house, and the village, occupy the side of a steep hill, along which the eye passes over hedge-row trees, and woody eminences, to the distant scenery in the vicinity of Chatsworth. These objects, together with the chain of broken rock, extending from Stanton Park to Bradley Tor ; and the fresh foliage rising out of the dell, that marks the course of the Lathkil, form a very imposing landscape.

Stanton was the ancient residence of the family of the Baches, by whom it was occupied for upwards of two centuries. The heiress of this family married John Thornhill, Esq. His grandson, the present proprietor of Stanton, not many years ago pulled down the old mansion, and erected an elegant modern structure in its place. Other improvements have succeeded : hundreds of acres of new plantations have been made, and a deer park has been added to the other delightful accommodations of the place. The Thornhills were originally of Thornhill in the Peak, where they possessed considerable property, so early as the reign of Edward the Third.

The scenery about Stanton House is gradually improving : the new plantations begin to assume an imposing aspect ; and, as they are spread over a large extent of hill and dale, they will shortly become a principal feature in a landscape, that even now is richly diversified and full of beauty. If that spirit for planting trees and raising woods, where before neither branch nor shrub grew, which has so eminently distin-

guished the present proprietor of Stanton, could be generally disseminated through the Peak of Derbyshire, it would soon become a scene of grandeur.

I once visited Stanton the last week in November: a severe frost had prevailed for several days; and, as I left the town of Sheffield, the effect produced by the rising sun was not less singular than beautiful. My road was through Abbey Dale. The hoar-frost lay like snow upon the ground; and every object by the road-side sparkled with innumerable icy prisms, that for a moment, as they caught the rays of the newly-risen sun, glittered like gems — then suddenly dissolved, and passed away. The woods, that cover the hills on the left, although despoiled of their “leafy honours,” presented a novel scene: the trees were every where invested with frosty particles, that hung lightly, like new-fallen snow, upon their branches, feathering every stem with great, but evanescent beauty. Passing from Abbey Dale to East Moor, a rapid change had taken place: the sun was shining brightly in a cloudless sky, and the hoar-frost, which but half an hour before covered every object, had disappeared, leaving scarcely a trace of its former presence behind.

Crossing East Moor, some fine grouse ran before me on a part of the road, which they seemed to quit reluctantly: one of them, a fine heath-cock, flew to a little eminence near the road-side, where he stretched forth his neck, and assumed a dignity of deportment, that strongly manifested his indignation at being disturbed in the midst of his own domains. The majesty and beauty of this bird can only be seen on his native mountains, and even there he is generally too shy to be nearly approached. I have often beheld the heath-cock on the Derbyshire moors, but on no other occasion have I ever seen how grand and dignified he can occasionally be. These birds are very numerous on these wastes, where they are preserved with great care, that they may furnish amusement to the sportsman, and a feast to the epicure: they feed on the bilberry and the heath, the common covering of these extensive moors.

A few miles further brought me to Baslow Bar, one of the wildest scenes in this part of Derbyshire, where the rocks are thrown together in confused masses, apparently by some terrible agitation, which has left the rent and disjointed fragments, that had been separated from the parent mass, poised and fixed in positions, that strongly indicate the instantaneous cessation of violent motion.

“ Awhile the living hill  
 “ Heav’d with convulsive throes — then all was still.”

DR. DARWIN.

Through the rude rocky vista that nature here has formed, the village of Baslow, the finely-cultivated country that surrounds it, and the woody eminences and verdant slopes of Chatsworth Park, are beheld; forming, altogether, as lovely and as rich a landscape as ever the eye reposed on with delight.

A letter, now before me, written by a lady on passing the moors of Derbyshire for the first time, strongly expresses the feeling excited by this extraordinary scene. “As I approached Baslow Bar,” she says, “the prospect, which before was sufficiently barren and desolate, became wild and savage, inspiring only emotions of terror: judge, then, what my feelings were, when I first beheld, through the narrow defile of rock before me, the woods and hills, and all the lovely grounds that environ Chatsworth House. The sudden transition from one kind of feeling to another, the wild and savage grandeur of the foreground, and the beauty of all beyond, strongly reminded me of Satan’s first peep into Paradise.”

I passed through Bakewell, and had a pleasant walk down Haddon Vale. A little below the two-mile stone, I paused by the road-side, to contemplate once more the fine old structure of Haddon Hall; and to indulge in unavailing regret, that I had not obtained a view of this interesting mansion from so favourable a situation. A small lake of water intervened between me and the building, in which the towers and turrets, and the embattled parapets of Haddon, were vividly reflected. Had the celebrated artist, to whose friendship I am indebted for his beautiful illustrations of the Peak Scenery of Derbyshire, witnessed the imposing picture that Haddon here presents, he would have mingled his regret with mine, that a rainy and cheerless day had prevented him from enriching his sketch-book with so fine a subject.

I now left the vale of Haddon, and entered into a narrow woody dell that leads to Stanton. The river Lathkil strays through its windings; and, as the busy stream bubbles and plays amongst the branches, it every where sparkles with life and beauty. Leaving the course of this sportive rivulet, where a road on the right branches off to Alport, I pursued my way to a picturesque toll-house, half covered with ivy, which is situated at the foot of Stanton Hill. At this place, I entered



the grounds belonging to the Thornhill family, and had a pleasant walk along a good carriage-road, that overlooks Hartle Brook; and, in its progress to Stanton House, opens a series of views where Cratcliff rocks, Bradley Tor, Mock Beggar Hall, and the hills about Elton and Winster, are distinguishing features. Near the entrance into the Park, I noticed on my left a stone cross, evidently of modern date, placed near the opening into a mine, to commemorate the fate of a man, who had lost his life there. A death's head is sculptured on the upper part of the cross, and the name of the sufferer, "*John Annable*," is inscribed below. There is a pleasing interest excited, and a commendable feeling manifested, in thus consecrating the spot where a fellow-creature has untimely perished.

Stanton House has been built about twenty years. The late J. Linley, Esq. of Doncaster, was the architect. It is pleasantly situated on the side of a hill, that declines towards the west, and the elevated grounds above it protect it from the inclement winds of the east: they overlook Darley Dale, and command a great variety of rich and beautiful scenery.

The day, which for the first four or five hours, promised nothing but halcyon skies and uninterrupted prospects, suddenly lost its clearness, and a cold dense atmosphere succeeded, extremely unfavourable to picturesque purposes. Accompanied, however, by one of the hospitable family of the Thornhills, I gladly availed myself of the opportunity of traversing Stanton Moor. From the front of the house, an insulated stone of immense magnitude is seen in the line of the horizon, where it is a prominent object from every point of view around it, and may be regarded as an excellent land-mark for all who wish to visit this interesting district. To this object we directed our steps through the park. On our way there, we passed in the hollow on our right an avenue of old Scotch firs: the height of the trees suggested a recollection of the pines of Norway, that strike their roots amongst the rocks, and lift their topmost branches to the clouds. Proceeding onward, we soon attained the eminence distinguished by the huge stone that had attracted my attention. In the neighbourhood it is known by the name of *Andle Stone*, though Major Rooke has given this appellation to one of far inferior dimensions, which stands on the same plain, about half a mile nearer the brow of the hill that overlooks Darley Dale. Andle Stone is a large block of unhewn sandstone grit, which appears to be inserted, but not deeply, in

the earth: its surface is but little marked with fissures or indentations; the square of its sides is from seven to eight yards, and its extreme height about eighteen feet. Several other insulated stones of a similar description occupy the same high range of ground: how they were originally placed there, and for what purposes they were designed, can now only be conjectured.

Quintus Cicero, who was with Julius Cæsar when he invaded this country, writing to his brother, Marcus Tullius Cicero, says, "The temples of the Britons are raised in the depths of the woods, and constructed in a circular form, with obelisks of stone, over which are imposts, all of huge dimensions, untouched by the chisel. One of these I saw while it was erecting by the rude unskillful hands of the natives, as a peace-offering to their *Grianus*, or Apollo, to mediate the good offices of Cæsar.

"The huge stones of which it was composed lay scattered by the hand of nature on the plain; these (with myriads of the votaries of the god to afford their labour) the high priest, who directed the operations, caused to be rolled up on inclined planes of solid earth, which had been formed by the excavation of trenches, until they had attained a height equal to their own altitude; then pits being dug, they were launched from the terrace, and sunk so as to stand perpendicularly, at due and equal distances in the circle, and over these were placed others horizontally. After having completed one circle, they form another that is concentric, at some distance, and towards the extremity of the area of the inner circle they place a huge stone for the performance of religious rites.

"When the sun enters into Cancer is the great festival of the god; and on all high mountains and eminences of the country they light fires at the approach of that day, and make their wives, their children, and their cattle, to pass through the fire, in honour of the Deity. Deep and profound is the silence of the multitude during this ceremony, until the appearance of the sun above the horizon — when, with loud and continued exclamations, and songs of joy, they hail the utmost exaltation of that luminary, as the supreme triumph of the god of their adoration."

This account has a more particular reference to the formation of those circles of stones which are generally regarded as druidical, than to the insulated monuments that are found on Stanton Moor: yet that the same mode of rolling these vast

masses up inclined planes of solid earth, for the purpose of placing them in a perpendicular position, must have been resorted to, seems highly probable. They are striking indications of what the skill and labour of an ingenious people could accomplish, who were unacquainted with mechanical powers.

As we traversed the extensive plantations on Stanton Moor, we passed the upright stone which Major Rooke has mentioned by the name of Andle Stone; and, a little further on, we came to a barrow, that had been recently opened, when an unbaked urn, containing human bones, was found within it.

The whole of this eminence is covered with plantations of fir, larch, oak, and Spanish chesnut. A few years ago it was only a heathy moor; and it now strongly exemplifies to what useful purposes even a barren waste may be applied. From the year 1808 to the present time, a considerable number of labourers have been employed by the worthy proprietor of Stanton, from early in autumn to late in the spring of the year, in progressively covering the wild wastes around his mansion with extensive plantations, which will one day richly remunerate him for the expense he has incurred in his truly patriotic speculation. Upwards of six hundred acres of wood, planted by his own exertions, will wave its branches round his mansion, and give a sylvan character to the park and grounds of Stanton.

We followed the direction of a narrow path tangled with heath, until we came to the extreme verge of Stanton Moor, where another massive Druidical monument stands, called *Cat Stone*. The station we now occupied commands a wide horizon, within whose ample sweep high moorland wastes, woody eminences, beautiful vallies studded with cottages and hamlets, and the devious windings of the river Derwent, are included. Though the whole view here presented is of a magnificent description, yet there is a character of loveliness in the detail and parts of which it is composed, that is more powerfully interesting, and excites more pleasing associations than mere magnificence, when unaccompanied with the more fascinating graces of landscape, can possibly produce. Stanton Lees, a little village, composed of neat but humble cottages, thrown as it were promiscuously amongst orchards and flower-gardens, is a delightful feature in the scene. Tranquilly reposing in a sweet vale, at the foot of an almost perpendicular eminence, that rises several hundred feet above it,

it looks like a village in Switzerland, smiling in beauty amidst the deep recess of sequestering mountains, that stand like sentinels to guard the paradise within. A walk round Stanton Moor exhibits a greater variety of fine scenery than can be found in the same space in any other part of Derbyshire.

In Stanton House there are several good pictures ; particularly a Virgin and Child, by Carlo Cignani ; a Tennyers ; and an interior of the Church at Munich : in the latter, the architectural perspective, and the disposition of the light, are managed with great felicity ; but the principal merit of the picture is the minute accuracy and high finish by which the figures, and all the smaller objects, are distinguished. It is a striking instance of great labour employed to but little advantage. It was painted by Morganstern, a Flemish artist, and it is said to have cost him his eyesight. In the hall there is an excellent specimen of the talent of De Bruyn, the artist who painted the staircase at Worksop Manor : the figures represent sculpture in bas relief, and they are admirably executed. The painter himself is said to have regarded this picture as his finest production, and he left it as a legacy to his son, a respectable apothecary, who resided in North-Audley-Street, London ; from whose widow it was lately purchased, and brought to Stanton. But the finest work of art in this place is a frame to a looking-glass, by the celebrated GIBBONS, which was executed for Louis the Fourteenth of France, whose medallion, supported by two boys, is placed at the top of the frame, and whose arms adorn the central compartment at the bottom : the remainder of the carving consists of birds, and a profusion of fruit and flowers in the greatest luxuriance, tastefully composed and finished in Gibbons' best style. This is one of the few *bijoux* saved in the Revolution ; and, when we consider the exquisite delicacy of the workmanship, it seems extraordinary that it should have been preserved uninjured even in its finest parts.

## SECTION X.

*Druidical Circle on Hartle Moor. — Snake Stones. — Mock Beggar Hall. — Cratcliff Tor. — Winster. — Birchover. — Rowtor Rocks. — View from the Road near Birchover.*

ON Hartle Moor, and within a few hundred paces of Mock Beggar Hall, we stopped at the remains of a Druidical Circle, which Major Rooke and Mr. Bray have previously noticed; the latter of whom mentions it as an object he had not seen. This Circle is about forty yards in circumference, and it is composed of seven large stones, that appear to have been originally from ten to twelve feet high; three of them only are now standing, and one has been separated from its associates by the intervention of a rude stone wall. This Druidical temple is about a mile and a half from Stanton Moor, where a similar circle, consisting of nine upright stones, denominated the *Nine Ladies*, may still be seen: near this remain several barrows have been opened, when a number of "glass beads, with orifices not larger than the tip of a tobacco-pipe," were found within them. Many of these beads have been occasionally met with in different parts of Derbyshire: their colours are various; some of them are transparent, others are an opaque purple; and they are understood to have been used by the Druids as amulets, or worn by them as a badge of distinction.

In some parts of the kingdom these beads are called *Snake Stones*, and Camden tells us, that there is a curious superstition relative to their formation still existing, both in Wales and Cornwall: he says, "It is there the common opinion of the vulgar, that about Midsummer Eve (though in the time they do not all agree) it is usual for snakes to meet in companies, and that, by joining heads together, and hissing, a kind of bubble is formed like a ring about the head of one of them, which the rest, by continual hissing, blow on until it comes off at the tail, and then it immediately hardens, and resembles a glass

ring, which whoever finds (as some old women and children are persuaded) shall prosper in all his undertakings. The rings thus generated are called *Gleinen Nadroedh*; in English, SNAKE STONES." Camden, vol. ii. p. 64.

An unfrequented path of another quarter of a mile led us to the base of Mock Beggar Hall, a curious assemblage of sand-stone rocks thrown confusedly together, yet so arranged as to form at a distance a strong resemblance to a regular building, with a huge chimney at each extremity; hence the name which this mass of rocks has obtained: the stony towers at each end are called *Robin Hood's Stride*.

On the same range of hill, a little on our left, lay Cratcliff Tor, a gloomy perpendicular rock of considerable altitude; and, when seen from some situations in the valley below, as picturesque an object as ever adorned the foreground of a landscape. Major Rooke mentions having seen four rock basons on the top of this tor, but, owing either to a neglect of our memorandums, or a misconception of our instructions, we did not observe them; from the same cause we omitted visiting the Hermit's Cave at the foot of Cratcliff. At the east end of a cavern in this rock, the devotee, by whom it is said to have been inhabited, has rudely sculptured in bas relief the figure of our Saviour on the Cross, a great part of which is now remaining. A humble seat and a niche, that might contain some domestic utensils, are hewn out of the rock; and it seems highly probable, that some melancholy man once made this solitary and cheerless cave his dwelling; but at what period, and by whom it was inhabited, even the beldame tradition is silent.

From Cratcliff we crossed the Ashbourn Road to Rowtor Rocks, an assemblage of huge blocks of gritstone, tumbled confusedly together by the hand of nature in one mighty pile. These singular rocks are situated on the southern side of Stanton Moor, and close by the village of Birchover. At a short distance, they appear only a heap of stones; when at their base, they are terrific masses, that seem not to be permanently fixed in their positions, but so slightly connected with each other, and so apparently in the act of falling, as to create an apprehension that they may yet descend with one tremendous crash into the vale below. Some of these blocks lie horizontally, some are perpendicular, and others are placed in every possible degree of obliquity. The intricacies amongst them may be threaded with a little toil and difficulty, but

scarcely without dread; for it is not easy to suppose, that any thing put so carelessly together can be very secure.

Some writers have supposed that these immense stones have been piled up by human exertion, a supposition extremely improbable, and not all supported by appearances. The different remains about Stanton Moor, the Circle in Nine Stones Close, and Arber-Low, and the turrets on the two extremities of Grained Tor, are all evidences that this part of Derbyshire was once the resort of the Druids; and if they ever used this gloomy pile at Birchover as a place of worship and of sacrifice, which they are represented to have done, they may probably have added a few blocks to the mass which nature had prepared for their purpose, and thereby increased the altitude of Rowter; but that the whole structure is the contrivance and the work of man is too incredible to be believed. The rocking stones at this place, which Pilkington mentions as being so nicely poised that a child might easily give them a vibratory motion, are now immoveable.

As we passed along the road that leads from Birchover into the valley, near Hartle Brook, we paused awhile to gaze upon the extraordinary group of rocks that is here included in one little picture. Rowter was on our right; Bradley Tor, another dark mass of rocks, was on our left; Cratcliff rocks, Mock Beggar's Hall, and Durwood Tor, lay in mid distance in the space between: beyond these, we had a glimpse of some distant hills, apparently as unsubstantial and as shadowy as the clouds of which they seemed to form a part. Evening was fast approaching; a softened radiance crested the eminences before us, and the tops of the trees that grow at the base, and about the summit of Cratcliff, glowed with some vivid touches of light. The foreground where we stood, and the valley below, were in deep shadow, but the rocks above were gleaming with the bright effulgence of the setting sun.

Winster, a small market-town, about a mile from Cratcliff Tor, was our next resting-place. This little town runs along the side of a steep eminence; and from a mass of disjointed rocks in the pastures above, we had a complete bird's-eye view into it. The buildings, partly thatched and partly covered with slate-stone, are scattered irregularly over the hill; and as we looked down upon the town, the orchards and gardens, filled with fruit and flowers, and the roofs of the houses, thickly bestrewn with moss and tufts of

bright yellow stone-crop, were spread at our feet like figures on a carpet. From any other situation, Winster appears an uninteresting assemblage of limestone cottages. From Bank Pastures Tor we had an extensive view over a great part of the Peak district: almost every place, as I traced it out in distance, revived a series of pleasing recollections; and the mind, with a wonderful rapidity, and a clearness and distinctness of perception hardly to be accounted for, moved over the scene. The country was spread like a map before me; the hills, the vallies, the mountains, and the moors, that I so frequently had traversed, were all included within the ample landscape; and, as my eye wandered over its surface, I felt a peculiar pleasure in recognising the tract of my former excursions.

Winster is but a small town, and its present appearance indicates declining prosperity. It is chiefly inhabited by miners, who, for a series of years, have been pursuing an unthrifty calling, with but little prospect of improvement. It had once a good weekly market, and an annual fair; both of which seem to be progressively passing from neglect into total disuse.

A little more than thirty years ago a singular occurrence took place here. A punchinello was exhibiting his tricks in the lower apartments of a house where gunpowder was kept for the use of the miners in the rooms above; some particles took fire, and instantaneously communicated with the remainder of a barrel of powder, which had been left carelessly open; a terrible explosion ensued, and the whole of the upper rooms, and the roof of the house, were blown to atoms, and scattered about in every direction, while the people below, in number about sixty or seventy, remained unhurt.

Whilst at Winster, we visited the church, a small structure, which appeared to us not of sufficient capacity for the place and the neighbourhood around. The church-yard too is a contracted spot, and the graves seem crowded together in a manner very unusual in a small country town: two sides of it are bounded with a plantation of spreading limes, and several fine yews grow near them: this funereal tree is the cypress of the Peak of Derbyshire; there is scarcely a burial-place in any part of it that is not shadowed with its branches, and in many places the trees are so truly venerable and full of years, that they appear coeval with the church itself.

The majority of the people in the northern divisions of



Derbyshire are strongly attached to musical pursuits : every village where a church is found has a band of choristers ; and where a lone cottage is situated, even in the wildest parts of the Peak, some of its inmates, and often the whole family, cultivate a taste for this delightful science ; and often, in the practice of it, wile away the otherwise tedious hours of a long winter's night. Nor are the inhabitants of the town of Winster less influenced by the harmony of sweet sounds ; they have a choir of singers, a band of instrumental performers, and an organ in the church, which they obtained by the relinquishment of as benevolent an offer as any individual ever made to the place of his birth.

Winster is part of a great mineral district ; and the number of mines sunk and excavated in and near the place, had drained the springs, and left the inhabitants without water for domestic purposes. Their only supply of this necessary article of life was from a well nearly one mile distant from the town. Water was therefore a desideratum with the good people of Winster ; and an organ for the church, — the attainment of which they had long had in contemplation, was another. Thus situated, a gentleman in the neighbourhood involved them in considerable perplexity, by proposing either to conduct the water in pipes from the well into the town at his own expence ; or, in lieu thereof, if they preferred it, to make them a present of an organ. Water was certainly a great good, and a plenteous supply of it much to be desired : in their estimation music was not less so. They knew the inconvenience of trudging a mile up-hill in all weathers to procure water, and they were anxious for a remedy ; they longed, too, to hear the breathings of the organ within the walls of their church : how, therefore, were they to decide ? It is highly probable that they hesitated and balanced long before they determined ; at length, however, they made the important choice, “ and music won the cause.” Perhaps it would be difficult to find a more decided proof of either a *musical taste*, or a *musical mania*, than this brief anecdote affords.

During our short stay at Winster we made a short excursion to the vicinity of Grange Mill, where we had been informed we should have an opportunity of exploring the supposed crater of an extinct volcano. At the place pointed out to us, the upper strata appear to have been rent asunder by a strong power from beneath. This reputed crater is an irregularly-formed oval of nearly two miles in circumference : the

declination of the strata is from one common centre, and the confusion into which they are thrown favours the idea that has been suggested. Within the hollow of this capacious limestone bason lies an immense mound of toadstone, which is full of bladder holes, and has the appearance of the scoria of metals. Whitehurst says, it is indisputably lava; and certainly in colour, composition, and character, it strongly resembles a product of fire.

From the examination of the form and structure of the hills in the vicinity of Grange Mill we returned to Winster, and from thence along a good carriage-road we proceeded to Wenesley, a small village about a mile from Darley Bridge. Leaving Winster, some beautiful scenery lay on our left, amongst some deep dells, the sides and summits of which were finely wooded. Through the openings between they admitted a pleasing view of some of the most picturesque parts of Darley Dale. Nearer Wenesley, a valley on our right presented a landscape of a different character. At the foot of a steep declivity, some detached masses of upright rock are scattered amongst the trees, and a passage, in a semi-circular direction, runs between them and the craggy hill from which they appear to have been rent: ivy creeps along their sides, and some light and elegant foliage plays on their summits. Rocky fragments, partly covered with moss, and half hid amongst tufts of grass and tangling briars, compose the foreground of the romantic picture here presented.

At the distance of about a mile from Wenesley is Darley Bridge, a village very pleasantly situated on the banks of the Derwent. The bridge, which gives name to the village, is a good plain stone structure of four arches; and the views it commands, both up and down the river, are richly diversified with beautiful scenery. Looking up the dale, the tower of Darley church rises gracefully from amongst the surrounding foliage; and the hills on the left are in some places covered with wood; in others, their steep acclivities are cultivated, and their summits are crested with broken rock, every where liberally interspersed with heath and intervening verdure. Such are the materials that compose the scenery of Darley Dale.

Having passed the bridge over the Derwent, instead of taking the nearest road to Matlock, we crossed some fields by the side of the river to Darley church, about half a mile higher up the dale. The church, as I have before intimated, is embosomed in trees: on the right, in mid distance, a rocky

eminence, covered with pine, is a good feature in the landscape; and the distance is composed of well-wooded hills, that mark the course of the river, and display a pleasing variety of outline.

In Darley church-yard we stopped to contemplate the huge dimensions and wide-extended branches of a magnificent yew-tree. The epithet is by no means extravagant, for a nobler object can hardly be met with than this venerable tree. Though many a rude and pitiless storm has howled through the branches for nearly six hundred years, its leafy honours yet remain in health and vigour. The trunk, for about four yards from the ground, measures upwards of thirty-four feet; it then assumes the appearance of two separate trees, which rise perpendicularly from the parent trunk, and throw out their ramifications over an area of between seventy and eighty yards in circumference. Some of its extreme branches have been lately cut away, but it is yet a noble object.\*

We found nothing in the church of sufficient interest to detain us long in so chilling a place; but, returning through the porch, we observed a rudely-sculptured stone with a figure upon it, representing something like an ornamented battle-axe.

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\* Since the above was written, this fine yew tree has been despoiled of some of its larger branches.

## SECTION XI.

*Approach to Matlock. — Visit to Lums-Dale. — Lime-Tree Lane. — Entrance into Matlock Dale. — Approach to Matlock Bath. — General Character of the Scenery of the Dale. — Walk to Stonnis; — View from thence. — Evening Scene from Masson. — Morning in Matlock Dale. — Heights of Abraham. — Museum. — Inns and Lodging Houses.*

WE were now nearly three miles from Matlock Bridge, and as the sun declined, we had a pleasant walk down Darley Dale. The shadows gradually became broader, and the scenery improved, as evening advanced. In our way to Matlock, we passed on our right the shaft of a lead mine, which was discovered a few years ago, when the new road to Bakewell was made. This mine has been the subject of much litigation, and it is highly probable that more money has been expended upon it than the concern will produce for many years. On examining the ore, I found it accompanied with more than an usual quantity of martial pyrites, many beautiful specimens of which may be found in the fences by the road-side. Remark- ing to one of the workmen that pyrites appeared to be very abundant in this mine, he very earnestly wished it was less so; for, added he, "if the lead ore do not eat out the pyrites, the pyrites will soon eat out the lead ore." The miner's mode of expression brought forcibly to my recollection a remark that I had many years before heard made in a sermon on the utility of prayer, by the celebrated Rowland Hill, when preaching in a theatre on a stage publicly devoted to profane purposes. — "If," said the reverend preacher, "praying do not make you give over sinning, sinning will soon make you give over praying."

Though we had not much leisure for botanizing during our evening walk, yet the luxuriant growth of the plants and flowers amongst the rocks on the left of the road attracted our attention. The mallow, the wild marjoram, the yarrow, and particularly the meadow geranium, were more beautiful

here than I recollect to have seen them in any other situation ; and our steps were delayed in gathering them, until the sun, sinking behind the huge hill of Masson, left the whole valley in shade, while Riber Top alone was suffused with splendour. As we approached Matlock Bridge, a view replete with beauty lay before us. The river, the bridge, the rocky scenery behind, the tower of the church rising gracefully over the trees, and the rugged bank on our left, formed an assemblage of objects strikingly picturesque.

We were now within a mile and a half of Matlock Bath, a place which has been long and deservedly celebrated for the beauty of its scenery, and the salutary influence of its waters ; but as it was our intention to explore the vicinity of the village before we passed through the dale, we took up our lodgings at an inn near the bridge, and spent the remaining part of the evening in recalling to recollection the incidents of the day.

The following morning we rambled through the village, and along the road leading to Alfreton and Mansfield, leaving Riber on our right. About a mile from Matlock, a romantic glen on our left attracted our notice, and a rapid descent led us into its deepest recesses : it is covered with wood, and watered by a brilliant stream, that, leaping from one rocky fragment to another, plays and sparkles amongst the closely-interwoven branches of the trees that overshadow its descent. From this glen we soon emerged ; and, passing the corner of a mill at its upper extremity, we came suddenly upon a natural cascade, to which Bray has given a particular direction in his "Sketch of a Tour into Derbyshire;" and he describes the scene here presented as "fit for the pencil of a Salvator Rosa." When he beheld it, it had a wilder and more savage character than it now possesses : no artificial object was then obtruded on the eye, excepting the old mill at the top of the rock, and even that was in a state of ruin, which happily harmonized with every thing around it. The wild scene with which Bray was so enamoured, is now an uninteresting combination of rocks and houses, mills, wheels, and waterfalls. Fern, fox-glove, heath, and a little underwood, cover the lower part of the right bank of this singular dell. The fall of water includes the whole of the little river Lums ; and when it is swollen with rain, the river rushes over the top of the rock through a narrow cleft in a contracted stream : interrupted in its fall by craggy projections, it is dashed into

foam, and fills the midway air with a shower of watery particles; through these the rays of a bright sun sometimes play beautifully, throwing a transparent bow of many colours on the adjacent rocks. The water falls about eighty feet. The river Lums, however, is in general but a penurious stream, which is dammed up a little above the cascade, and let out sparingly for the use of the mills; hence it is but rarely a good subject for the pencil. At the mills near there is a manufacture of oxygenated muriatic acid, where from three to four tons of linen yarn are bleached weekly.

From this place we returned through some fields to Matlock Bank, where we observed a venerable lime-tree, that gives a name to the place where it stands. The trunk of the tree is decayed within, but the branches, which are healthy and vigorous, ramify to a great distance, and cover an area of considerable extent. This old tree appears to be renovating in every part, and flourishing with new life. In some writings now in existence, which are six hundred years old, and in possession of a gentleman who resides at Doncaster, this tree is particularly mentioned and its site pointed out.

From Matlock Bank many pleasing views are presented, in which the church, most romantically situated amongst groups of trees on the verge of a rock, is a beautiful feature. The undulation of the limestone strata from Church Rock to Pig Tor, at the entrance into Matlock Dale, is extremely curious, and highly worthy the observation of geologists.

Having crossed the Derwent at Matlock Bridge, we entered the dale that leads to the baths. Near the Boat House, the first grand burst of the fine scenery of Matlock Dale is presented. A morning light is peculiarly favourable to this view. I once saw it about half an hour after sunrise, and the impression it then made is still fresh in my recollection. The rich foliage that crests the high crags on the left of the Derwent, leads the eye into a beautiful meadow; beyond, the line of rock gradually ascends from a comparatively low elevation to the topmost peak of the High Tor. This stupendous cliff was lighted up with the bright sunny gleams of an autumnal morning, to which the mass of wood, and the deep silent stream that lay enveloped in dark shadow in the dale below, formed an imposing contrast. Nearer us, a ray of light crept through the branches of the trees, and, playing amongst a group of cattle on the left margin of the river, gave a brilliant effect to the foreground. On the right, high above the Tor,

towered the sublime hill of Masson ; the shadow of the Tor was spread over its base, and the slant rays of the morning sun illuminated its ample breast ; whilst, far above, the dense clouds of night hung upon its summit, where the very heavens seemed to rest. A picture of greater grandeur is but rarely seen in Matlock Dale.

Winding along the valley round the base of the High Tor, and turning a rocky projection on the right, the inns about Matlock Baths, the museum, and the lodging-houses, burst instantaneously upon the sight. A more extraordinary, and, to a stranger, a more unexpected and fascinating scene, but seldom occurs. At the time we beheld it, it was a vision of enchantment — a prospect into the fairy regions of romance — where all that can delight the mind and excite admiration, seemed to be assembled together. The stream, as it slowly swept round the wooded hill in the front of the museum, sparkled with the vivid reflections of the white houses and the lofty trees that here adorn its banks : carriages rolling along the road, and well-dressed ladies and gentlemen perambulating the dale in various groups, gave animation to this extraordinary scene. We paused instinctively before we proceeded onward, as if we feared to dissolve the charm, by obtruding ourselves upon it. The unexpected novelty of the scene produced sensations of delight ; but the hotels, and all the elegant accommodations of Matlock Bath, were soon lost in the contemplation of the hills, rocks, and woods, with which they are surrounded. The objects that at first had both surprised and pleased us now seemed strangely out of place, and we imagined that this romantic dale would have produced a grander and a more imposing effect in a wild and savage state, than thus studded with gardens, lodging-houses, and hotels.

Matlock Dale, from the northern extremity to Scarthing Rock, where it may be said to terminate, is about two miles ; and perhaps a greater portion of magnificent scenery can hardly any where be found in the same space. The High Tor is a grand object from whatever point of view it is beheld ; and the Derwent, as it flows round its base, is a busy sparkling stream, and its banks are every where fringed with trees of the most luxuriant growth. A foot-path, carried along the margin of the river, from Scarthing Rock to Matlock Bridge, would form one of the most delightful walks in the kingdom. At present there is only a carriage-road, which in wet weather is intolerable for foot passengers, and in a dry summer un-

comfortably dusty. A gravel-walk of very limited dimensions in the front of the principal inns, and about one hundred yards before the museum, are the only accommodations for pedestrian parties at Matlock Bath, unless they are disposed to ascend the heights of Abraham, and here they are soon interrupted by a demand for sixpence each person, a tax which must be submitted to every time the walk is taken, or all farther progress is forbidden. Every bit of ground here seems convertible into money; there is no moving, even on foot in some directions, without an impost. The walk to the heights of Abraham, and to the romantic rocks, are alike objects of taxation; and the imposition is only to be avoided by declining the gratification these places may afford. The heights of Masson may be otherwise attained, and the romantic rocks, as they are called, are scarcely worth a visit. In St. James's or Hyde Park they might be attractive, perhaps wonderful; but in Matlock Dale they really are objects too trifling to claim attention; yet strangers forsooth must be taxed in their purse before they can visit them. There is something extremely ludicrous in the idea of locking up rocks, barring them from public observation with a paling of six feet high, and exhibiting them for "*sixpence a-piece*," like a showman at a fair, as objects of wonder and astonishment. This is almost as inane a contrivance as putting a man into a quart bottle. After this one would not be much surprised if the good folks at Matlock Bath were to place a door in some part of the dale to admit people to see the High Tor, and this they probably would not hesitate to do, if they could profit by it.

No part of Matlock Dale is equal in grandeur to the High Tor, yet it every where abounds in picturesque beauty. The wood-crowned eminence in front of the museum parade is a fine object, and the view from thence down the river includes one of the best pictures in the dale; the parts are few and well combined. Nearly opposite Saxton's Hotel, a broken rock, fringed with light foliage, rises majestically out of a group of trees that adorns its base: its topmost pinnacle is denominated Wild Cat Tor, and from its craggy summit a noble landscape is displayed. Proceeding onwards towards Willersley Castle, the residence of R. Arkwright, Esq. a cotton-mill obtrudes upon the scene. — What has such an object to do in such a place? — Its presence here, amidst some of the finest scenery of nature, is only calculated to disturb that delightful



frame of mind which a contemplation of *her* works is admirably fitted to produce.

The river Derwent, as it passes through Matlock Dale, has considerable variety of character. In some places, the usual rapidity of its motion is interrupted by artificial mounds, and it appears a sluggish stream; in others, it rushes impetuously amongst huge stones and rocky fragments, where it leaps and foams, and sparkles with life and beauty. In another place, the weir near the cotton-mill might be a pleasing object; but in a scene like Matlock Dale, where every artificial interference is offensive, it is incongruous and out of place. Below the weir, the river, no longer pent up and restrained, resumes its natural character, and, apparently exulting in its emancipation, rushes rapidly along its rocky channel in the front of Willersley House, where it is an object of great beauty.

We left Matlock Dale by a narrow defile cut through Scarthing Rock, nearly opposite Willersley House, and continued our route along the Wirksworth road to Cromford Moor, without even casting one "lingering look behind." About a mile from Scarthing Rock, a sharp turn on the left led us over a hill covered with lead mines to a high sand-stone rock, called "Stonnis," or, more properly, "Stone House," to the summit of which we clambered for the purpose of obtaining a view of the surrounding country from an eminence not less elevated than the topmost peak of Masson. How cold and feeble is the language of description — how incompetent to embody the conceptions, and express the feelings of highly-excited admiration! I stood on the top of Stonnis — masses of rock lay scattered at my feet — a grove of pines waved their dark branches over my head — far below, embosomed in an amphitheatre of hills, one of the finest landscapes that nature any where presents was spread before me. The habitations of men, some near and others far apart, were scattered over the scene; but, in the contemplation of the woods and rocks of Matlock Dale, the windings of the Derwent, the pine-crowned heights of Abraham, and the proud hill of Masson, they were all forgotten: the structures man had reared seemed as nothing amidst the beauty and grandeur of the works of God.

I have scaled the highest eminences in the mountainous districts of Derbyshire, seen from their summits the sweet dales that repose in tranquil beauty at their base, marked the multitude of hills included within the wide horizon they

command, and my heart has thrilled with pleasure at the sight; but not an eminence that I ever before ascended, not a prospect, however rich and varied, which I thence descried, was at all comparable with the view from Stonnis. In that species of beauty, which, in landscape scenery, approaches to grandeur, it is unequalled in Derbyshire. The parts of which it is composed are of the first order of fine things, and they are combined with a felicity that but rarely occurs in nature. Scarthing Rock, the woods of Willersley Castle, Matlock High Tor, the hills of Masson, Crich, and Riber, are all noble objects; and the rude masses that constitute the foreground of the picture are thrown together, and grouped and coloured in a manner strikingly picturesque. When I beheld the scene from Stonnis, a fine breeze drove the clouds rapidly athwart the sky, and the flitting gleams of light were instantaneously succeeded by deep shadows, that illumined in succession the various parts of the landscape, and imparted to it an interest that was powerfully felt. Sometimes the passing clouds covered the whole range of prospect with one unvaried tone of still and sober colouring—suddenly a bright ray of sunshine intervened, and for a moment the spot where it fell appeared a paradise of light amidst surrounding gloom. An hour at Stonnis, on such a day, impresses the mind with a series of beautiful images, that in after life are often recurred to and recollected with delight.

The sky had been cloudy nearly the whole of the day, but as evening approached, the western horizon became clear and glowing; we therefore returned to Matlock Bath, and ascended the heights of Abraham to the top of Masson, for the purpose of enjoying the prospect of a splendid sunset from that commanding eminence. The extensive landscape beheld from this elevated situation is full of beauty; stupendous hills and open vallies, covered with wood and richly-cultivated meadows, fill up the whole range of an almost boundless horizon; the loftiest eminences gleamed with the rays of the setting-sun, and where they decline towards the east, they were covered with a broad mass of shadow, over which floated a transparent atmosphere of soft and beautiful light. Crich church, and the tower on the cliff, are pleasing features in the scene: on the right of Crich, the country retires into a far-off distance, until the remotest objects fade into the sky.

We had ascended the heights of Abraham by a zigzag walk.

along the face of the hill; we therefore reached the top of Masson with comparatively but little fatigue. We returned by a different route, down the very face of the mountain, along a narrow path, much more toilsome than our ascent. Day was now fast departing, and a lovely twilight spread a delicious charm over Matlock Dale; every object gradually became darker and more indistinct, with the exception of the river, which brightened as the night advanced. —

“ I love thee, twilight — as thy shadows roll  
The calm of evening steals upon the soul,  
Sublimely tender — solemnly serene —  
Still as the hour — enchanting as the scene. —  
Twilight! I love thee — let thy glooms increase,  
Till every feeling, every pulse is peace.”

MONTGOMERY. — *World before the Flood.*

We ended a long day's perambulation at Varley's Hotel; but so completely was my mind occupied with the scenery around me, that I walked very deliberately into the front room of an adjoining house, and rudely disturbed an evening party, who were pleasantly indulging themselves with a game at backgammon. I was evidently an intruder: the master of the house leaned back in his chair, and, with a Stentorian voice that waked me from my reverie, bawled out, “ This is not an inn, sir.” I certainly did not think that my offence merited so rough a salutation; I, however, very awkwardly I apprehend, stammered out something like an apology, and hastily withdrew from the sanctum sanctorum, which I had profaned with my presence.

The comforts of a good inn can only be duly appreciated by those who, like myself and my companions, have been rambling for days together amongst moorland wilds and rocky glens, subject to those privations consequent on such excursions. The sage Dr. Johnson sometimes observed, that a tavern chair was the throne of human felicity. We were not exactly of the doctor's opinion; yet we had no reason to regret that we had made Varley's Hotel our home during our short stay at Matlock Bath.

The following morning, though we did not rise so early either as the sun or the lark, yet we were up some hours before breakfast, anxious to witness a morning scene in Matlock Dale. A shower of rain had fallen in the night, and made the air delicious; as we tasted its freshness, our spirits became more

buoyant and elastic, and we scarcely felt the ground on which we trod. The sun had risen with unusual splendour — the eastern sky was filled with his brightness — and, though the shadows of night covered the whole of Matlock Dale, we saw the rocks and hills above us gleaming with his glory; and so transparent were the thin white clouds that hung upon the top of Masson, that they appeared like wreaths of less obtrusive light. Opposite the museum parade the scene was singularly beautiful: the rays of the sun, glancing through the branches of the trees on the summit of the rock, threw a thousand lines of light over the thick wood with which the hill is invested; the rain-drops hung upon the leaves, undisturbed by the agitations of the breeze, and, as the rays of the sun played upon them, they seemed a closely-inwoven tissue of transparent gems. Melody and beauty filled the dale; the lark was in the heavens greeting the morning with a song; the swallows twittered round their nests, built under the projecting eaves of the houses; and a whole tribe of feathered choristers made the woods and groves vocal with their music: every thing that had life felt the influence of so sweet a morning, and all around us was joy and ecstasy.

We again scaled the heights of Abraham, until we had reached the alcove amongst the trees, about half way up the hill. This lofty eminence presents a rich variety of prospect: the Derwent, fringed with foliage, and overhung with rock, winds gracefully through the deep dale below; and in the pastures that crown Matlock High Tor, we beheld the cattle grazing far beneath us.

I had once the gratification, in company with my friend Montgomery, the author of the *Wanderer of Switzerland*, and the *West Indies*, &c., to contemplate this imposing picture under circumstances peculiarly favourable. The sky, which had previously been clear and bright, became partially clouded; a heavy shower of rain ensued, succeeded by a gentle sprinkling that fell with almost snowy softness, and formed a veil exquisitely fine, through which the different features of the scene became more soft and tender; all harmonized in form and colour by the thin medium through which they were beheld. A hazy atmosphere has often a fine effect, particularly when a portion of the sky retains its clearness; and I never before, not even on the brightest day, saw Matlock to equal advantage. The outlines of the hills, and the form of the woods and rocks, were sufficiently defined; and enveloped, as

they were, in a transparent mistiness, their dimensions appeared extended in every part, and they seemed to occupy a greater space in creation than was actually allotted them. On this occasion, Montgomery wrote with his pencil on the walls of the alcove the following impromptu. The last couplet, with some slight alteration, he afterwards transplanted into his "*West Indies*."

" Here, in wild pomp, magnificently bleak,  
Stupendous Matlock towers amid the Peak;  
Here rocks on rocks, on forests forests rise,  
Spurn the low earth, and mingle with the skies.  
Great Nature, slumb'ring by fair Derwent's stream,  
Conceived these giant-mountains in a dream."

On our descent from the alcove, we passed by the entrance into Rutland Cavern, a spacious vault in the interior of the mountains, which is filled with a variety of crystallizations, intermixed with spars, and ores of lead, copper, and zinc. Several other caverns of a similar description, and equally worthy the attention of the curious, occur in the limestone rocks of Matlock Bath.

After returning to our hotel, we visited the warm baths lately established here: they are tolerably commodious, but entirely devoid of every thing approaching to elegance; they occupy a delightful situation at the foot of Masson, and are sufficiently elevated above the carriage-road, which passes near them, to command a pleasing view of the dale, both in the direction of the High Tor and down the river.

We afterwards played a game at billiards at the room near the hotel, and then, to finish our morning's lounge, strolled into the museum, the most elegant establishment at Matlock Bath: indeed, it is hardly possible at any place of fashionable resort to meet with a more entertaining and instructive assemblage of objects than are here collected together. It is a spacious, well-lighted room, and contains an excellent collection of minerals, fossils, precious stones, shells, and birds, which are tastefully arranged, and under the direction and superintendence of a skilful and intelligent man. The urns in this collection, made of the amethystine fluor of Derbyshire, present a variety of the best specimens of this beautiful material. Here are likewise many urns, vases, and figures, in statuary marble, from Italy, exquisitely sculptured. Amongst the fossils we noticed some very fine specimens, from Ashover,

of martial pyrites, imbedded in pellucid fluor. The golden-threaded fluor of Crich is another beautiful variety, and it is here manufactured into different articles. Mr. Mawe, who is well known from his elementary works on mineralogy, and his travels in the Brazils, is the proprietor of this museum, and it is highly creditable both to his scientific knowledge and his taste. It is at all times open to the gratuitous admission of strangers, a circumstance which evinces the truly liberal spirit of its worthy proprietor.

Besides the hotel where we had taken up our residence, there are two other excellent inns at Matlock Bath. The principal one is denominated the *Old Bath*, and it is a spacious building, capable of affording accommodations to nearly one hundred visitors. At this inn there is an excellent assembly-room, lighted with elegant glass chandeliers; and a hot and a cold bath are included within the establishment. The next inn in point of consequence is Saxton's Hotel, a commodious house pleasantly situated on a rising ground, nearly opposite to Wild Cat Tor. The site it occupies is an immense bed of tufa, in which various kinds of vegetable remains are found in a natural state. About eighteen years ago, when the workmen were digging the foundation for the stables, they found the entire skeleton of a moose deer, an animal now unknown in this country: the horns and head are in the British Museum. In addition to the inns, there are many comfortable lodging-houses, the principal of which is kept by a Mrs. Evans, and known by the name of the Temple. This excellent house stands in a retired situation on the side of the lower part of Masson, and is certainly one of the most delightful residences in the place. It is connected with the Old Bath by a spacious terrace carried along the side of the hill, which forms a most delightful promenade. Two or three billiard tables, a circulating library, and a number of spar and petrification shops, constitute the other accommodations of Matlock Bath.

## SECTION XII.

*Willersley House.—The late Sir Richard Arkwright.—Mouse Hole Mine.—Side Mine—Riber Top.—Moonlight in Matlock Dale.—Winter Excursion to Matlock.—Canova's Statue of the Mother of Buonaparte,—His bust of Laura.—Snow Scenery at Matlock.*

THE gardens, the grounds, and the walks about Willersley House, once the residence of Sir Richard Arkwright, and now of his eldest son, are only open to the public two days in the week, namely, Monday and Thursday; they are, however, always attractive, and they add to the pleasures, and vary the amusements of the company, that resort to Matlock Bath. The house is not shown, but I understand it contains several good pictures, particularly a lake scene, by Wright of Derby. The exclusion of promiscuous visitors from the interior of Willersley House is no doubt a necessary and proper arrangement; the comfort of a domestic family, at a place so crowded with strangers as Matlock often is, could not otherwise be provided for. The walks about this delightful residence are carried along steep acclivities, amongst woods and plantations, that occasionally admit some fine distant views of the surrounding country. In their progress from the river's brink to the craggy summit of Wild Cat Tor, some new and unexpected beauty is exhibited at every turn, and from that romantic and fearful eminence the sublime scenery of Matlock Dale is revealed in all its glory.

The late Sir Richard Arkwright, the builder of Willersley House, was a man of great mechanical talent, industry, and perseverance: he may indeed be regarded as the parent of those improvements in the spinning of cotton which have converted machines into men, and almost superseded the necessity of manual labour. This extraordinary man was the

youngest son of thirteen children, and a native of Preston in Lancashire. His parents were poor, and in early life he was apprenticed to a barber, a trade which he for some time followed at Wirksworth, in Derbyshire. About the time that he first turned his attention to mechanics, he formed an acquaintance with a clock-maker at Warrington, of the name of Kay: in conjunction with this man, the machine for which he first obtained a patent was made: other improvements succeeded; and, as he penetrated more deeply into the arcana of mechanism, and became familiarised to its powers, he found himself in the situation of one who, having attained a distant horizon, beholds another still more remote, but equally accessible, before him. The exclusive use of his inventions he secured by letters patent, which did not always prove invulnerable. An inadequate specification annulled his right in one instance; and in another, the Court of King's Bench cancelled the patent which he had obtained, on the ground of his not being the original inventor. Yet, notwithstanding the opposition his success excited, and the litigation in which he was involved, he amassed a princely fortune; and, on presenting an address to his late Majesty, in the year 1786, when he served the office of Sheriff of the county of Derby, the honour of knighthood was conferred upon him. At this time his health was fast declining, and the close of his existence was embittered with infirmity and disease. He died at Cromford, on the third of August, 1792, in the 60th year of his age.

From Willersley House, we rambled over the hills to Matlock; and on our way there, we passed a small lead mine, called Mouse Hole, where we found one poor solitary individual, apparently about eighty years of age, industriously pursuing his daily avocation. On enquiry, he told us that he worked the mine alone. He first let down a bucket, in which he put the ore,—descended the shaft in the usual way,—toiled until he had filled the measure,—then clambering out again, he drew up the produce, and deposited it in his little hovel at the mouth of the mine. Thus he continued the same routine of operations day after day, and year after year, with no one to assist him in his labours. The dull unvarying monotony of this man's employment in no way affected his spirits; though old and poor he was naturally cheerful; his little mine afforded him but a scanty subsistence, yet, he observed, bad as it was, it was his best friend, for it had supplied all his wants, which



were now so very few, "that it was no' much matter whether the old mine turned out good or ill." I could go to buffets with myself, for having at any time indulged in a repining spirit, when I think of this poor miner, delving in his little mouse-hole den, through eighty years of existence, without a feeling of discontent.

Proceeding onward we came to a mine of more importance: its name is *Side Mine*, and we were told by the workmen, that the lead obtained here is dug out of a toadstone stratum, and that the vein they were then pursuing was rich in ore. We procured specimens, which we regarded as conclusive in favour of their statement; but we were afterwards informed, that Mr. Mawe, and other scientific individuals, contend, that the matrix of the ore in this mine is limestone, which, being in a state of decomposition, has so much the appearance of toadstone, as to deceive common observers. Mr. White Watson, of Bakewell, who has made the various strata of his native country his peculiar study, and the miners, who may be presumed to be well acquainted with a material that so frequently occurs, strenuously maintain the former hypothesis, in opposition to the opinion of Mr. Mawe. The *Seven Rakes Mine*, which is situated on the contrary side of the river, on the north-east slope of Masson, is worked in the same stratum, and is equally productive of lead ore.

In our walk to Matlock, we passed along the side of the hill to Ribber Top, where there is a singular assemblage of stones, supposed to have been originally a druidical altar; some antiquaries say, a cromlech, which appears more probable: they are called *Hirst Stones*, and are not unworthy of a visit; since those who feel no interest in these ancient reliques will be amply repaid for the toil and trouble of ascending this eminence by the prospect it commands.

Evening was now far advanced; and we returned by the village of Matlock, and thence through its romantic dale to our hotel at the baths, where, on our arrival, we found the promenades deserted; the lights were glimmering through the trees, and the musicians at the Old Bath were tuning their instruments for the evening's assembly.

About half-past ten o'clock we anticipated the rising of the moon; and, as I had long wished to witness the effect of a fine moonlight night in Matlock Dale, my wishes were now likely to be soon gratified. The deep shadows of night lay upon the

dale, and the obscurity that prevailed was full of grandeur. Shortly the moon rose over the summit of Wild Cat Tor, and her softened light, thrown on the broad front of Masson, rendered the darkness below still more visible. We watched the progressive ascent of the chaste orb of eve, and felt a delightful interest in marking the western side of the dale, gradually losing its darkness, as she rose above the opposite hills; it was a beauteous picture, and I gladly resigned myself to the illusions it produced. A stillness and a silence, that were felt, pervaded the dale, save that, as we passed the New Bath, the rush of the water from the cascade, near the mills below, came upon the ear. It was impossible, at this particular time, not to feel delighted with a sound, that, during the day, when a multiplicity of busy objects were abroad, we had passed unnoticed.

Nature is full of beautiful sounds; the rush of a river, — the lapse of a gentle current, — the hum of the bee amongst the flowers, — the chirp of the grasshopper, — the low of cattle in the fields, — the neighing of the horse as he roams at large, — and, perhaps, more than all, the song of the robin, when in autumn he pours his sweetest strains from among the fading leaves of the season, — are sounds that, in connexion with the living pictures nature spreads before us with a lavish hand, have a powerful influence on the mind.

The following morning we bade adieu to Matlock, where we terminated a pleasant summer's excursion.

Anxious to behold the scenery of this romantic place, when the trees and rocks, and every object in the dale, were covered with snow, I visited it on the first day of the year 1820. The frost, during the preceding night, had been uncommonly severe — the thermometer, at nine o'clock in the morning, stood at  $26^{\circ}$  below freezing; a day of clearest sunshine, and a scene of beauty and splendour not often paralleled, succeeded. On my way to Matlock, I passed through Abbey Dale and Chatsworth Park: the trees and hedges were covered with brilliant incrustations, their verdant clothing had disappeared, and a white foliage, light and elegant as the down on the cygnet's breast, lay on every stem and branch; and, when the rays of the sun glanced through the trees, they seemed hung with leaves of transparent crystal, which, in beauty and splendour rivalled the skill of the lapidary.

I stopped at Chatsworth House on my way through the

park, and had the gratification of seeing CANOVA's celebrated figure of the Mother of Buonaparte. It is an exquisitely-finished statue, and powerfully suggests a recollection of some of the most beautiful works of art: the natural ease and grace of the figure, and the taste and disposition of the drapery, are inimitably fine; the hands and arms, particularly the left, might form studies for future sculptors, but the face and head did not altogether please me: this remark is not applicable to the features, but to the sculptural expression of the countenance, which has less of nature about it than marble, inflexible as it is, is capable of expressing, when touched by the chisel of such a man as Canova. A pedestal, in the same apartment with this fine specimen of modern art, is surmounted with a bust of Petrarch's Laura, by the same sculptor, which is full of excellence, and has a most touching expression of countenance, where loveliness, purity, tenderness, and affection, are divinely blended together. This little work (for so it may be termed, in reference to the space it occupies,) gave me a more exalted idea of the genius and talent of Canova than any of his more elaborate productions had previously done.

In my short stay at Chatsworth, I saw the antique columns of porphyry and granite, the vases, marbles, and fossils, which the Duke of Devonshire had collected during his late visit to the Continent. I had likewise the gratification of hearing him express his intention of erecting a spacious museum for sculpture, &c., at this noble mansion, which he proposes making the receptacle of some of the finest works of art, and the most valuable productions of antiquity.\*

After spending a few hours at Chatsworth, and thanking the Duke for a sight of his Canova, and the many valuable acquisitions he had recently made in Italy, and transplanted to the Palace of the Peak, I proceeded through Darley Dale to Matlock. Crossing the bridge, the scenery at the entrance into the dale was eminently beautiful; light elegant trees,

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\* This important addition to the "Palace of the Peak" is now in progress, and the whole of Chatsworth House is undergoing a complete renovation. Jeffery Wyatt, Esq. is the architect. His fine taste and professional skill are here employed on a difficult and magnificent work. The new part is not designed to render the whole an uniform edifice, but the style of architecture has a general correspondence. Some years will elapse before the whole is finished, but the new erections even now abundantly evince how grand and imposing this noble structure is intended to be.

feathered with snow, and sparkling with frost, intermingled with dark branches of yew, shooting from amongst the crags, crested the rocky barrier before me. From the side facing Matlock Bank, the summit of the rock beetles over its sides, and its extreme verge was fringed with a cornice of brilliant icicles, which looked like a coronet on the brow of winter, and glittered amongst the branches, that hung like a filmy network over the face of the rock. Proceeding along the dale, I passed the High Tor: dark rolled the river at the base of this giant Tor, in one unbroken current, that happily assimilated with the grandeur of the scene; below, some huge masses of stones, capped with snow, interrupted the progress of the stream, round which it impetuously rushed, then circled into turbulent eddies below.

A little beyond Saxton's Hotel, on the opposite side of the river, is *Wild Cat Tor*. Though the entrance into the dale had greater beauty, yet here the scene had more grandeur: the rocks have a wilder character, and the trees at their base are more magnificent. A few straggling pines and yews were scattered amongst the topmost crags; on these the snow hung heavily. It was a wintry picture; and the ruins of a mill near, that had just been consumed by fire, the dark half-burnt beams and rafters of which were rendered more conspicuous by the snow that lay upon them, improved its sublimity.

About a quarter of a mile further on the dale, the road passes through Scarthing Rock. From the jutting crags that hung in masses over our heads, long branches projected, feathered over with frost and snow; from others, huge icicles depended, as beautiful and more transparent than the stalactites of the caverns of the Peak. Such were the adornments of the two sides of this rocky portal. The summits were crested with trees; and, through the vista between, a confined landscape was admitted, in which a road and a rocky bank, covered with light downy foliage, were the principal features; whilst beyond we had a glimpse into distance, amongst woods and hills that seemed but the doubtful and shadowy resemblances of what they were. A soft snow shower was floating about them; their individual forms were indistinct, but not obliterated; and the fine filmy veil that was cast over them softened down the harsh asperity of lines, and threw an harmonious uncertainty over the whole. A scene of greater and rarer beauty but seldom occurs.

I had now attained the object of my visit to Matlock Bath, and, therefore, during a heavy fall of snow, that a little impeded my progress, I returned to Bakewell, where I passed the night, and from thence, on the following day, to Sheffield, after a short absence of three days.

END OF PART III.



# **PEAK SCENERY.**

## **PART IV.**





## SECTION I.

*Last Excursion into Derbyshire. — Reflections on the word Last. — Meersbrook House. — Samuel Shore, Esq. — Old House at Norton Lees. — Walk from Heeley to Norton. — Norton Hall and Park. — Norton House and the Oakes. — Manor of Norton.*

MY last excursion into Derbyshire was made chiefly for the purpose of exploring the scenery of the RIVER DOVE, and completing my original design of “travelling through the mountainous parts of Derbyshire, and visiting every place worthy of notice in the High and Low Peak; especially those sequestered spots which lie within the dales that determine the course of the three principal rivers, the WYE, the DERWENT, and the DOVE.” Every place, indeed, through which I may pass in my progress to, or my return from, the picturesque windings of this romantic stream, is entitled to attention; providing that any thing connected with it is sufficiently important to elicit observation, and compensate for the delay it may occasion. This present excursion, will, if I may be permitted to use the expression, be more *erratic* than the preceding ones, and embrace a much greater extent and variety of ground. To reach the river Dove, a considerable part of the county, extending from Yorkshire to the borders of Staffordshire, must be traversed; in doing which, the most interesting road will be selected, and my return will include some objects not comprehended within that part of the county usually denominated the Peak, but which by a Derbyshire tourist cannot be entirely omitted.

I have called this my *last* excursion. What a train of serious reflections and associations are excited by this little monosyllable; there is something in the word itself, that checks the playfulness of every lighter thought, and gives a chastened and sober tone to feeling. My various perambulations along

the heathy moors, and through the dales of Derbyshire, have been accompanied with so much of actual enjoyment, that the idea of having seen them for the *last* time cannot be contemplated without sensations of regret. Bidding a final adieu to scenes rendered dear and interesting by pleasing recollections, with a feeling that we may never more behold them, is somewhat like taking an everlasting farewell of a friend whom we sincerely love, whose kindness and companionship have endeared existence, and strewn a few perishable roses amongst the thorns of life.

Early on a fine May morning my companion and myself commenced our tour; and crossing Meersbrook at the little village of Heeley, we entered Derbyshire about one mile from the town of Sheffield. The river Sheaf was on our right, babbling and sparkling amongst shades of elms, poplars, and alders. The moment we were admitted within the boundary line of this interesting county, we felt the beauty of the surrounding scenery. A noble sheet of water, of many acres, lay on our right; beyond, rising above an intervening screen of lofty foliage, which was vividly reflected on the surface of the water, part of the town of Sheffield appeared, backed with a range of thickly-wooded hills. Such materials can hardly be so ill disposed as not to produce a pleasing picture; here they are happily combined, and constitute a scene richly diversified and full of imposing objects.

As we proceeded, on our left, pleasantly situated on a rising ground, amongst groups of trees, stands Meersbrook House, the residence of Samuel Shore, Esq. This venerable and worthy man was born in the town of Sheffield; he is, therefore, a native of Yorkshire, but the greatest part of his life has been passed in Derbyshire. In 1760, the year that his late Majesty George the Third succeeded to the throne, he filled the office of sheriff for the county. He then resided at Norton Hall, which is now occupied by his grandson, Sydney Shore, Esq. Afterwards, he became a magistrate for the West Riding of the County of York, in which capacity he was associated with the Rev. James Wilkinson, late Vicar of Sheffield, Walter Osbourne, Esq., and others, who held their meetings for the business of the magistracy at Sheffield. Mr. Shore is a Protestant dissenter, and he had been several years actively employed as a magistrate, when the various classes of dissenters in the kingdom presented petitions to Parliament for a repeal of the Test Laws. Being a sincere

friend both to civil and religious liberty, he cordially united in the prayer of these petitions. The application was unsuccessful, and Mr. Shore, in consequence, deemed it his duty to discontinue his magisterial services, as a decided testimony against the existence of those Laws, which he regarded as intolerant, impolitic, unjust, and inconsistent with the free principles of the British Constitution. His nice sense of integrity and propriety on all matters connected with his duties as a man, and his faith as a Christian, influenced his decision, and he retired into private life accompanied with the esteem of all who can admire goodness, and know how to venerate the dictates of conscience. This gentleman possesses the Norton Lees estate, which in the reign of Henry the Seventh was the property of the family of the Blythes of Norton; two of whom arrived at great honours in the church; one of them, John, being the Bishop of Salisbury, and the other, Geoffrey, Bishop of Litchfield and Coventry.

The old mansion at Norton Lees, once occupied by this family, is still in existence; and it is one of those ancient structures which serve to keep alive the recollection of the domestic architecture of our forefathers: it is therefore not only a picturesque, but an interesting object. At a very early period our Saxon progenitors built their houses with wood, but shortly after the Norman Conquest plaster was intermixed with timber, and subsequently the basement story was made of stone. The upper apartments were so constructed as to project over the lower, and considerable ornament, both in carved wood and plaster, was introduced about the doors, the windows, and the roof of the building. The house at Norton Lees is a good specimen of this early style of architecture, and it has been supposed by some to be as old as the reign of Richard the Second: that it was erected many years after this period can hardly be doubted. Though composed of stone and wood, it is evidently not one of the earliest structures of this description: it is indeed highly probable that it was built in the reign of the Seventh or Eighth Henry, but certainly not sooner. At this period the halls or family mansions of the yeomanry of the country had nearly all the same general character. Previously, but little stone was used in any of them. One of the oldest of these structures at present in the kingdom, is Moreton Hall in Cheshire, which though a highly-ornamented building, is entirely composed of wood, and was erected at a time before stone was generally used even for the

lower apartments. The earliest date about this ancient remain is 1559.

Anxious to preserve the remembrance of the old house at Norton Lees, I have obtained a sketch of it from the pencil of Mr. E. Blore, an artist of great eminence in his profession, and who in his peculiar style of drawing happily unites pictorial effect with the most scrupulous fidelity. The man who loves to look into the past, to pore over the history of former periods, and become acquainted with the modes of life, and the manners and customs of his forefathers, cannot but feel deeply indebted to that art, which, when these curious remains have become venerable with age, and picturesque with decay, arrests them in their fall, commits their forms to canvass or to copper, and preserves them in our recollection long after they have disappeared from among us. Happy art! that can disappoint time of its prey, prolong the remembrance of forms that now exist, and transmit them through successive generations. The arts are the handmaids of our pleasures, they administer to some of our most refined enjoyments, and give an elegance and charm to life.

In our walk to Norton we left Norton Lees a short distance on our left, and passed through some sweet scenery about half a mile from Heeley, at a place called Smithy Wood Bottom. This retired spot attracted the particular attention of DAYES, during his tour into Yorkshire, and it is more commended by him than any other in the vicinity of Sheffield. He saw it on a fine summer's evening, when all the parts came in masses, and the lights and shadows were not only favourable but strikingly imposing. Strange that such a man as Dayes could pass through the fine country around Sheffield and see no beauty but in Smithy Wood Bottom.

The walk from Heeley to Norton, by the way of Woodseats and Bole Hill, commands a series of delightful views over the adjacent country. In one direction the hills and woods of Beauchief and Ecclesal enrich the middle distance of the landscape, and the heathy moors of Derbyshire terminate the prospect. In another, Banner Cross and the woods about Sheffield, extending from Wincobank to Grenoside, and from thence to Wentworth and Warncliffe, are pleasing features in the extensive and beautifully-diversified landscapes which this walk in its progress presents. Having attained the summit of the hill that overlooks Abbey Dale, and paused a while to gaze upon the scenery before us, we proceeded to Norton, one of

the pleasantest and most respectable villages in any part of Derbyshire. This secluded place is more neat and trim than formerly : it has lost part of its rural appearance by the enclosure of the many little verdant spots with which it was once adorned. The Village Green, the scene of many a mirthful sport, has disappeared, and every plot of ground is now securely hemmed in with fences. I question not the policy of such proceedings — they may be wise and useful, perhaps necessary, but they have devastated many a lovely scene, and impaired the beauty of many a rural picture.

There are several good houses in this village, particularly Norton Hall, which has lately been rebuilt. When Mr. Shore, the father of the present proprietor of Norton Hall, first possessed it, it was an ancient stone mansion, its principal front having a projection at each end and a recess in the centre. In an engraving of it now before me, which was published in 1793, from a drawing by Malton, the front of the old building is exhibited, together with the whole of the western wing, which was erected by the late Joseph Offley, Esq., who had it in contemplation to rebuild the remainder, and convert the whole into a modern mansion. This, however, was reserved for the present proprietor, Samuel Shore, Esq., to accomplish, who has not only carried the plans of his predecessors into execution, but has greatly extended and laid open the grounds about the house, and formed the whole into a range of beautiful park scenery, which is adorned with seats, alcoves, and occasional poetic inscriptions.

Through a plantation that borders these pleasant grounds, a circuitous walk, which belts the whole park, has been carried, to an extent of about two miles. Near the principal front of the house, where cultivated beauty most prevails, it enters into an open shrubbery composed of trees of the freshest and most luxuriant foliage, amongst which tufts of flowers, woodbines, and roses, are plenteously scattered. This walk leads to the Flower Garden, which is a rich collection of sweets that Flora herself might be proud to own. Leaving this lovely spot, the path proceeds through a grove of trees, whose tall trunks admit, from the many openings between, a distant view of more closely tangled foliage. It afterwards passes along the western verge of the park, crosses a small part of a verdant slope, and then dips into a romantic wood, which covers two sides of a deep and picturesque dell. On the right of the walk a sylvan grotto has been erected, composed of roots, trunks,

and branches of trees. At the back of a seat within, some poetic lines of considerable merit, by Mrs. Stokes, of Chesterfield, are inscribed, but the composition is too long to be quoted here. From this place the walk is continued by the side of a fine sheet of water, where another wood-house is erected. In this secluded spot we observed the following lines, which I have before noticed as part of an inscription on a gravestone in Tideswell church-yard : —

“ Contemplate, as the sun declines,  
Thy death with deep reflection,  
And when again he rising shines,  
Thy day of resurrection.”

The sylvan grot in which these lines are written should have faced the west ; having nearly a northern aspect, they are not so appropriately situated as they might have been. From this place we returned again into the wood, and made our way over the trunks of fallen trees to another walk, near the margin of the brook at the bottom of the dell, where, agreeably to the following poetic invitation from the pen of Miss Shore, we rested a few minutes before we proceeded to the higher part of the grounds : —

“ Here, stranger, rest thee in this calm retreat,  
Secure from winter’s storms and summer’s heat,  
Let calm serenity possess thy mind,  
And in this mossy seat contentment find.”

From this “ mossy seat ” we pursued our way to where the two sides of the dell closely approach each other, and form a deep glen shadowed over with dark yew trees, but enlivened with a little stream of water which has made a channel down the steep side of a rocky bank, whence it is precipitated into the hollow below. A long flight of steps leads from this part of the wood into the plantations above, which bound the northern extremity of the park. Here there is another alcove or resting-place for pedestrians, which on a clear summer’s day affords a delightful shelter from heat and sunshine ; but spring was now but little advanced, and it looked chill and uninviting within : we therefore passed it, and returned across the open part of the grounds to the west front of the house. Norton Park is well stored with stately trees : the oak and elm, and particularly the ash, find kindly nurture in the soil, and flourish in health and beauty, and about one hundred yards from the

house, by the side of the carriage-road that leads to Little Norton, there is a noble beech, which extends its ample branches over an area of the circumference of more than seventy yards, and is of itself a picture for an artist. I have stood beneath the leafy canopy of this magnificent tree, and have sometimes traced with curious interest the various branches, from their connexion with the parent trunk, through numberless intermingling ramifications and intricate intersections, until their individuality was entirely lost, and their hundred arms terminated amongst a mass of surrounding foliage. This was certainly an idle amusement, yet it was one, and there are moments when the mind is prepared to extract pleasure from the most trivial circumstances, and derive instruction from appearances that on other occasions would pass entirely unnoticed; when it

“ Finds tongues in trees, books in the running streams,  
Sermons in stones, and good in every thing.”

From Norton Park many openings occur that admit distant views of the country around. To the west, the hills of Beauchief are singularly beautiful, both in form and clothing, and Ecclesal Wood, declining gently into the vale from the right of the landscape, is a very pleasing feature in the scene; beyond, the heathy moors of Derbyshire fill up the distance, which is often rich in colouring and picturesque with light and shadow. From these grounds some of the finest effects of nature are often presented when the sun is sinking in the west: at this particular time of the day, the moors that terminate the prospect are often seen reposing in a deep purple shadow, while the nearer objects, touched with the rays of the setting sun, are brilliantly lighted up with his departing effulgence.

At the short distance of one hundred yards from Mr. Shore's park wall, is Norton House, a good old mansion, which in the year 1674 was the residence of Samuel Hallows, Esq., who was then sheriff of the county, and afterwards of Robert Newton, Esq. Some years past this structure suffered considerably from neglect, but since it has been in the occupation of John Read, Esq. it has shared a better fate. The house, the gardens, and the grounds, have all been greatly improved by the taste of their present possessor. On the left of the lawn, near the front of Norton House, stands a fine old oak,

venerable with years and highly pictureque in decay. It might have lived and flourished in "green old age" another century or two, had not the lightnings of heaven blighted its branches and shivered a part of its mighty trunk. The storm that moved over it has passed away, but traces of its devastation are left behind.

About a quarter of a mile from the village of Norton is the Oakes, *a large old house* that overlooks an extensive prospect, rich with wood, and hills, and dales. This mansion is the property of Sir William Bagshawe; it is *now unoccupied*, and the *symptoms of disorder and neglect are but too apparent in its borders.*\* Near the Oakes stood Hazelbarrow Hall, a venerable edifice, which for centuries was the seat of the ancient family of the Seliokes, who retained possession of it until the reign of Elizabeth. It was lately occupied as a farmhouse, but it has now given way to a more modern structure. Such has been the fate of this old mansion, which for ten generations was the residence of one of the first families in this part of Derbyshire.

Norton is an extensive manor: it comprehends not only the whole parish of Norton, but the adjoining village of Cold Aston, which is in the parish of Dronfield. This manor, the hall, and the estates, belonged for a considerable period of time to a family of the name of Bullock, who in consequence of their attachment to the royal cause, and the exertions which they made in the support of King Charles, were much reduced in their property at the time of the Restoration. William Bullock, Esq. who resided at Norton Hall, raised a troop of horse, and equipped them at his own expence, for the service of his sovereign, while his neighbour, one of the Blythes of Norton Lees, was a captain in the parliamentary army. In consequence of the necessities of the Bullocks, Cornelius Clarke, Esq. of Cutthorpe, or Ashgate, in Brampton, near Chesterfield, who had a large mortgage on the estate in the

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\* The passages printed in italics have given great offence to the proprietors of the Oakes. The writer has called that an *old house*, which is certainly not a *new* one; he has stated that it was *unoccupied*, when nobody lived in it; and that the grounds around it were of consequence *neglected* and in *disorder*. What mighty offence there is in all this, he is at a loss to conjecture. He had intended to have annexed the very angry and unworthy epistle he has received on this occasion to this note, together with his reply; but this he declines to do; not on his own account, but from a feeling of respect to one part of the family of the Oakes.



year 1668, purchased the hall and manor of Norton, and a considerable part of the remaining estate. Having no issue, he left the whole of his Brampton and Norton property to his nephew, Robert Offley, of Norwich, who was the son of his second sister, Ursula Clarke. His son Stephen was the first of the family of the Offleys who resided at Norton Hall: his oldest son, Joseph Offley, also of Norton Hall, was the father of Mrs. Shore and Mrs. Edmunds, by his wife, Mary Bohun, from Suffolk. In the division of the Derbyshire property belonging to the family of the Offleys between the two co-heiresses, the Norton estate descended to Mrs. Shore, and the estate at Brampton to Mrs. Edmunds.

## SECTION II.

*Memoir of Chantrey, the Sculptor.*

IN the preceding section I have observed that the parish of Norton was the birth-place of two brothers who arrived at high honours in the church, one being the Bishop of Salisbury, and the other the Bishop of Coventry and Litchfield; the latter of whom built a chapel at Norton, erected an alabaster tomb within it to the memory of his parents, and appointed a chantry for them. This pleasant village has likewise the honour of being the birth-place of another distinguished individual, FRANCIS CHANTREY, Esq. R. A. Sculptor, F. R. S., Lon. & Ed., F. S. A., M. G. S., and Member of the Roman Academy of St. Luke; a man whose extraordinary talents have placed him at an early period of life at the summit of his profession.

F. Chantrey was born on the 7th of April, 1782. His ancestors were in respectable but not opulent circumstances, and some heritable possessions still belong to the family. His father was involved in considerable pecuniary losses, chiefly by the conduct of a brother whom he endeavoured to serve beyond the extent of his means. He saw the property which his forefathers had accumulated, progressively departing from him, his spirits became depressed, and he died in the prime of life, when his only child, the subject of this memoir, was scarcely twelve years old. After his death, his widow remained in the occupation of a farm which had been in the family through a long series of years; and although Chantrey's mother, who is still living to enjoy the fame of her son, was left in narrow circumstances, she yet contrived to bestow upon him as liberal an education as her limited means would admit. Being an only child he was naturally the object of the tenderest care and most anxious solicitude of his surviving parent, who retained him about her person

until he was nearly eighteen years old. He was intended for agricultural pursuits, but his employment in attending to the concerns of a farm was but little suited to his views and inclinations. At this period of life he is said to have had it in contemplation to study the law, under a respectable solicitor at Sheffield. This is an error into which his biographers have fallen, in consequence of the term factor being understood to have the same meaning in Sheffield as it has in Scotland, where the memoir of this distinguished artist was first published. To the business of a factor, or inland merchant; his views were first directed, but he soon discovered that his inclinations had a different tendency. The drudgery of a factor's warehouse, the calculation of per centages and discounts, the systematic arrangements and nice methodical management which such a pursuit requires, the mind of Chantrey was but ill fitted to encounter; he therefore relinquished this intention, and apprenticed himself to a Mr. Ramsay, a carver and gilder, in the town of Sheffield; yet even in this business he soon found that he had but few opportunities of indulging that feeling for the arts, which had now so taken possession of his mind, that it might be said to have become the animating principle of his being, and the sole impulse his heart obeyed.

At this time Mr. J. R. Smith, mezzotint-engraver and portrait-painter, visited Sheffield, professionally as an artist, and being occasionally at the house of Mr. Ramsay, Chantrey's devotion to the study and practice of drawing and modelling did not escape his observation. He was the first to perceive and appreciate his genius; he took pleasure in giving him instruction, and, some years afterwards, the pupil having become a proficient in art, perpetuated the recollection of his master in one of the finest busts that ever came from his hands.

He, however, experienced considerable difficulty in making an advantageous use of the lessons thus obtained. His master supposing, and perhaps with reason, that Chantrey's predilection for the arts would make him a less profitable servant, was but little inclined to promote his pursuits. The whole of his leisure hours, however, were devoted to his favourite studies, and chiefly passed in a lonely room in the neighbourhood of his master's house, which he hired at the rate of a few pence weekly.

It may easily be supposed from the preceding detail, that

the connexion between Chantrey and Ramsay was not of long continuance; they separated before the expiration of the term of his apprenticeship, a compensation being made by Chantrey for the remainder of his time. Being now left to prosecute his studies in his own way, he visited London, and attended the school of the Royal Academy at Somerset House, but was never regularly admitted a student.

Painting and sculpture, the sister arts, to one of which he resolved to dedicate his talents, were now presented to his choice, but he was undetermined, and some weeks passed away before he attempted either. Painting had only a secondary place in his affections, but he regarded it as a surer source of profitable employment than sculpture; he therefore hesitated long before he made his election. Perplexed and embarrassed, he left the students' room at Somerset House, returned to his own apartments, "resolved and resolved," spread his canvas before him, prepared his pallet, took up his pencils, and began to paint: landscape, portrait, and history, by turns attracted his notice and mingled with his contemplations, but the sculpture of the Academy was continually before him, and the images it presented became associated with all his thoughts. This state of suspense prevented him from using the talents he then possessed, and so long as it continued he accomplished nothing. During this period of doubt and indecision he visited the Elgin marbles: these perfect resemblances of nature and simplicity made a strong impression on his mind; the more he examined them the more he became convinced of their truth and their beauty; they confirmed him in his own notions of excellence, and he revisited them daily with increased delight. In the intervals that filled up the space between his successive visits to these exquisite productions of art, he repeatedly attempted to paint, but the works of Greece, simple in design,—beautiful in execution,—imposing and grand in effect,—were still present to him: they influenced his choice, and determined him to become a sculptor.

Chantrey's first work in marble was a bust of the Rev. James Wilkinson, which he executed for the parish church at Sheffield. He entered on this undertaking with all the confidence of conscious talent, and the assurance of success, even though previously he had never been employed on marble, and never used either a hammer or chisel on any material of more difficult workmanship than a picture frame. Mont-

gomery the poet, the author of the *Wanderer of Switzerland*, &c. beautifully alludes to this early production in a speech delivered in the town of Sheffield, in December 1822, on the establishment of a Philosophical and Literary Society there. Having briefly noticed several individuals, natives of the place, whose talents and acquirements in science and literature were an honour to the town, he adds —

“ Mr. Chantrey was not indeed a native of the town, but having been born at Norton in Derbyshire, four miles hence, within the limits of this corporation, he belongs to us, and is one of us. Whatever previous circumstances, very early in life, may have taught his eye to look at forms as subjects for his thoughts, his pencil, or his hand, it was in Sheffield, after he had been called hither from the honourable occupation of husbandry, which kings and the awful fathers of mankind of old did not disdain to follow ; — it was in Sheffield that his genius first began to exercise its plastic powers, both in painting and sculpture ; — it was in Sheffield that the glorious alternative was presented to him, either to be amongst the greatest painters of the age, or to be alone as the greatest of its sculptors ; — it was in Sheffield, likewise, after he had made the wiser choice, that he produced his first work in marble ; — and Sheffield possesses that work, and, I trust, will possess it, till the hand of time, atom by atom, shall have crumbled it into dust.

“ This assuredly was the most interesting crisis of the artist's life, the turning period that should decide the bias of his future course. Having employed a marble-mason to rough-hew the whole, he commenced his task, with a hand trembling but determined, an eye keenly looking after the effect of every stroke, and a mind flushed with anticipation, yet fluctuating often between hope and fear, doubt, agony, and rapture ; perplexities that always accompany conscious but untried powers in the effort to do some great thing : he pursued his solitary toil day by day, and night by night, till the form being slowly developed, at length the countenance came out of the stone, and looked its parent in the face. To know his joy a man must have been such a parent. The throes and anguish, however, of that first birth of his genius in marble enabled that genius thenceforward, with comparative ease, to give being and body to its mightiest conceptions.

“ Were I a rich man, who could purchase the costly labours of such a master, I almost think that I could forego

the pride of possessing the most successful effort of his later hand, for the noble pleasure of calling my own, the precious *bust* in yonder church. Works of genius and of taste are not to be valued solely according to their abstract excellence as such, but they may become inestimably more dear to the heart, as well as interesting to the eye, in proportion as they awaken thought, feeling, recollection, sympathy. Whether in alliance with the subject itself, the circumstances under which it was undertaken, or the conflict and triumph of the artist in achieving his design, in all these points the plain but admirable monument before us transcends every other that has come, or can come, from the same hand; since the experienced and renowned proficient can never again be placed in a trial so severe, with an issue so momentous, as the youthful aspirant, unknown and unpractised, had to endure in this first essay of his skill on the block that might eternise his name or crush his hopes for ever. This, I believe, is the true history of the outset of Chantrey, a native of this neighbourhood, who was destined thenceforward, at his pleasure, to give to marble all *but* life; for

“ ‘ What fine chisel  
 Could ever yet — *cut breath.*’  
 SHAKSPEARE’S *Winter’s Tale.*”

In recurring to the earlier productions of Chantrey, his colossal bust of Satan, the first important work which he exhibited at the Royal Academy, deserves particular notice. That sublime passage in *Paradise Lost*, where Milton’s “not less than archangel fallen,” lifting his malignant brow to heaven, pours forth his impious address to the sun, —

“ To thee I call, but with no friendly voice  
 And add thy name, O Sun ! to tell thee how  
 I hate thy beams ;”

afforded our young sculptor a noble opportunity for the display of his talents. Defiance, hatred, and despair, are personified with great force and sublimity in this magnificent head, the whole is finely imagined, and the point of time selected by the artist is admirably adapted both for picturesque effect and grandeur of expression. There is character in the very hair that crowns the head of this bust, and the serpent writhing his folds amongst it, forms an appropriate emblematic

diadem for the arch-fiend. This was a daring and a great effort, and as the work of a young artist it excited astonishment and obtained applause. This fine bust has never been executed in marble.

It was many years the fate of Chantrey to experience what most men of genius have more or less endured, the pains of hope deferred, and expectations disappointed. I have sometimes heard him say, when recurring to the discouraging circumstances and the difficulties which he had to encounter when young in art, and totally unknown beyond the place where he lived, that for upwards of six years spent in his professional pursuits, he did not receive as many pounds. But let young artists be cheered by his enduring perseverance, which conducted him through twelve long years of silent labour and privation, to fame and eminence. He modelled in a little retired room, his name and his works known only to a few, and his limited means of subsistence assisted by occasionally carving on wood; yet he never despaired; and here I may use his own words of encouragement to a young artist: "Let none be alarmed because fame is slow of foot; men can no more prevent genius from being known than they can hinder the sun from shining."

When Chantrey was struggling with difficulties and scarcely known as an artist, John Horne Tooke employed him to model his bust. It was sent to the Royal Academy, and exhibited in plaster: but he sustained no loss from the humble materials of which it was composed. The ungracious task of arranging the various productions in this branch of art had devolved upon Nollekens, and to no man could the duty of conferring distinction on merit have been more properly confided. He placed the work of the young sculptor, who was soon destined to excel himself in this characteristic line of art, not on the shelf (an emphatic expression, denoting beyond the reach of the eye,) nor in a dark corner, but between two marble busts of his own, and in a situation so conspicuous, that the peculiar excellencies of this speaking portrait could not be overlooked. Joseph Nollekens is now beyond the reach of human praise; he is gone to "that bourne from whence no traveller returns;" but he lived to see and rejoice in the fame of the artist, whose works he had the taste to admire, and the generosity to rank with his own. Commissions to the amount of many thousand pounds immediately followed. That era in the life of Chantrey

had now arrived which may be regarded as the commencement of his unexampled career.

“ There is a tide in the affairs of men,  
Which taken at the flood leads on to fortune ;  
Omitted, all the voyage of their lives  
Is bound in shallows and in miseries.”

SHAKSPEARE.

From this time Chantrey's busts attracted more attention than is usually bestowed on such productions. They were universally admired for their identity of likeness, and still more for that happy expression of character which he never fails to attain. More of human nature never invested productions of art: an unaffected simplicity, so strikingly observable in the manners and character of the artist himself, is the soul and charm of all his works. His Horne Tooke, John Raphael Smith, West, Wordsworth, and Sharpe, which may be classed among his earlier productions, would justify a higher strain of commendation than is here indulged. The many excellent busts he has since exhibited, have established his reputation as a sculptor in that particular walk of art, where in this country few have moved with eminent success. His statue of his late Majesty, which was undertaken in the year 1811 for the City of London, and is now the chief ornament of the Council Room at Guildhall, is one of the noblest single figures of modern times: it is easy and dignified in deportment and expression, and Chantrey's success on this occasion established his reputation as a sculptor, and gave him an exalted character in his profession. A monumental group, in memory of Miss Johnes of Hafod, succeeded, which in design, sentiment, and pathos, is indisputably one of his best and most affecting productions. In this monument he has happily succeeded in expressing the difference in the male and female character, under circumstances of affliction; the dignified feeling and manly resignation of the father, the heart-rending and overwhelming sorrow of the mother, and the languor of the expiring daughter, are depicted with a fidelity to nature, and a force and energy of feeling, that powerfully affect the heart, while at the same time they excite our admiration of the genius and talent that conceived and executed so exquisite a work.

Of the monumental group, placed in Litchfield Cathedral, and emphatically named “the Two Children,” it would be difficult to speak in language suitable to its uncommon merit.



The religion of the country, and the diffusion of knowledge, render allegory almost inadmissible in modern art. But no personification of abstract notions of innocence, or joy, or sorrow, was wanted here: the easy and graceful attitude of the lovely children, reposing side by side in each other's arms, and all but breathing, form too touching a group to be viewed without emotion. This exquisite production was placed in the Model Room in the Exhibition at Somerset House, in the year 1817, along with the figures of Terpsichore and Hebe, by Canova. It is unnecessary to eulogise this fine work: the exhibition was daily crowded with visitors to behold it; and now scarcely a traveller who feels interested in such productions, ever passes through Litchfield without visiting the cathedral to see this masterly specimen of English sculpture. The two sisters, who both died young, are represented on a couch, which may be regarded as the bed of death; yet the vital spark seems to be scarcely extinct. A few lines left on the monument a short time after it was placed in the cathedral, by one who appears to have felt its excellence, convey an accurate idea of the fine conception which the sculptor has so exquisitely embodied.

“How calm in death these infants lie!—  
 They seem as they had sunk to rest;  
 Then lapsed into eternity,  
 When not a sigh disturb'd the breast.”

No production of genius was ever more generally admired, or more liberally praised by all who saw it. Poetry and prose were employed in its commendation; it was talked of in every company, and panegyrised in every newspaper, and in some with considerable eloquence. The Literary Gazette entered largely into an examination of its merits: from this publication I have selected the following remarks, not because they are more commendatory than what appeared in any other papers, but because they are evidently the production of a man who had studied the subject of art, and could sensibly feel its excellencies.

“*Monument to be placed in Litchfield Cathedral in memory of Two Children.*

‘O fairest flowers! no sooner blown than blasted.’

“There is an affecting simplicity in this design, far superior to all the efforts of allegorical refinement. The two sisters are laid asleep in each other's arms. This spectacle of early youth, in-

nocence, affection, loveliness, and mortality, is exquisitely beautiful. The disposition is natural and full of gentle feeling; the drapery negligently adjusted, to show the figures; the heads and naked forms very fleshy, and the excellence of the execution even surpassed by the sweet and tender sentiment of the conception. Mr. Chantrey in this master-piece has surpassed all his former productions.

"The British Sculptor in this fine invention has chosen the right course. Having a domestic sorrow to commemorate, he consulted nature, in the first place, for the sentiment; looked into his own heart, and produced a work of warm and genuine feeling. His monument not only exercises a supreme dominion over the heart, but it awakens the most lively and pensive images of fancy, through the medium of our sensibilities; we praise Canova's Hebe and Terpsichore, not only because of their peculiar beauties, but because they are praised by others, and because that artist is celebrated through Europe as the most eminent sculptor on the continent. Much of the praise is deserved;—much is from the head, a compliment of words and a form of fashion, in which we join with seeming admiration, and with quite as much real indifference and immediate forgetfulness. When we quit them they pass too soon from our sight and our mind; but, like the beauties of the Medicean *Venus*, the *Niobe*, and the *Apollo*, which are treasured among our eternal recollections, Chantrey's two peaceful innocents, embracing in death, and lovely in the sleep of the grave, touch every chord of sensibility in the breast, and sooth the mind with a thousand images of sweet and mournful tenderness. We are not loud in its praise, but our fixed looks, our entire absorption, our lingering near, and frequent return to this fine performance, are alone the best proofs of its excellence, and its most unequivocal praise. We remove from it in vain; it pursues us into company, and appears before us in the waking visions of the night. By uniting the excellence of art with the most gentle but powerful impulses of nature, Chantrey has produced a work which will live for ever among the most cherished and soothing remembrances of his time."

In the years 1814 and 1815, Chantrey went to Paris, and saw the celebrated collection of the Louvre on the eve of its dispersion. Here he became acquainted with Canova; and when the Roman sculptor visited London, the acquaintance was renewed, and continued uninterrupted until his death. These were to him journeys of infinite importance: during his stay in Paris he might be said to live only in the Louvre, for there nearly the whole of his waking hours were passed. At this memorable place he not only studied the peculiar excellencies of the various works that it contained, but he ob-

tained accurate copies of the finest statues there, with which he enriched his collection at his residence in London. His group of Laocoön, his Apollo, Antinous, Germanicus, Venus de Medici "the statue that enchants the world," Diana, and many others, are faithful resemblances of the originals, and they constitute a school for study to which young artists are permitted to resort for practice and improvement.

During the whole of this visit to France he indulged in his favourite amusement of drawing, and his sketch-book presents a faithful history of his journey. The carriage in which he travelled — the postillion that drove it — the first bed in which he slept after leaving his native country — the towns through which he successively passed — Paris — its public buildings — the garden of the Thuilleries — the interior of the Louvre — the picturesque streets and cathedral of Amiens, were amongst the objects that employed his pencil. His drawings are dated; his progress may therefore be traced, and the route of his travels accurately pointed out. I once had the pleasure of looking over his sketches immediately after his first tour into Scotland, and in addition to the history of his journey which they presented, imagination soon converted them into a kind of barometer, by which to ascertain his mode of living: some of them were fixed with tea, a sober beverage, some with milk, some with malt liquor, some with whiskey, and others with port wine, as these various liquids happened to be before him.

In the autumn of 1819 he went to Italy, for the purposes of observation and improvement. Not wishing to have his time occupied in receiving and returning visits, he travelled privately, in company with an English gentleman, John Read, Esq., who resides at the village where Chantrey was born. During this excursion he devoted almost every hour to the study of objects intimately connected with his professional pursuits. While at Rome he generally received that marked attention which Italy invariably bestows on men eminent in art: but he shunned as much as possible every thing like parade or ceremony, nor did he permit the many courtesies he experienced to abstract his attention from those studies which had induced him to visit Italy. During his stay at Rome he was made a member of the Academy of St. Luke, as a compliment to his talents, and an acknowledgment of his rank in art.

Previously to this journey he had been long in the habit of

sketching from nature; it was one of his greatest gratifications, and in transmitting the minute detail as well as the more obvious features of a scene to paper, he had wonderful facility, which during his tour in Italy he still farther improved. While in Rome, that exquisite poet, Thomas Moore, was one of his associates: they visited Canova's sculpture-gallery together, and were delighted with the many beautiful groups and images which his fine imagination had called into existence, and arrayed in grace and loveliness. Moore, in his *Fables for the Holy Alliance and Rhymes on the Road*, where he apostrophises the genius of Canova, has a beautiful allusion to Chantrey's admiration of his talents.

"Wonderful Artist! praise like mine,  
 Though springing from a soul that feels  
 Deep worship of those works divine,  
 Where Genius all his light reveals —  
 Is little to the words that came  
 From him \* — thy peer in Art and Fame,  
 Whom I have known, by day, by night,  
 Hang o'er thy marble with delight —  
 And while his lingering hand would steal  
 O'er every grace the taper's rays †,  
 Give thee, with all the generous zeal,  
 Such master spirits only, feel —  
 That best of fame — a rival's praise."

Chantrey returned to England confirmed and strengthened in his own notions and conceptions of art, of which many admirable specimens have since appeared from his hands. Contemplating his progress, and studying the peculiar character of his works, I am sometimes inclined to suppose that had he been placed by fortune in a situation more propitious, he might not have attained his present eminence. He had formed his style, disciplined his fancy, and settled his own feelings of art, before he emerged from obscurity; and the emotions which he experienced on beholding the Elgin marbles was only a deeper and more intense continuation of what he felt in his little lonely room in Sheffield. Had he been otherwise situated, his strong natural good sense might not have preserved him from being a copyist of other men's la-

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\* Chantrey.

† Canova always shows his fine statue, the *Venere Vincitrice*, by the light of a small candle.

bours; and the contemplation of the divine productions of antiquity, instead of inspiring him with the conception of something truly great and English, such as Phidias would have imagined and executed had he been of London and not of Athens, might only have impressed him with the wish to steal with discernment, and have taught him to look at nature through the eyes of other men. Wishing Chantrey, therefore, to be no other than what he is, I am glad that in early life he was allowed to think for himself—draw his forms from objects in real life—and his sentiment from the human heart.

In this hasty and imperfect notice, I have only glanced at some of the earlier productions of Chantrey; and it is not my intention to give a catalogue of his works, or to enter into a critical analysis of their merits; but the high character which he has imparted to some of his busts and statues, render them worthy of being particularly mentioned. The monumental groups and figures, which he has already executed, are numerous, and distinguished by fine taste and elevated feeling: they are beautiful specimens of domestic sculpture; in design, they are simple and full of pathos, and several of them may be classed amongst the most dignified works of art. His statues will secure him an abiding fame: I have, therefore, added a list of what may be considered his finest productions.

King George the Third, placed in the Common Council Room, London.

Lord President Blair, placed in the Court of Session, Edinburgh.

Lord Viscount Melville, placed in the old Parliament House, Edinburgh.

Spencer Perceval, placed in Northampton Church.

Dr. James Anderson, placed at Madras.

Lady Louisa Russell, placed at Woburn Abbey.

Robert Dundas, Lord Chief Baron for Scotland.

Francis Horner, for Westminster Abbey.

James Watt, Civil Engineer.

Cyril Jackson, Dean of Christ Church, for Oxford.

Sir Joseph Banks, for the Royal Society—to be placed in the British Museum.

Lady Liverpool.

Dr. Hey, of Leeds.

Amongst the numerous BUSTS executed by this distinguished sculptor, the following may be regarded as his best.

J. Raphael Smith. — John Horne Tooke. — Professor Playfair. — Professor Porson. — Sir Joseph Banks. — John Rennie. — James Watt. — Sir Walter Scott. — William Wordsworth. — Earl St. Vincent. — Benjamin West, P. R. A. — Sir Henry Englefield. — Right Hon. George Canning. — Marquis of Londonderry. — His present Majesty. — Duke of Wellington. — Earl Spencer. — Sir Charles Long. — Bishop of London. — Bishop of Rochester. — Bishop of Durham. — Samuel Shore, Esq.

That this eminent artist should have devoted so much of his time to the execution of busts, may perhaps be regretted. There is a higher walk in sculpture, in which all the excellencies of his profession are required, and all the energies of the mightiest talent may be displayed. Here the genius of Chantrey may move amid beings of his own creation, and establish for himself a name and character not less elevated in art than Canova's. He has attained much, but more remains to be accomplished: in his busts he has given hearing and thinking, beauty and intellect, to marble; and in his statues he has clothed the human figure with grace and dignity. Let him persevere! — our own history and native poetry abound with subjects both moving and heroic, presenting images of perpetual interest, interwoven deeply with our national pride, and inseparable from the mass of the people. These subjects are worthy of his chisel, his ambition, and his fame. Let him leave to others the gods of the heathen, and the cold mystical allegory that has too long degraded his profession, and from which, to his honour, he has been the first to depart, and create a series of poetical groups and figures, deeply imbued with sentiment and feeling, and hand down to posterity the national character of his countrymen. I am glad to be enabled to add, that such is the purpose of this celebrated sculptor.

## SECTION III.

*Whittington Revolution House. — Centenary Commemoration of the Revolution of 1688. — The Procession Ball and Concert. — Walk from Whittington to Chesterfield. — Smelting Furnaces. — Local History of Chesterfield. — The Church Spire. — Walk to Ashover. — Scene from Stone Edge. — Approach to Ashover. — Ashover Church. — Eastwood Hall, &c.*

FROM Norton we had a pleasant walk over some fields to Apperknowe Common, and from thence to Whittington. There was no passing this village without loitering a short time within it. We recognised the humble dwelling called the Revolution House, and recollected the part which the Earls of Devonshire and Danby, Sir John D'Arcy, eldest son of the Earl of Holderness, and others, are represented to have had in promoting the revolution of 1688, when the second James, by a series of years of misrule, had become obnoxious to the nation. These noble families, solicitous to put an end to his government, and establish the Prince of Orange on the throne, are reported to have held secret meetings for the purpose. Whittington, and a moor near it, were the places selected, and the *Cock and Pynot*, a small public-house in the village, sometimes sheltered these patriotic men on these occasions.

On the 5th of November 1788, the centenary commemoration of the revolution was celebrated with great magnificence at Whittington, and the neighbouring town of Chesterfield. The ceremonies of the day commenced with divine service at the village church. The Rev. S. Pegge, the learned antiquary, who had that morning entered into the eighty-fifth year of his age, delivered a sermon upon the occasion, from the 118th Psalm, verse xxiv. : — “ *This is the day which the Lord hath made, we will rejoice and be glad in it.*” After service, the company paid a visit to the Revolution Parlour, and there par-

took of a cold collation which had been prepared for them in some new rooms that had just been added to the cottage. A little after mid-day the procession began to form, and move in regular order to Chesterfield. The carriages were preceded by bands of music; then followed the members of various clubs, with their wands adorned with ribbons, and their flags and different appropriate devices borne before them. The Duke of Devonshire's coach, drawn by six horses richly caparisoned, and decorated with orange trappings, accompanied by a train of attendants on horseback, was the first carriage in the procession. The carriages of the Earl of Stamford, Lord George and Lord John Cavendish, the Earl of Danby, Lord Francis Osborne, and Sir Harry Hunloke, all similarly attended, succeeded: — then followed a numerous train of coaches, chaises, and gentlemen on horseback. Not fewer than five hundred persons of distinction made a part of this splendid cavalcade, which extended upwards of a mile from Whittington Bridge to the Stone Gravels, which may be said to be the entrance into Chesterfield. Upwards of forty thousand people were assembled on this occasion, and a cheerful and joyous expression sat on every face. Although November, it was a fine bright day; the banners and flags along the whole line of the procession were touched with sunbeams as they waved and fluttered to the breeze. Costly carriages, rich liveries, and gaily caparisoned horses, gave a brilliant effect to the moving mass, which altogether presented a grand and animated spectacle.

When the procession had arrived at Chesterfield, the company separated into parties, and dined at the principal inns. The Duke of Devonshire presided at one house, Lord George Cavendish at another, and his brother, Lord John, filled the president's chair at a third. In the evening, fire-works and transparent paintings were exhibited in the streets, and the festivities of the day closed with a ball, at which upwards of three hundred ladies and gentlemen were present; — among whom were the Duke and Duchess of Devonshire, Lady Elizabeth Foster, the Earl of Stamford, Lords George and John Cavendish, the Earl of Danby, and his brother, Lord Francis Osborne, Sir H. Hunloke and his Lady, Sir Francis Molineux, and many other persons of rank and distinction. The following day a public concert was given, which was splendidly and numerously attended. It consisted of appropriate selections from the works of the best masters, interspersed with



songs and glees suited to the occasion; amongst which the following original ode, written by the Rev. P. Cunningham of Eyam, and set to music by Mr. Bower, then organist and musical professor at Chesterfield, was performed with distinguished and deserved applause: —

ODE.

When lawless Power his iron hand,  
When blinded Zeal her flaming brand,  
O'er Albion's island wav'd;  
Indignant Freedom wail'd the sight,  
Eclips'd her sun of glory's light,  
Her favourite realm enslav'd.

Distress'd she wander'd, when afar  
She saw her Nassau's friendly star  
Stream through the stormy air;  
She call'd aloud a patriot band,  
She bade them save a sinking land,  
And deathless glory share.

Her cause their dauntless hearts inspir'd;  
With ancient Roman virtue fir'd,  
They plough'd the surging main;  
With favouring gales from Belgia's shore,  
Her heaven-directed hero bore,  
And freedom crown'd his reign.

With equal warmth her spirit glows,  
Though hoary Time's centennial snows  
Now silver o'er her frame:  
For, hark! what songs of triumph tell,  
Still grateful Britons love to dwell  
On William's glorious name.

During this centenary jubilee it was proposed to erect a monumental column at or near to Whittington, as a lasting memorial of those proceedings which prepared the way for the revolution of 1688. A liberal sum of money was subscribed, and a committee appointed to carry the scheme into effect, but the breaking out of the French revolution in less than twelve months afterwards, and the rapid succession of a series of appalling events, giving to the word a terrible and alarming signification, the design was abandoned, and will probably never be revived again.

On our way through Whittington we stopped at the *Cock and Pynot*, saw the *Plotting Parlour*, as it was once deno-

minated, and the old chair, said to have been occupied by the Earl of Devonshire, when he presided at those nocturnal meetings, which are represented as having originated chiefly with himself. Part of the old house has been taken down, and a more convenient habitation erected in its place, but the greater portion of it still remains, and as it is regarded with a feeling of veneration, it will probably not be disturbed by schemes of modern improvement, but left to crumble away atom by atom, until it has become a heap of ruins.

We terminated our first day's journey at Chesterfield, where we found a good inn and excellent accommodation for the night. Twelve miles was but a short excursion for a day, yet we had so loitering a walk that we did not reach Chesterfield until night; and as we passed over Whittington Common we had a fine opportunity of noticing the effects produced by the fires that surround the town. The vicinity of Chesterfield produces abundance of iron ore, which is smelted at the furnaces near. The vivid blaze they emit by night throws over all the surrounding scene an air of grandeur. The light is ever varying: sometimes it blazes forth in one wide sheet of flame, covering the concave above with a stream of light, and strongly illuminating every object within the sphere of its operations; — then, as if suddenly extinguished, a momentary darkness prevails, which is instantaneously succeeded by fitful gleams of light shot from spiral flames, that throw a shifting splendour over the heavens above, like the playful coruscations of the northern sky. The breadth of light, the deep mass of shadow, the transient obscurity, and the ever-varying pictures these furnaces produce by night, are highly picturesque, and full of grandeur.

Chesterfield is an old town, and although but a small place at the time of the Norman survey, where it is mentioned as a *bailiwick* appertaining to the manor of Newbold, it had a church as early as the reign of William the Second, and in the time of King John it became a corporate town, and a charter to hold an annual fair for eight days during the year, and two markets weekly, was at the same time bestowed upon it. The market-place is a very spacious area, surrounded with houses, that are principally used as shops. On the west side of it a few old buildings intervene, which the corporation of Chesterfield, for the credit of the place, will, I hope, shortly remove, and open the whole space beyond to the market-place. It is indeed astonishing that an improvement so essential to the

beauty of the town, and which might be accomplished at a very trifling expence, has not yet been made.

Leaving to the topographer and the historian of this district, if it should ever have one\*, the task of pointing out the particular places where important events have occurred, and detailing the circumstances by which they have been distinguished, I shall only briefly notice that in the year 1266 Robert de Ferrars, Earl of Derby, Baldwin Wake, Lord of Chesterfield, John d'Egville, and others, appeared in arms against Henry the Third. They assembled a numerous force in the vicinity of Duffield, about six miles from Derby, marched to Chesterfield, and took up a military post there, with the hope of having their little army increased by the accession of some of those rebellious barons and their followers, who, in the preceding year, had been beaten and dispersed at Evesham. Their dreams of success were, however, soon over. They had scarcely established themselves in the neighbourhood of the town when they were surprised and attacked by Henry, the eldest son of the King of Almaine. This rebel army was soon beaten, and the greater part of them were put to the sword. The Earl of Derby himself took refuge in the church, and sought a hiding-place amongst some bags of wool that had been deposited there. A woman in whom he had confided pointed out the place of his concealment to his pursuers, and he was taken prisoner. Several of the knights and barons made their escape into the forest of the Peak, where they continued for two years leading a predatory life, close hemmed around with danger, and subject to continual alarm. Robert de Ferrars, the principal in this mad scheme, was conveyed to Windsor in irons, and detained a prisoner for several years. He was at length set at liberty, but his estates were confiscated, and he was ultimately deprived of the earldom of Derby.

By an entry in the church register, the Earl of Newcastle, with his forces, appears to have been at Chesterfield in the months of May and December, 1643. Whilst the Earl and his army were here they were attacked by a division of the parliamentary forces, whom they defeated with considerable loss.

The spire of Chesterfield church, like the leaning tower at

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\* A History of Chesterfield and its immediate vicinity has been published since the above paragraph was written.

Pisa, is one of the curiosities of the place. Its crooked appearance, it is contended, is owing to its peculiar design and construction; that it was originally intended to be what it now is, and that in fact it is a display of singular skill in steeple architecture. All this is evidently incorrect: its inclination, instead of accommodating itself, as it is reported to do, to the situation of the spectator, is to one point only. That it was originally a straight spire there is but little doubt, but the materials of which it is constructed not being of sufficient strength and dimensions, have given way, and the structure has shrunk into something like a twisted form; and this, I presume, to be the whole secret of Chesterfield church-spire. No man who ever lived would voluntarily erect an object of deformity, a thing that in its form and outline was offensive to the eye, and in opposition to every principle of taste. A casual observation only, is sufficient to convince any man that the spire of Chesterfield church was at one time an erect structure, and that it has lost its perpendicular subsequently to its original formation. I feel almost ashamed of having said so much on this subject; nothing but the absurd notion that it is a work of singular ability, could have induced me to have made these observations.

Leaving Chesterfield, a fatiguing walk of four miles on the road to Matlock, brought us to the summit of the hill that overlooks Scarsdale. This elevated spot of ground is called Stainage, or more properly Stone-Edge, so named from a range of rocks that runs along its highest peak. Midway between the toll-gate and the guide-post at the top of the hill, we sat down by the road-side, to gaze upon the landscape before us. I never saw a lovelier scene: at a short distance on our left was a steep knoll, covered with gorse and fern, and intervening tufts of heath; on our right rose a finely-formed eminence, whose sides and summit were clothed with luxuriant trees, rich with the sylvan honours of a delightful and early spring, just verging into the first days of summer: the undulating surface of the ground between was beautifully diversified with wooded slopes and cultivated meadows. The deep valley immediately before us was one far-extended range of woodland scenery, amongst which we had occasional glimpses of water, that lay like lucid mirrors in the vale below. In the remote horizon appeared the majestic towers of Hardwick Hall, and more to the left the extensive ruins of Bolsover Castle crested the top of the farthest hill. The clouds that

were occasionally interposed between us and a bright azure sky, threw a peculiar charm over the whole prospect, which momentarily assumed a different appearance, as sunshine or cloud prevailed. We lingered about this fine scene, not less delighted with the beautiful variety of feature by which it is distinguished, than by those rapid changes which the wandering lights and passing shadows produced : at one moment, the woods in mid-distance presented a dark mass of thickly-enwoven trees, stretching athwart the landscape, and strongly relieved with brightly-illuminated meadows of the freshest verdure, against which it lay. The next moment other lights and other shadows succeeded, and, as they passed over the scene, woods, villages, churches, and houses, that were previously undistinguished, touched with sunny gleams, rose, as if by the influence of magic, instantaneously into existence, and exhibited in clearest detail a beauteous assemblage of parts. Just as we were about to leave this interesting spot, a brilliant rainbow threw a magnificent arch over the whole scene ; it was

“ A summer’s eve, and Heaven’s aerial bow  
Spanned with bright arch the glittering hills below ;”

and a lovelier picture never lay beneath the bow of Heaven. We watched the gradual fading away of this beautiful and evanescent visitant, until not a trace of its presence remained ; and then proceeded to Ashover, where we proposed to pass the night.

Ashover is a very respectable and pleasant village. It is romantically situated in a deep but narrow valley, which is watered by a branch of the little river Amber ; and approaching it from the Matlock road, its appearance is strikingly picturesque. The light elegant spire of the church rises gracefully from the surrounding trees, and is a pleasing feature in every view that is obtained of the village. The hills are lofty and precipitous : in some places bare rocks break from beneath the soil ; in others, they crest the summits, and trees and houses are scattered amongst projecting crags and verdant slopes.

The church at Ashover is a good Gothic structure : monuments, coats of arms, and inscriptions, some of them of a very ancient date, ornament the walls within. The Babingtons of Dethick had their burial-place here ; and various memorials of the antiquity and consequence of this family, (one of whom

was knighted by Edward the Third, at Marleux in Brittany,) adorn the interior of this edifice. One of the Babington tombs is curiously ornamented; and, agreeably to the notions of taste that once directed the execution of the monumental sculpture of our churches, the different figures are painted with gaudy colouring, which has now lost its freshness, and has altogether a very dingy appearance. Against the northern wall, near the west end of the church, there is a monument to the memory of an artist, of whose fame we had never heard before:—"To Francis Parkes, a wonderful proficient in the art of painting, who died at Nottingham, aged 39; was born at Knott Cross in this parish." Such is the inscription which this unobtrusive tablet contains. I was pleased to meet, in this remote corner of Derbyshire, even this brief notice of a man of genius; for I would at any time rather see the word *talent* than *birth* recorded on a tomb-stone.

Near this memorial stands an old stone font, which is supposed to be of Saxon origin. It is not only an ancient but a curious relique; the body of it is partly circular and partly hexagonal, and it is ornamented with a variety of figures, clothed in loose flowing drapery, and disposed in different compartments, cast in metal.

It was evening when we arrived at Ashover, and having caught a glimpse of a ruined edifice in the valley beyond the village as we descended the hill, we were anxious to visit it before we closed the labours of the day. This gloomy building stands at the foot of a high hill, covered with huge masses of sand-stone rock, and crested with a dark wood of pines. The structure, the scenery near, and the time of the day, for it was now twilight, were in solemn accordance with each other, and produced a train of serious reflections on the instability of all human productions; while the indistinctness that pervaded the landscape, together with the profound stillness that prevailed, imparted to the whole scene not only an imposing but even a sublime effect. Had we beheld this ruin at another time of the day, when

"The sun is in the heavens, and the proud day,  
Attended with the pleasures of the world,  
Is all too wanton and too full of gaudes;"

SHAKESPEARE.

it would have been only a speck in the prospect that surrounds it; every object in the valley would then have been rendered

distinct with excess of light, and the pine-crowned rock, which was now invested with grandeur, would become but a subordinate feature. It is not a pleasing assemblage of beautiful parts in the scenery of nature, nor yet the time of the day, nor the peculiar circumstances of light or shadow under which it is beheld, that alone powerfully impresses the mind, and excites the most interesting emotions; recollections and associations unsolicited and often arbitrary in their operations, will sometimes make a little mound of earth, or a barrow on a barren hill, when the idea of sepulture is connected with them, of more importance to the feelings than mere picturesque beauty can possibly be. A cross by the road-side, to mark the place where a fellow-creature died, or a cairn of rugged stones heaped over the bodies of the dead, are beheld with far greater interest than rocks, and trees, and fields, and houses.

The old edifice near Ashover is called Eastwood Hall, and a modern dwelling is now attached to the shattered walls that are left. It was once a structure of some importance, as its remaining windows and massy masonry denote. At a very early period, and probably soon after its first erection, it belonged to a family of the name of Reresby, in whose possession it remained until the reign of James the First, when Sir Thomas Reresby disposed of the manor which appertained to Eastwood Hall, that he might more amply provide for his two daughters. It is now vested in the widow and children of Mr. John Nodder. In 1762 the hall was sold to the governors of Queen Anne's bounty, for the purpose of augmenting the clerical stipend of the chapel of Brimington, near Chesterfield.

Amongst the most distinguished individuals who have at any time been connected with the parish of Ashover, was Catharine Strange, who in the reign of Elizabeth was married to Richard Dakeyne, Esq., of Over Stubbing. She was the daughter of the Earl of Rothes, and a great favourite with the unfortunate Mary Queen of Scots, to whom she was sincerely and warmly attached. With a fervour of friendship of which the female character is peculiarly susceptible, she softened by her attention the sorrows of her royal mistress whilst she was in confinement, and when the last sad scene of her life was closing in death, she accompanied her to the scaffold. One of the afflictions that pressed most heavily upon the last moments of Mary, arose from her inability to reward her attendants for the numerous offices of kindness,

and the many proofs of attachment, she had experienced from them. Whatever were her faults in other respects, she was a tender and affectionate mistress, and never forgot the hand that served her; and one of her last requests to Elizabeth was, that she would be the friend of Catherine Strange.



## SECTION IV.

*Overton Hall.—Sir Joseph Banks.—South Winfield.—The Manor House.—Description of the Ruins.—Reflections on their present appearance.—Siege of the Manor House.—Crich.—Friendly Societies.—Whit-Monday in Derbyshire.—Walk from Crich to Cromford.—Lea Wood.—Dethick.—Historical Notice of Babington.*

WHEN we left Ashover, on the third morning of our rambles, preparations were making for a day of festivity. It was Whit-Monday, and the whole population of the village were busy as bees in preparing for the holiday. The thoughts of work were entirely abandoned, excepting amongst those who were the purveyors of good cheer for the public. The bellows of the smith were unemployed in the corner of his shop, and no fire blazed on his hearth: he was leaning against the shop-door with his brawny arms folded, and a group of idlers were collected around him, who evidently thought less of labour than enjoyment. All the public-houses in the village were preparing entertainments for their guests, who had put on their best apparel in honour of Whit-Monday, and their good-humoured faces and frolic spirits, showed that they were determined to make the most of this annual festival. The morning of such a day is often far better than its close, which is occasionally disfigured by quarrelsome dispositions, and stained with riot and intemperance.

Proceeding along the Mansfield road, a walk of about a mile brought us to Overton, a little village, that interested us more from the associations connected with it, than from any picturesque qualities it possesses: yet of these it is not deficient. An old mansion, surrounded with magnificent trees and lofty mountains, at the base of which some humble cottages are scattered, when viewed in connexion with each other, present a pleasing combination of forms and objects. Overton Hall was the property, and occasionally the residence, of Sir

Joseph Banks, the late venerable president of the Royal Society. From the elevated situation this distinguished individual held, both in science and literature, and the space he occupied in the estimation of the public, I frankly confess that so long as he was sojourning amongst us, I could neither pass his house in London in Soho-Square, or his residence at Overton, without a feeling of veneration for his character.

Two miles from Ashover we came upon the river Amber, near a small place called Wolley. The scenery here is beautifully picturesque: the hills are of considerable eminence, and well wooded, and the vale between is adorned with richly cultivated meadows, and a sparkling stream. Our principal object in this excursion was South Winfield, and the venerable ruins of the old manor near it. We therefore left the Mansfield road near Wolley, and for the purpose of shortening our journey some "mile or twain," we took a bye-path across the fields, and through some woods to Brackenfield and Wessington. We were told it was impossible to mistake our way, and we walked on with confidence until we found our progress impeded by high hedges and a close thicket, through which we could not pass. Notwithstanding the assurance we had received, we had pursued a wrong path, that terminated amongst the fields between Wessington and South Winfield, and had some difficulty in regaining the road from which we had departed, even though we saw the object of our journey at a short distance, on an eminence before us. At length we reached the place, and, having taken a short repast at a small public-house near the church, we proceeded immediately to the ruins of the manor castle. They occupy the summit of a steep hill, which appears to have been moated on three sides. The first view from the village of this dilapidated structure displays a fine assemblage of parts: mouldering towers, ruined arches, amongst which the dark ivy creeps, embattled parapets, and shattered walls, are seen rising above, and mingled with groves of venerable trees centuries older than the present building; the whole constituting not merely a beautiful but magnificent picture. We passed along the western front of this ancient edifice, and entered its deserted courts near the principal tower. It is sickening to contemplate such a scene of change and devastation as the interior view presents. From without the walls, the ruins, as I have before observed, have a most majestic effect: time has broken them into picturesque forms; the heart is interested, and the

eye gratified, with all that it beholds; but within, dilapidation, disorder, and decay prevail, and the live and dead litter of a farm-yard disfigures the scene. The rents and fissures which time has made in the old walls, mended with modern masonry; the ornamented stone gothic windows, filled up with glaring brick, all blended together with the heavy but splendid architecture of former times, exhibit a mass of discordant materials, where the noble and the mean are used in tasteless confusion.

“To what base uses we may return!—Why may not imagination trace the noble dust of Alexander till he find it stopping a bung-hole? As thus, Alexander died;—Alexander was buried;—Alexander returned to dust;—the dust is earth;—of earth we make loam;—and why of that loam whereto he was converted might they not stop a beer barrel?”

“Imperial Cæsar dead and turn'd to clay,  
Might stop a hole to keep the wind away.  
O that that earth which kept the world in awe,  
Should patch a wall t' expel the winter's flaw!”

SHAKESPEARE.

It is even so, and the mutation which some of the most durable and splendid of the mansions of our forefathers have experienced, is scarcely less extraordinary. The interior courts of South Winfield Manor-House are no more like what they were when Mary Queen of Scots was confined within them, than the living Alexander to a clod of lifeless matter. The buildings that formed nearly the whole of the southern court are now almost entirely destroyed, and the most magnificent part of this ancient edifice, its splendid hall and richly ornamented chapel, are totally roofless; and trees that lift their topmost branches far above the walls that mark their dimensions, now inhabit them. The natural operations of time alone, could not, in so short a period, have produced so great a change in a structure that appears to have been originally formed to bid defiance to his power. No!—the devastating hand of man has been here at work, and the thunderbolts of war have shattered and defaced a structure which might otherwise have survived for ages.

From the south court we passed through an arched gateway to the east side of the building, where, from a little verdant mound, we had a view of the ruins so brought together and combined, as to produce a most exquisite picture. A gothic arched gateway, connected with some mouldering walls,

everywhere hung with foliage, and enriched with the architecture of lofty windows, with pointed arches in good monastic style, formed a rich screen, which occupied the foreground : — a congregation of towers and turrets, embattled parapets, and broken and shattered walls, rose majestically beyond ; a dark tone of colouring lay on every object near us, and the forms were boldly and distinctly marked ; a soft aerial tint, approximating to the blue haze of distance, hung upon the remoter parts of the building, and communicated an indescribable charm to the whole. In this view the ivied walls at the northern extremity of the ruins, and the stately trees about them, unite to complete the composition.

We next visited the northern court, around which the state apartments were carried. This must have been by far the richest part of the building: The architecture of one side of this court exhibits a beautiful specimen of what it originally was : a porch, and a large bay projecting outwards from the room, with three gothic windows slightly pointed, still remain : their parapets are embattled, and adorned with quatrefoils and roses. The great hall was a noble apartment ; its dimensions are seventy-two feet by thirty-six : it is now occupied by a colony of rooks. Beneath the hall, there is a room of equal extent, the roof of which is formed by massy groined arches, of excellent masonry, supported by a double row of heavy stone columns. The intersections of the arches are ornamented and tied together with carved stone work, in the form of roses. What this room could have been used for, it is now difficult to conjecture. It could not be intended for a servants' hall, it is too gloomy and cheerless for such a purpose ; and although a very extensive apartment, there is neither a fireplace nor chimney in it. Occasionally it may have been converted into a prison, but it could not have been originally intended for one : if it had, the space it occupies would probably have been cut up into a series of dungeons. From this place we ascended the eastern tower, and through a small window framed with ivy, which we passed in our progress to the top, we had a peep at a very pleasing landscape, in which Colonel Halton's house, the village of South Winfield, and a part of the country beyond, are included. The prospect both from this tower and the more elevated one at the western extremity of the ruins, is very extensive and various, but as I like foreground as well as distance in a picture, I am never much delighted with views from the tops of buildings.

A copious history of the manor and manor-house of South Winfield, by T. Blore, Esq. F. S. A., is already in the hands of many of my readers. This was intended as a specimen of the general history of the county, an undertaking that was never completed; but as the part published contains an ample account of this ancient mansion, I shall only briefly notice the most prominent events with which it has been connected. At the time of the Norman Survey it was held by William Peveril, and in the reign of Henry the Sixth it came into the possession of Ralph, Lord Cromwell, who built the mansion which is now in ruins, and whose right was contested by Henry Pierpoint, Knt. Lord Cromwell, however, retained possession of it, and subsequently disposed of it to the second Earl of Shrewsbury, in whose family it remained until the decease of the seventh Earl in 1666. It is now the property of Winfield Halton, Esq., by whose ancestors it was purchased in the reign of the second Charles. South Winfield was one of the residences, or prisons, of Mary Queen of Scots. The Earl of Shrewsbury was at one time her gaoler, during her confinement; at another, Sir Ralph Sadler had the honour of superintending the royal captive. Whilst she was in this retired part of the country, she is said to have entered into a correspondence with some of her friends, which was carried on with great secrecy; until in the year 1569 an attempt was made to free her from her thralldom, by Leonard Dacre. The attempt was unsuccessful, and the few privileges Mary had previously enjoyed, were in consequence abridged. The conduct of Elizabeth towards this unfortunate Queen has been frequently and freely animadverted upon, and severely reprobated. I therefore leave it to the brand that history has fixed upon it, and which even time cannot wear away.

During the wars between Charles the First and his people, South Winfield Manor House was garrisoned by parliament. In 1643 it was attacked by a division of the royal army, under the command of the Earl of Newcastle, and after a short contest it was taken by storm. The noble victor, however, did not retain his conquest long. Sir John Gell, of Hopton, a man who to the most romantic bravery united considerable military skill and determined perseverance, made an assault upon it, with heavy artillery, from a situation which he had taken upon Pentridge common. A half-moon battery, raised for its defence on the east side of the building, so bravely sustained the shock of the assailants, that a breach was found im-

practicable. Sir John Gell, therefore, ordered the cannon to be removed to a wood nearer the object of his attack : a furious fire was immediately commenced, a breach was soon opened, and the besieged were obliged to surrender. Col. Dalby, the governor of South Winfield, was killed by a common soldier, who fired at him through an opening in the wall, during the siege. In 1646 this fortress was dismantled, by an order of parliament, and as its present appearance strongly indicates, it was strangely neglected, and suffered to fall into decay for many years afterwards. Mr. Blore observes, that " it had been fortunate for the admirers of so venerable an edifice, had that negligence been uniform to the present time, but a small part of it having been occupied by the family of Halton, and a partition of the estate having taken place, under a decree of the Court of Chancery, the mansion was allotted to the late Mr. Halton, who began to build a house at the foot of the hill, next the manor ; and since that time some of the most beautiful parts of the old building have been pulled down, for the sake of the materials."

In perambulating the northern districts of Derbyshire, and enquiring into its history, the name of Peveril so often occurs, and is so mingled up with its ancient records, as to give it a more than ordinary interest. At Castleton we find the name of Peveril coeval with the date of the castle there : in the local history of Eyam, of Haddon, of Bolsover, and South Winfield, William Peveril, the natural son of the Norman conqueror of this country, appears as one of the most important, and one of the most favoured individuals of his time, and some of the minor courts of Derby and Nottingham are still known by his name. One of that series of Scotch novels which are understood to be from the pen of Sir Walter Scott, has assumed the title of PEVERIL OF THE PEAK, and the author has made a member of this distinguished family one of the most prominent characters in his romance. The name of Peveril, and the history of his origin, may therefore not improperly occupy a page or two in the detail of excursions made in a country over which his authority once extended.

The earliest notice I find of this family is in the time of Edward the Confessor, who bestowed on Ranulph Peveril the keeping of the hundred of *Dengy*, or as it was then written, *Dengye* ; in the county of Essex, and who resided at *Hatfield Peveril*, about half-way between Maldon and Braintree. This gentleman married a Saxon lady of great beauty, in the year

1066: her name was Maude, and she was the daughter of INGLERIC, a man, Cambden says, "of great nobility amongst the English Saxons," and cousin to King Edward the Confessor. The personal charms of Maude, the wife of Ranulph Peveril, attracted the notice of William the Conqueror, and she became his mistress. WILLIAM PEVERIL, of DERBYSHIRE, and LORD of NOTTINGHAM, is said to have been the issue of this connexion. She had besides two other sons, Castellane Peveril, of Dover, and Sir Payne Peveril, afterwards Lord of Brun, in the county of Cambridge. There is evidently an error in some part or other of the history of this family. The first William Peveril, the natural son of William the Conqueror, held his large possessions and his honours during the lifetime of his father. Maude, the wife of Ranulph Peveril, therefore, could hardly have been his mother, unless some error has crept into the account of her marriage, which is represented to have taken place in 1066, the same year that William, Duke of Normandy, was crowned King of England. She was the mother of several children before her pretended amour with the King; if so, Peveril could scarcely have been born earlier than the fourth or fifth year of William's reign; of course he must have been a youth of about seventeen years of age when his father died. This by no means agrees with the account which represents the Conqueror to have bestowed upon his natural son, William Peveril, such extensive possessions, shortly after he became King of England. Ordericus Vitalis, an early historian, states, that "Peveril had the custody of the newly-built castle of Nottingham committed to him by the Conqueror, in the second year of his reign," — and in the Domesday Survey, the castle in Peak Forest is expressly mentioned at the head of his manors. Now if the first William Peveril was the son of Maude, the daughter of Ingleric, she must have been the mistress of the Conqueror long before her marriage with Ranulph Peveril. Payne Peveril was standard-bearer to Robert, Duke of Normandy, the father of William; and William being forty years old when he came to England, Maude was probably his mistress before this time — the only supposition which admits of her son being appointed governor of Nottingham Castle, in the *second year* of the reign of the first William. However this may be, it is nevertheless certain, that William Peveril, who is represented as the natural son of the Conqueror, had immense possessions bestowed upon him by his sovereign immediately

after the conquest. Blore, in his history of the manor of South Winfield, says, "he had in Nottingham forty-eight houses of merchants, twelve houses of knights, and thirty-nine manors, with many dependent villages, in Nottinghamshire; forty-four lordships in Northamptonshire, and two in Essex. He had one manor, and a dependent village, in Bedfordshire, two towns in Oxfordshire, eight manors, and their dependencies, in Buckinghamshire; and besides this manor of Winfield, twelve manors and their villages, in Derbyshire."

After the death of his father, and during the reign of the second William, Peveril was still a favourite at court, and at a season of peril, the Castle of Helme, in Normandy, was confided to his care. This fortress he held for the King, but on its being closely besieged, he surrendered it, without having made a determined defence. At his death, which took place a few years afterwards, he left behind him one son of the same name, to whom he bequeathed the whole of his immense estates. The second William Peveril founded a priory at Lenton, near Nottingham, for Cluniac monks, and an abbey of black canons near Northampton; where, according to the abbey register, he died in 1113.

The name and the honours of this wealthy family terminated with the third William Peveril; who, in the year 1153, was accused of murdering Ranulph, Earl of Chester, by poison. For this crime, dreading the severity of Henry the Second, he fled to the monastery of Lenton, and was there shorn a monk; but learning that the King intended to call at Lenton, on his way to York, he threw off his religious habit, and privately quitted the kingdom; leaving his large possessions, his manors, and his castles, to be disposed of as his sovereign might determine. He died a stranger in a foreign country, and his lands were granted to John, Earl of Moreton, afterwards King John; a man as little worthy of rank, riches, and honours, as the murderer of the Earl of Chester could possibly have been.

From South Winfield, a walk of about two miles brought us to Crich, one of the most populous villages in the neighbourhood. It occupies the summit of an immense limestone hill, that overlooks all the eminences around it. On a cliff, near the village, a circular tower has been erected, which serves as a land-mark amongst the hills of Derbyshire. This lofty structure, and the tall spire of the church, make a part of nearly every landscape in this mountainous district. The



tower is ascended from within, and from the top of it a view is obtained of a wide extent of country, intersected with roads, rivers, and canals, studded with villages and houses, vales and eminences — in some places bright with sunny fields — in others, dark with masses of intervening wood; the whole presenting to the eye of the spectator an immense panorama of interesting objects.

As we entered the village, we found the inhabitants in the full enjoyment of one of their most important festivities, and as merry as high spirits and good cheer could make them.

Friendly Societies, or, as they are called here, *Sick Clubs*, are established in every village and hamlet in the Peak of Derbyshire that are sufficiently populous for the purpose; and where they are not, they have a more enlarged operation, and the vicinity is included. The object and the constitution of these societies are so generally understood, that it is useless in these pages to enter into detail on the subject; but in Derbyshire they appear to excite a peculiar interest, and all their annual festivals are held on the same day. When we left Ashover, in the morning, preparations were making for this general holiday. The villagers were collecting together in their best apparel, and decorating their hats and wands of office with ribbons: such was the scene at Ashover. At Crich, where we arrived a little after mid-day, the inhabitants had formed themselves into a regular procession, and were parading the village, accompanied with a band of music. On these occasions each man carries a wand in his hand, which is usually painted with different colours, and adorned at the top with ribbons. The wands of the officers of the society are tipped with gold, and otherwise ornamented, by way of distinction. The people of Crich seemed delighted with the bustle, and all was frolic and hilarity. This was our noonday exhibition: in the evening, as we entered Cromford, every house and cottage were emptied of their inmates, and dancing, and music, and laughter, were heard through the village.

“ And all the village train, from labour free,  
Led up their sports beneath the spreading tree;  
While many a pastime circled in the shade,  
The young contending as the old survey’d;  
And many a gambol frolick’d o’er the ground,  
And sleights of art, and feats of strength went round;

And still, as each repeated pleasure tir'd,  
Succeeding sports the mirthful band inspir'd;  
The dancing pair, that simply sought renown  
By holding out to tire each other down;  
The swain, mistrustless of his smutt'd face,  
While secret laughter titter'd round the place."

GOLDSMITH'S *Deserted Village*.

I have no recollection of ever having seen on any one day, so great a proportion of happy faces as we met with in our circuitous ramble on Whit-Monday from Ashover to Crich, Cromford, and Matlock.

During the short time we remained at Crich, we walked over some fields to a high point of ground that overlooks the rich vale through which the Derwent runs. Directly before us, were the magnificent woods of Alderwesly. Looking towards Cromford, we had a fine view of Lea Woods, Wellersley Castle, and the scenery about Matlock. In the contrary direction, the eye wanders over hills and dales clothed with foliage, until, in remote distance, it rests upon the tower of All-Saint's Church, at Derby; dimly seen, it is true, but yet the most important object that can be discerned in the far-off landscape. The hills in this part of Derbyshire, on both sides of the Derwent, rise majestically from the valley; they present a pleasing variety of outline, and their steep sides are adorned with some of the most beautiful woods that ever waved their branches to the winds. The river, with here and there a bridge thrown across the stream, courses through the depths of the vale, and its margin is enriched with almost every object that can delight in landscape scenery.

The road from Crich to Cromford is carried along the side of a steep hill, by a gradual descent. It first passes through Halloway, along a kind of mountain terrace that overlooks a long series of miles of beautiful country; it then sinks rapidly amongst the thick woods that border Lea Mill. Every step along this road varies the prospect, and the traveller is sometimes delighted with the beauty, and at others, elevated by the magnificence of the views it presents. The hills, the water, and the woods about Lea Mill form altogether one of the most picturesque seclusions in the vicinity of Matlock.

Within little more than a mile of Lea Woods, is Dethick, a village which from a very early period of history, belonged to a family of the same name until the reign of the sixth Henry, when it became the property of the Babingtons, in

whose possession it remained until about the year 1586, when it passed into other hands. Anthony Babington, during his residence at Dethick, is said to have organized a plan for releasing Mary Queen of Scots from her confinement at South Winfield; but the design being suspected by the agents of Elizabeth, the royal captive was more strictly watched, and shortly afterwards removed to Fotheringay Castle, in Northamptonshire, where she was freed from her long imprisonment by the axe of the executioner.

That Babington should have plotted the release of Mary is not improbable: he had a daring and romantic spirit, and the prospect of a successful issue to such a project, would be to a mind like his, a powerful stimulant, and make him reckless of consequences. Certain it is, that he entered into a treasonable conspiracy against Elizabeth. John Ballard, a priest of the English seminary at Rheims, was his principal associate, and several Catholic gentlemen, with a number of others, were connected with them in this desperate attempt. The vigilance of Elizabeth's government soon detected the designs of the conspirators, who, being alarmed at their danger, separated and fled in different directions. Babington is reported to have stained his face with the juice of walnuts, and to have taken refuge at a cottage in the neighbourhood of Harrow on the Hill, but he was soon discovered in his hiding-place, and conveyed to London with some of his associates, who had been previously taken. Their trial and condemnation immediately succeeded — and Babington and his confederates, fourteen in number, expiated their offences at the gallows or on the scaffold. The dreadful sentence of the law, accompanied with all its horrors of hanging, quartering, and burning, was put in execution; and thus ended this ill-concerted and foolish attempt to destroy the government of Elizabeth. This conspiracy hurried on the fate of Mary: she was charged with being an accomplice in the plot, and after an irregular trial before an incompetent tribunal, she was condemned, and beheaded on the 7th of February 1587, in the forty-fourth year of her age and the nineteenth of her captivity. Hume, an historian whose authority cannot be lightly regarded, and others of more modern date, profess to believe this foul imputation on the fair fame of the Scottish queen; but the elegant historian of Scotland, the eloquent and argumentative Robertson, has satisfactorily proved that

she was not privy to the conspiracy of Babington and his associates.

From Lea Mill, a pleasant walk by the side of the Derwent, beneath the shadow of overhanging trees, brought us to Cromford, and to the busy evening-scene that distinguished the close of the day on Whit-Monday, which has been previously noticed.

## SECTION V.

*Morning at Matlock. — Via Gellia. — Hopton. — Sir John Gell. — Carsington. — Rocks in the Vicinity of Brassington. — Derbyshire Trossacks. — Tissington. — Ancient Custom of Dressing Wells with Flowers. — Night Walk to Ashborne.*

WE spent the night at Matlock, and the following morning proceeded on our excursion. When we left this romantic place, the woods that lie embosomed within the deep hollow of the Dale were vocal with the song of birds, every where warbling forth their matin orisons to the new-born day. The rush of the Derwent was accompanied with a prolonged and softened sound, that, mingled with the lively strains of these feathered choristers, gave a richer and mellower tone to their wild but harmonious chantings. We quitted Matlock with regret — passed through the artificial opening that has been made in Scarthing Rock — left the greyhound-inn at Cromford, on our right — and entered into a deep but narrow dale that leads to Bonsal and Via Gellia. A scene near the mill, at the entrance into Bonsal Dale, particularly attracted our attention: rocks, and hills, and wood, and water, are here most happily combined. I once heard the younger Reinagle observe, “that he never met with a more picturesque composition in nature than is here presented.”

Following the route we had prescribed to ourselves, we left the road to Bonsal on our right, and passed along Via Gellia, on our way to Hopton. I entered on this classically denominated road without any pleasurable anticipations. The recollections of a former journey obtruded upon me, and I experienced a tediousness of feeling, that could only be ascribed to disappointed expectations on a former occasion. It was then the first week in September, but the weather was as hot as in July; not a cloud was seen in the heavens, and a mid-day sun poured a flood of light and heat into the dales

through which Via Gellia is carried. All was glare and flutter to the eye; not a spot of shadow intervened to afford a moment's shelter from the warm rays of a clear sun, which a dusty limestone road rendered almost unbearable. Under such circumstances hardly any place could be tolerable; I therefore passed along a road celebrated for its scenery, heartily wishing myself in any other part of Derbyshire, and wondering at the taste that had discovered any thing like beauty in Via Gellia. Thus the mind throws its own sickly or healthful hues over the objects of its contemplation, and wraps them in gloom, or adorns them with loveliness, agreeably to the emotions by which it is influenced — as ill-humour dictates, or cheerful thoughts prevail. I now beheld Via Gellia under more fortunate circumstances, and with other feelings; cloud and sunshine, a gleam of light and then a passing shadow, moved over the hills, increased their natural beauty, and made one forget the monotony of form and clothing by which they are distinguished. High sloping acclivities, chiefly covered with hazels, and sparingly sprinkled with dwarf oak, and ash, mark each side of the road: hence every turn that it makes, instead of a new scene, presents only a repetition of the past — and the parts as they succeed are so similar in character and appearance, that we felt as if we were walking the same ground over again, and made no sensible progress in our journey. A gradual ascent of a few miles at length brought us to the top of the hills that separate Hopton from Matlock. In whatever direction we looked, the country was beautiful. The road we had passed was marked by a continued range of eminences, the outlines of which played into, and were blended with each other, in pleasing and almost endless variety. We now discovered that we had passed through Via Gellia in a direction that prevented us from fully appreciating its picturesque qualities. In ascending towards Hopton, our view was bounded by the hills that closely environed us; descending, the prospect is every where varied and full of beauty: the different eminences amongst which the road winds are seen rising behind each other, their summits enveloped in a soft aërial tint, and gradually becoming more shadowy in form, and indistinct in outline, as they recede into distance, where they are lost among others still more remote. I one evening passed on the outside of a carriage along this romantic road to Matlock. We shot rapidly through the dales: the quick succession of scenery, and the frequent shifting of the hills before us,

which seemed to change their positions at every turn we made, together with the rich tone of colouring that a declining sun spread over them, produced an effect almost magical. The whole soon passed away, and left an impression on the mind more like the recollection of a dream than the remembrance of any thing that had actually occurred.

Approaching Hopton, the country assumes a different character; the upper stratum is still lime, but the few rocks and hills that occur are diminutive, when compared with those we had left behind us; yet, as a mineral district, it is interesting and important — and immediately in the neighbourhood of Hopton it is picturesque and beautiful. As we descended the hill towards the village a deep dale lay before us, and the elevated grounds on our right were crested with wood. The road we were pursuing was dark with the shadows of closely-tangled boughs and spreading foliage; and our right was thickly beset with some of the loftiest trees in the county of Derby, between whose tall trunks we occasionally caught a glimpse of verdant slopes and rocky knolls beyond, where the light played vividly; and many a lovely picture of this description we beheld on our approach to Hopton. Emerging from amongst the trees at the foot of the hill, we came upon a more open country, over which Hopton Hall enjoys a delightful prospect. This pleasant mansion, the residence of Philip Gell, Esq. M. P., is a good modern structure, and finely situated at the foot of a steep eminence, amongst a thick mass of luxuriant wood, intermingled with jutting craggs and verdant knolls. The Hopton estate has been in the family of the GELLS upwards of two centuries. In 1642, John Gell was created a baronet by Charles the First, but he did not, however, attach himself to the King's party on this account. He was indeed the first individual of consequence in the county of Derby, who took up arms in the cause of parliament. He was an active and zealous partizan, and his example influenced the determinations of his neighbours so entirely, that Lord Clarendon observes, "there was in Derbyshire no visible party for the king, the whole country being under the influence of Sir John Gell." After the termination of the war, he complained of the treatment he had received from the very power whose cause he had espoused, whose battles he had fought, and whose exertions he had assisted with large contributions from his own purse, greatly to the injury of his fortune. He likewise sustained considerable loss when his

house was plundered by the enemy, for which he received no compensation. In 1650, this enterprising officer had serious charges preferred against him : he was tried for misprision of treason, and was sentenced, by the high court of justice, to be imprisoned for life, and his estates to be confiscated ; but two years afterwards he obtained the remission of his sentence. With the third baronet, Sir Philip Gell, who died in 1719, the title became extinct.

Situated close to Hopton is the village of Carsington, one side of which is built under some limestone rocks, whose grey crags jut over the tops of the houses ; but there is nothing in the place that a tourist would stop to notice. Leaving Carsington, we enquired our way to Brassington ; and, strange as it may appear, the man of whom we asked the question, although he was a resident in the neighbourhood, told us “ he did not know such a place.” We then enquired the name of the village we had left : he answered, “ Carson, to be sure.” — “ And what place do we come at next ? ” — “ Brasson,” he replied. These answers solved the mystery ; the three syllables were cut down into two, which we found was the customary pronunciation of the country ; — we were, therefore, prepared for these contractions in future.

Shortly after leaving Carsington, we crossed into the fields called Brassington pastures. In these pastures, and on the higher grounds north of the village, several curious specimens of rock scenery are to be found. In some places, insulated masses rise out of the ground, assuming a variety of fantastic forms ; in others, a ridge of bare limestone crags crests an eminence with a line of rocky arrows, into which it is split and divided. These innumerable spires, that look like a long continuation of huge sharks’ teeth, are frequently met with in the vicinity of Brassington. In a publication, now preparing for the press, that I have lately seen, they are denominated the *Derbyshire Trossacks* ; but in the district to which they particularly belong, they, as well as the insulated rocks I have before alluded to, are known by different appellations ; Peter’s Pike, Elder Tor, Reynard’s Tor, and Horboro Rocks, near the top of which there is said to be a hermitage and the remains of a well ; and others of a similar description, have here a “ local habitation and a name.” These rocks are not picturesque objects in landscape, but their forms and character render them worthy of the observation of geologists.

Dove Dale was the chief object of our excursion ; and, as



the day was fast declining, we passed through Bradbourn without a pause, crossed the Ashbourne road about a mile and a half from Grange Mill, and pursued our way along some pleasant fields to Tissington, — a village distinguished by the residence of the ancient family of the Fitzherberts. In the year 1643, Tissington Hall was garrisoned for the king; but, in consequence of the unsuccessful result of a battle fought near Ashbourne between the parliamentary and royal forces, it was evacuated early in the following year. This old mansion, together with the estate and manor appertaining thereto, are now the property of Sir Henry Fitzherbert, Bart., who resides at the Hall, and who succeeded his elder brother, Sir Anthony, in the year 1799.

An ancient custom still prevails in the village of Tissington, to which indeed it appears to be confined — for I have not met with any thing of a similar description in any other part of Derbyshire. It is denominated WELL-FLOWERING, and Holy Thursday is devoted to the rites and ceremonies of this elegant custom. The day is regarded as a festival; and all the wells in the place, five in number, are decorated with wreaths and garlands of newly-gathered flowers, disposed in various devices. Sometimes boards are used, which are cut to the figure intended to be represented, and covered with moist clay, into which the stems of the flowers are inserted, to preserve their freshness; and they are so arranged as to form a beautiful mosaic work, often tasteful in design and vivid in colouring: the boards, thus adorned, are so placed in the spring, that the water appears to issue from amongst beds of flowers. On this occasion the villagers put on their best attire, and open their houses to their friends. There is service at the church, where a sermon is preached; afterwards a procession takes place, and the wells are visited in succession: the psalms for the day, the epistle and gospel, are read, one at each well, and the whole concludes with a hymn, sung by the church singers, and accompanied by a band of music. This done, they separate, and the remainder of the day is spent in rural sports and holiday pastimes.

The custom of Well-Flowering, as it exists at Tissington, is said to be a Popish relic; but in whatever way it originated, one would regret to see it discontinued. That it is of great antiquity cannot be disputed; it seems to have existed, at different periods of time, in countries far remote from each other. In the earlier ages of poetry and romance, wherever fountains

and wells were situated, the common people were accustomed to honour them with the titles of saints. In our own country, innumerable instances occur of wells being so denominated. "Where a spring rises or a river flows," says Seneca, "there should we build altars and offer sacrifices." At the Fountain of Arethusa in Syracuse, a place that every reader of poetry and history has often heard of, great festivals were celebrated every year. In Roman antiquity, the *Fontinalia* were religious feasts, held in honour of the nymphs of wells and fountains: the ceremony consisted in throwing nosegays into fountains, and putting crowns of flowers upon wells. Many authorities might be quoted in support of the antiquity of this elegant custom, which had its origin anterior to the introduction of Christianity. It was mingled with the rites and ceremonies of the Heathens, who were accustomed to worship streams and fountains, and to suppose that the nymphs, whom they imagined the goddesses of the waters, presided over them. Shaw, in his "History of the Province of Morray," observes, that "Heathenish customs were much practised amongst the people there; and he cites as an instance "that they performed pilgrimages to wells, and built chapels in honour of their fountains." From this ancient usage, which has been continued through a long succession of ages, and is still in existence at Tissington, arose the practice of sprinkling the Severn and the rivers of Wales with flowers, as alluded to by Dyer in his poem of the FLEECE, and by Milton in his COMUS,

" ————— with light fantastic toe the nymphs  
Thither assembled, thither every swain;  
And o'er the dimpled stream a thousand flowers,  
Pale lillies, roses, violets, and pinks,  
Mix'd with the green of burnet, mint, and thyme,  
And trefoil, sprinkled with their sportive arms:  
Such custom holds along th' irriguous vales,  
From Wreakin's brow to rocky Dolvoryn."

DYER.

" The shepherds at their festivals  
Carol her good deeds loud in rustic lays,  
And throw sweet garland wreaths into her stream,  
Of pancies, pinks, and gaudy daffodils."

MILTON.

We were now about four miles from Ashbourne, and within two of Dove Dale; but it was nearly dark, and as it was not

our object to visit Ashbourne, and return four or five miles from thence on the following morning, we enquired at a small public-house by the road-side if accommodations for the night could not be obtained nearer the dale, when we were told, that a mile or two farther, across some fields and down a narrow lane, we should find as good accommodations as any gentleman could wish; and if we did not choose to stop there, we might go on to Mappleton. This exhilarating intelligence gave an elastic impulse to our almost jaded spirits, and we pursued with alacrity the path pointed out to us, until the night became so totally dark that we literally groped our way to the Dog and Partridge, a small public-house, well known by all who visit Dove Dale. We reconnoitred the place, and soon concluded to proceed farther. We observed in the house four or five men sitting over a solitary farthing candle, around a few almost extinct embers in the grate, which cast a feeble light upon their pallid faces, and imperfectly exhibited a group of figures, better suited for the pencil of Salvator than of either Tennyers or Ostade.

Mappleton was the place we were next directed to; but being strangers to the road, which lay partly through open fields, and our obtaining lodgings for three tired pedestrians in a small village being uncertain, we proceeded a few miles farther to Ashbourne. As we descended the hill into the town all was still as midnight, save where in passing we disturbed the watch-dog in his sleep, and were accosted with his growlings.

There is hardly any silence more solemn and profound than that which pervades a country town at midnight. In the fields the sighing of the winds is heard amongst the branches; whenever the breeze stirs the very quiver of the leaves is audible, and there is a voice in every grove and thicket. Sometimes the low of cattle, the twitter of a lone bird among the bushes, or the purling of a stream, breaks the stillness of the night, even where the dwellings of men are few and far apart; but in the midst of a throng of houses, the habitations of beings like ourselves, the idea of silence is alien to the feeling that prevails, and the mind being sometimes more powerfully influenced by associations than actual existences, the stillness of a town is more awful and impressive than the stillness of the country. Ashbourne, when we entered it, seemed to be nearly deserted; not an inn door was invitingly open to receive us, and no lights were to be seen, except here

and there a solitary bed-candle twinkling through the windows of the upper apartments, and lighting the inhabitants to rest. We however obtained lodgings at a tolerably good inn near the middle of the town, and recruited our jaded spirits over a short but hearty supper. We then retired to our separate apartments, and reposed our weary limbs, but not on beds of down, for we needed not such a luxury to make sleep sweet and refreshing.

“ Why rather, sleep, ly'st thou in smoky cribs,  
Upon uneasy pallets stretching thee,  
And hush'd with busy nightflies to thy slumber ;  
Than in the perfum'd chambers of the great,  
Under the canopies of costly state,  
And lull'd with sounds of sweetest melody ? ”

SHAKESPEARE.

## SECTION VI.

*Ashbourne Church. — Monument by Banks. — Walk to Dove Dale. — View of the Dale from the Descent near Thorpe Cloud. — Character of the River Dove. — Dove Dale Church. — Reynard's Cave. — Fatal Occurrence there. — View from this part of the Dale. — The narrow Pass. — Retrospect of the Character of the whole Dale. — Rocky Portals, and the Meadows beyond. — Rosseau, and his Visit to the Vicinity of Dove Dale.*

REFERRING my readers to the first section of this excursion, they will observe that it was undertaken in the month of May. Passing from Matlock through Via Gellia to Hopton, I recurred to a former journey made in the second week of September, to which the whole of the subsequent detail refers. It was at this season of the year when we spent the night at Ashbourne: the following morning, previously to our departure for Dove Dale, we walked through the principal streets, and paid a visit to the church. The town is pleasantly situated in a very beautiful country; high hills shelter it from the cold winds of the north, and towards the south it looks upon a fine open valley, richly cultivated, through which the River Dove meanders amongst some of the most fertile meadows in the kingdom. The church was built about the middle of the thirteenth century, and is an excellent specimen of gothic architecture. It is in the form of a cross, with a square tower in the centre, from which a lofty and elegantly ornamented spire arises. The interior is light and spacious, and the pillars that support the roof are strong and massy. These, in several places, have been strangely defaced, and partly cut away, that some unmeaning monumental tablets might conveniently be put against them. It is a pity that the churchwardens who suffered such a mutilation as this to take place, were not made to do penance for their neglect of duty. There is a beautiful little monument in this church, from the chisel of Banks, which for execution, design, and feeling, would do

credit to the talents of any artist. It is to the memory of the only child of Sir Brooke Boothby, a daughter, who died at the age of five years and eleven months. On a marble pedestal, a mattress, sculptured from the same material, is laid; on this the child reposes, but apparently not in quiet; her head reclines on a pillow, but the disposition of the whole figure indicates restlessness. The little sufferer, indeed, appears as if she had just changed her position by one of those frequent turnings to which illness often in vain resorts for relief from pain. The inscription on the tablet below enforces this feeling:—

“I was not in safety, neither had I rest, and the trouble came.”

The pedestal below is inscribed—

To PENELOPE,

Only child of Sir Brooke Boothby, and Dame Susannah Boothby,  
Born, April 11th, 1785.—Died, March 13th, 1791.

She was in form and intellect most exquisite.

The unfortunate parents ventured their all on this frail bark, and the wreck was total.

It is impossible to hang over the beautiful image which the artist has here sculptured forth, and peruse the simple but affecting inscriptions that are scattered around it, without sympathising with the afflicted parents who had “ventured their all of happiness on this frail bark,” and found “the wreck was total.” This monumental design, which is exquisitely finished, and full of tender feeling, probably suggested to Chantrey the execution of that master-piece of art, the group of the Two Children, now the grace and ornament of Litchfield Cathedral, and the boast of modern sculpture.

We left Ashbourne by the same road we had travelled over the preceding evening; and after a walk of about two miles, we beheld at a short distance on our left, the airy summit of Thorp Cloud, which, instead of looking like a huge mountain, as we had expected, had only the appearance of a moderate-sized hill. Some richly-cultivated meadows, bounded by high hawthorn hedges, and a deep dale beyond, lay between us and this lofty eminence; we were therefore strangely deceived both in the dimensions of its base, and the altitude of its summit. Proceeding onwards, the peak of Thorp Cloud again disappeared, and we shortly afterwards came to the Dog and Partridge, the public-house which we had passed

the night before, on our way to Ashbourne. Here we rested, and took a short refreshment, previously to our proceeding to Dove Dale. Entering the house, we observed traces of blood on the threshold, and on a seat near the fire-place of the first apartment into which we were admitted. Farther on, in an unfrequented room, and half out of sight, lay the greater part of a man's dress, almost covered with stains of blood. I felt an involuntary shuddering at the sight, but it was only a transient feeling; yet I confess that the figures we had observed as we passed the house the former evening, were for a moment associated with the bloody clothes. We learnt before we left the house, that the man who kept it had been cutting hay from a stack near his dwelling, and falling upon the knife, he had been wounded in a dreadful manner. Profuse bleeding ensued, and the appearances we had noticed were thus accounted for. Shortly we left the house, which, at this particular time, was literally a house of mourning, and passing along a good carriage-road descending into a valley near, that led us to the little village of Thorpe. Our path now lay through some open pastures, until winding round the northern side of Thorpe Cloud, we first beheld the translucid waters of the Dove playing and sparkling in the depths of the dale below. Here we paused in silent contemplation of the scene. The character of the first view of Dove Dale is simple grandeur: the hills swell boldly from both sides of the river, and their majestic summits are often hid amongst the clouds; the parts are few, and the outlines sweep gracefully into each other: yet here the dale exhibits only a small portion of its rich materials, and curiosity is rather excited than gratified. It was a fine morning when we first beheld the enchanting scenery of the river Dove, yet still the summit of Thorpe Cloud was sometimes obscured with vapour, or, in the phraseology of the place, the "mountain had its cap on." When we had reached the margin of the river, and were measuring with the eye the altitude of the hills that shape its course, we observed some sportsmen with their dogs ranging amongst the bushes on the steep acclivities on our right, and so far above us as to appear strangely diminutive in stature, and but the miniature representations of what they were. As we passed along the dale, the report of their guns occasionally rung in loud discord among the rocks, interrupting the solitude of the place, and destroying the peculiar tone of feeling which it is eminently calculated to excite.

The river Dove is one of the most beautiful streams that ever gave a charm to landscape; and while passing along the first and least picturesque division of the dale, the ear was soothed with its murmurings, and the eye delighted with the brilliancy of its waters: in some places it flows smoothly and solemnly along, but never slowly; in others, its motion is rapid, impetuous, and even turbulent. The ash, the hazle, the slender osier, and the graceful birch, hung with honeysuckles and wild roses, dip their pensile branches in the stream, and break its surface into beauteous ripples. Huge fragments of stone, toppled from the rocks above, and partly covered with moss and plants that haunt and love the water, divide the stream into many currents; round these it bubbles in limpid rills, that circle into innumerable eddies, which, by their activity, give life and motion to a numerous variety of aquatic plants and flowers that grow in the bed of the river: these wave their slender stems under the surface of the water, which, flowing over them, like the transparent varnish of a picture, brings forth the most vivid colouring. Occasionally large stones are thrown across the stream, and interrupt its progress: over and amongst these it rushes rapidly into the pool below, forming in its frequent falls a series of fairy cascades, about which it foams and sparkles with a beauty and brilliancy peculiar to this lively and romantic river.

At the extremity of what I have here denominated the first division of the dale, the path leaves the margin of the Dove, and crosses a rocky knoll of considerable eminence. From this elevated situation a new picture is presented: the rocks have here a character peculiarly their own. On the left, they shoot their spiral heads from amongst a grove of thickest wood, or rise in insulated masses over the tops of the trees: on the right, they are connected at their base, and their summits are split into huge cones and shattered pinnacles.

Descending from our elevation, and following the path by the side of the river, we came to a curious assemblage of broken rocks, closely united together below, but above indented with deep fissures, and divided into pyramidal terminations, which collectively are denominated DOVE DALE CHURCH. This fantastic resemblance of a dilapidated structure is finely situated at the base of an immense hill of wood, whose lofty summit is adorned with overhanging crags. The foliage of the trees is here of the most luxuriant description, and the river sparkles with the vivid reflections of the many pic-



turesque objects on its banks. This is one of the richest parts of Dove Dale for the pencil of the artist, and Glover has made it the subject of one of his best pictures: he has given an accurate transcript of the features of the scene in all its parts; the local colouring is true to nature; and he has imparted to his representation of this portion of Dove Dale an appearance of magnitude, and a character of grandeur, which give all but reality to the scene he has depicted.

The graphic illustrations that have hitherto been published of this romantic dale, give but a very imperfect idea of the scenery it contains. Gilpin's, I presume, was made from recollection: rocks, woods, and a river, he remembered to have seen, and when at leisure in his study he combined them as best suited his fancy. The fact is, he painted much better with his pen than with his pencil. Dayes was more accurate. The view which he has given, in his *Northern Excursion*, of the first entrance into the dale, is correct in all its forms; but the effect is far from imposing: the whole is muddy, and an idea of littleness rather than magnitude is excited. Farringdon, in his *Derbyshire Depicta*, is still more faulty; he has not given the character accurately of any scene or object in the dale. This is taking a liberty with nature on the one hand, and with the public on the other, utterly unwarrantable both in art and morals.

About two hundred yards beyond Dove Dale Church, on the contrary side of the river, is Reynard's Cave, one of the most extraordinary and curious specimens of rock-scenery in any part of Derbyshire. This cave consists of a stupendous rib of rock, which is partly detached from the general mass, and excavated into a magnificent natural arch, regularly formed, and of great extent; an open court is seen beyond, and in distance the entrance into an interior cavern appears. The rocks near this arch are adorned with ivy, and so formed and connected together as to present to an active imagination the rude resemblance of some mighty castle, and the fit abode of those fabled beings whom one of the greatest favourites of the nursery knew so well how to tame and subdue.

In Ashbourne church-yard there is a tomb-stone, inscribed to the memory of an Irish divine, the Rev. Mr. Langton, dean of Clogher, who lost his life near the entrance into Reynard's Cave. A party of ladies and gentlemen were spending the day in Dove Dale: the dean with difficulty had brought his horse thus far, and, with an unaccountable temerity, he pro-

posed to ascend the hills, and scale the most accessible parts of the rocks on horseback. A young lady, a Miss La Roche, with more courage than prudence, requested permission to accompany him in his rash attempt: she mounted behind him: they clambered the hill to a fearful height, while their companions below were shuddering at their danger, and gazing upon them with an anxiety intense even to pain. At length, the horse, unable to find secure footing, tottered under his burden, stumbled, fell, and rolled headlong down the steep. The dean was precipitated to the bottom of the dale: life had not departed when he was taken up, but he expired shortly afterwards. Miss La Roche was more fortunate; she was slightly hurt, and rendered insensible with the fall, but she ultimately recovered to lament the dreadful consequences of an adventure in which she had so unthinkingly participated.

Near this fatal spot we sat down to sketch the scenery in this part of the dale. From the situation we occupied we had a fine view of the narrow part of Dove Dale. We looked into the deep ravine of rock before us. The sun was high in the heavens, but his rays were excluded from all the lower parts of the dell. A broad mass of light gleamed upon the higher rocks on the right of the pass; the left lay in deep shadow. One side was bare, save where a solitary bough or two of ash or yew shot from a fissure, where they had found a scanty soil and stinted nurture: the other was covered with trees of various and graceful foliage. The light played amongst the branches that crested the summit; but below, the blackness of shadow filled up the chasm, and dark flowed the river from the narrow pass. We were sufficiently elevated to obtain the sight of a lovely landscape beyond this vale of rocks, that diversified and improved the composition. Sometimes the light fell softly on the remote hills, while nearer us the topmost cliffs were bathed in sunny splendour, which, by the force of opposition, deepened the effect of a mass of shade in the mid-distance of the landscape. The day was peculiarly favourable for picturesque effects. At intervals the sky was obscured by clouds, which dispersing, admitted a flood of light, that brightly illumined all around; others succeeded, and occasionally threw the whole scene into gloom; but the finest effects were produced, when, through partial openings in the clouds, the concentrated rays of the sun darted in brilliant lines of light, and for a moment lit up the rocky summits of Dove Dale; while every object

around them was enveloped in obscurity. The splendour with which they were occasionally touched was at times so intensely bright that they looked like turrets of fire, lifting their illuminated peaks out of the clouds that rolled about them. I wished to have seen this imposing picture an hour or two nearer sunset; at which peculiar time it would have realised one of Sir Walter Scott's most beautiful descriptions in the *Lady of the Lake*: —

“ The western waves of ebbing day  
Roll'd o'er the glen their level way ;  
Each purple peak, each flinty spire,  
Was bath'd in floods of living fire ;  
But not a setting beam could glow  
Within the dark ravines below —  
Where turn'd the path, in shadows hid,  
Round many a rocky pyramid,  
Shooting abruptly from the dell  
Its thunder-splinter'd pinnacle,  
Round many an insulated mass,  
The native bulwarks of the pass.”

About two hundred yards beyond Reynard's Cave is the termination of the second grand division of Dove Dale. Here the narrow pass commences, affording only a passage for the troubled waters of the Dove, and on the Derbyshire side of the stream a very scanty pathway beneath the rocks: the opposite bank is totally impassable. Here the river, as if impatient at being restrained within the limits of this contracted chasm, rushes with great impetuosity to a more open part of the dale, when its turbulence subsides, and it becomes again a placid, but a rapid stream. Sometimes the river occupies the whole space between the rocks; at others, the traveller has occasionally to step from one huge stone to another, to avoid the water that passes between. Through this upper division of the dale, the rocks rise in perpendicular masses on both sides of the river. In some places, imposing precipices frown over the path below, inspiring emotions of awe and terror. Beneath these we passed in silence, as if we feared our voices would disturb the firm-fixed rock above, and bring the incumbent mass, like a tremendous avalanche, upon our heads. This, though not the most beautiful, is certainly the most terrific part of Dove Dale. The three divisions which I have noticed are dissimilar in form and feature, yet the same general character pervades the whole.

The entrance into the dale, from the side of Thorpe Cloud, is an appropriate introduction to the beauties that succeed: proceeding onwards, the forms become more romantic, the foliage thickens; and the rocks assume a greater portion of grandeur, — every step varies the scene, but the same bold impress is upon the whole. Some of the rocks are peculiar, perhaps fantastic; yet accompanied, as they are, with a variety of beautiful foliage, hung with ivy, and chequered with lichens, they are not only interesting, but even picturesque objects; and, where they call to mind the forms of things to which they have but a remote resemblance, they do it so imperfectly, that the imagination is amused in supplying the deficiencies. The whole scenery indeed of this dale, from the southern to the northern extremity, improves at every step, until it reaches the very place where I have paused to retrace its character, and it terminates with one of its sublimest features. A mighty pillar of insulated rock, which has its base in the stream, rises from the left bank of the river; a bold mass of rock, whose conical summit penetrates the clouds, occupies the right: between these huge portals flows the river Dove. Through this contracted space, some flat meadows, clothed with verdure, appear; and still farther in distance, bold swelling hills close in the prospect. The effect of this scene is truly magical: it is an interesting transition from one description of landscape to another, that excites surprise by its suddenness, and charms with its beauty. Through this magnificent portal we passed into the lovely meadows beyond, where we stood a while to gaze upon the gloomy ravine we had just left. We then sat down amongst a grove of hazels in a sweet little vale, as dissimilar in character to the scenery of Dove Dale as if they had been hundreds of miles apart. The river flowed gently and beautifully before us, — the cattle were grazing in the meadows, apparently unconscious of the presence of any human being, — the red-breast poured his lone requiem from amongst the bushes that were scattered over the rising ground where we sat, — and the rush of the waters through the narrow part of the dale came softly upon the ear, which was soothed with its murmurs. The scene was delightfully tranquil, and the mind, that only a few minutes before had been excited to emotions of sublimity and terror, sunk into a state of pleasing repose and luxurious languor.

Dove Dale was one of the favourite resorts of the enthu-

siastic and sensitive Rousseau during his residence in its immediate vicinity, and he is said to have planted many rare and curious seeds in this sequestered spot. At this time he lived chiefly at Wooton Hall, a retreat that was procured for him principally through the influence of the historian Hume. Rousseau lived in continual agitation and alarm. Plots and conspiracies, he supposed, were entered into and carried on against his personal safety and happiness in every country on the continent of Europe, and he sought an asylum in England from the imagined persecutions of imaginary enemies. In April, 1766, when Rousseau had just settled in Derbyshire, — “Here,” says he, “I have arrived at last at an agreeable and sequestered asylum, where I hope to breathe freely and at peace.” But here he did not long remain “at peace;” he soon found cause of quarrel with those who were endeavouring to serve him, and in the month of April following he quitted his “agreeable and sequestered asylum,” and returned to the Continent, heaping reproaches on his best friends. He was an unamiable, petulant, and angry man. The rent of the house in which he lived had been greatly reduced, to allure him into the country; his spirit revolted at this, and as soon as he heard of it he indignantly left the place. Whilst at Wooton Hall, he received a present of some bottles of choice foreign wine; this was a gift, and his pride would not permit him to taste it; he therefore left it in the house untouched, for the next comer. For some reason or other, or more probably for none, he had determined not to see Dr. Darwin. The Doctor, aware of his objections, placed himself on a terrace where Rousseau had to pass, and was examining a plant. “Rousseau,” said he, “are you a botanist?” They entered into conversation, and were intimate at once; but Rousseau, on reflection, imagined that this meeting was the result of contrivance, and the intimacy proceeded no farther. It was indeed impossible for any body to be on terms of friendship long with the eccentric and ill-humoured *Jean Jacques Rousseau*. Madame de Stäel, in her reflections on this strange man and his writings, has admirably depicted his character. “His faculties,” she observes, “were slow in their operation, but his heart was ardent: it was in consequence of his own meditations that he became impassioned: he discovered no sudden emotion, but all his feelings grew upon reflection. Sometimes he would part with you with all his former affection; but if an expres-

sion had escaped you which might bear an unfavourable construction, he would recollect it, examine it, — perhaps dwell upon it for a month, — and conclude by a total breach with you. Hence it was that there was scarcely a possibility of undeceiving him, for the light which broke in upon him at once was not sufficient to efface the wrong impressions which had taken place so gradually in his mind : a word, a gesture, furnished him with matter of profound meditation ; he connected the most trifling circumstances like so many mathematical propositions, and conceived his conclusions to be supported by the evidence of demonstration.”

From the meadows, where we awhile reposed, we pursued the course of the Dove nearly two miles farther, through a deep vale, barren of wood, and, with one or two exceptions, devoid of beauty. We then left the margin of the stream, crossed the hills to the Ashbourne and Buxton road ; and, leaving Tissington on our right, returned, by the way of Bradburn, to Hopton, and from thence to Wirksworth.

## SECTION VII.

*Visit to Ilam. — Vale of Ilam. — Ilam Hall, — interesting Apartment there. — Village Church. — Chantrey's Monument for the New Chapel. — Observations on Monumental Sculpture. — Ancient Stone Cross in Ilam. — View in Ilam Vale after a Rain-storm. — Congreve's Grotto. — Morning Scene. — The rivers Hamps and Manyfold. — Contemplated Improvements at Ilam. — Second Visit to Ilam. — The New Hall. — Intended Conservatory and Picture Gallery, &c.*

**DURING** an excursion to Dove Dale in the autumn of 1820, I visited Ilam, one of the most romantic places in any part of the kingdom. On my way to this secluded spot, I passed along the road on the eastern side of Thorpe Cloud; and, approaching the mill where the river Dove emerges from Bunster Dale, I had a very pleasing view of Ilam Hall, nestled amongst woods, and environed with hills. This delightful place, which has long been celebrated for the beauty of its scenery, is the residence of Jesse Watts Russel, Esq. M. P. It is situated on the Staffordshire side of the river Dove, and therefore not properly an object for these excursions; but with those who visit Dove Dale, Ilam is always a point of attraction. Thorpe Cloud, one of the highest mountains of Derbyshire, stands like a mighty sentinel over its woods, gardens, groves, and meadows, that quietly repose in the deep hollow at its base. Its proximity to Dove Dale, the interesting and peculiar character of its scenery, and the pleasure it afforded me while I was an inmate of the hospitable mansion there, have induced me to give it a place amongst my observations on Derbyshire; nor is this, I hope, an unwarrantable trespass: it is merely crossing the river that separates the two counties, and enriching my excursions with both sides of the sweet dale, that is watered by the brilliant stream of the Dove.

The hills about Ilam Hall have a magnificent character; they are thrown together in irregular forms, and, with one exception only, in connected masses. Some of their steep acclivities are covered with wood; others, with a smooth glossy verdure; and in the space between them lies the sweet vale of Ilam. A village of a few houses only, scattered amongst trees; a country church, with a tower nearly covered with ivy; verdant meadows watered by a busy stream, every where sparkling with light—and on a gentle eminence, a venerable mansion rising out of, and backed with luxuriant foliage, are the principal features of this lovely spot, which is one of the most romantic little vales that nature ever formed. No glen in the Alps was ever more retired, or more delightful to behold. As I approached Ilam, and contemplated the landscape around me, I felt as if I had been treading on fairy ground. The parts were so beautiful, and so exquisitely combined, and the whole so rare and unexpected, that it seemed more like a scene of enchantment that might soon pass away, than any thing real and permanent. When this train of feeling had a little subsided, I entered the house, which I found a good commodious “building, made with hands,” and the residence of the elegancies, as well as the comforts of life.

My readers must keep in recollection that I am now describing a visit to Ilam in the year 1820, a short time before the old hall was pulled down, and a more noble structure erected in its place. The principal entrance, agreeably to the fashion that once generally prevailed, was a square hall in the centre of the building, which communicated with the adjoining apartments: a massy old-fashioned fireplace, admirably adapted for winter, with a huge unlighted log of wood and some faggots in the grate, occupied nearly one side of the room; in a niche opposite, hung a Chinese gong, whose loud and sonorous sound summoned the company at Ilam to dinner: bows, arrows, and targets, a fine old organ, and some chairs of modern manufacture, completed the remaining part of the furniture of this apartment.

In the dining-room there were several good pictures, particularly a fine landscape by Gainsborough; a portrait of Mr. Watts Russell, by Sir William Beechey; an excellent and animated likeness of his Lady, by Phillips; and Hilton's admirable picture of “Una amongst the Satyrs,” from Spenser's Fairy Queen.



One apartment at Ilam powerfully interested my feelings, and I regretted to hear that it was destined to share the same fate as the other parts of the building. It was a Gothic chapel in miniature, which had been fitted up under the direction of Mrs. Watts Russell, and was alike a monument of her taste and her feeling: a library that occupied one part of it, represented the exterior of an organ; the windows were stained glass, in which the figures of Faith and Hope were beautifully painted; the wainscot and the furniture were carved oak; and the whole place together had the appearance of being set apart for devotional purposes. Over the door was an unadorned white marble tablet, inscribed—*TO MY FATHER*. This simple inscription produced a series of images and associations of a pensive nature, with which all that is interesting and lovely in filial affection was intimately connected. To this place, sacred to pious uses only, did the daughter of the late David Pike Watts frequently retire, to muse on the being and character of her late excellent father, and hold communion with his departed spirit.

Within a few hundred yards of the front of Ilam Hall, is the village church, one of the most rural and pleasing objects that the place affords. The tower appears to be a structure of foliage, for the stone-work is so invested with ivy as to be almost entirely obscured with its verdant covering; and the dial of the clock is half buried amongst thickly entwined leaves. Ash, elder, and wild roses, of the most luxuriant growth and colour, flourish close around the walls of the church, and the adjoining burial-ground is covered with the richest verdure, amongst which a grey stone occasionally appears, inscribed to the memory of those who sleep beneath. No fence of stone marks the boundary line of this sequestered spot: towards the house, it is open to the lawn, or only separated from it by an invisible fence: nearer the village, a hedge of hawthorn, intermingled with ash, divides it from the meadows of which it seems to be a part; and altogether, there is an air of great rural beauty and sanctified repose about the church at Ilam. During the time I was there, the workmen were excavating a vault on the north side, where a spacious Gothic chapel, communicating with the chancel, was intended to be erected. This place is to be the honoured receptacle of one of the finest works of CHANTREY—a monumental group to the memory of the late David Pike Watts.

Monumental sculpture generally consists of very commonplace ideas, dignified by the word classical, where the cardinal virtues, unmeaning personifications, allegorical illusions, difficult to be understood — and winged females, representing angels, occupy the most conspicuous situations; but Chantrey's designs, in this department of his art, have a more simple, a more affecting, and a sublimer character; they appeal to the heart by a representation of what actually has occurred, or what the mind naturally associates with the hour of death and the disruption of all earthly ties. Human beings are his only agents, and he employs them in those offices where human beings alone can bear a part. His monument for the new chapel at Ilam is strikingly illustrative of the correctness of these observations. In this fine work of art, the venerable David Pike Watts is represented on his bed of death, from whence he has half-raised himself by a final effort of expiring nature, to perform the last solemn act of a long and virtuous life: his only daughter and her children, all that were dearest to him in life, surround his couch, and bend at his side, as they receive from his lips the blessings and benedictions of a dying parent, when the last half-uttered farewell falters upon them. Nothing can be more affecting than this family group: the figures here committed to marble, have the semblance of beings like ourselves, with passions, feelings, and affections, similar to our own: we therefore sympathise in their afflictions, and mingle our tears with theirs. Fame, justice, wisdom, fortitude, charity, religion, are all represented by certain understood modifications of the human form, and they may be bodied forth in marble with great skill and felicity of execution; but, in comparison with the work I have described, how cold and feeble are the effects they produce! As specimens of beautiful workmanship they may excite admiration, but they cannot reach the heart and call its finer and more touching sympathies into action.

In the village of Ilam there is a curious old stone cross, sculptured with many figures, and originally richly ornamented; but the various devices that once adorned the different sides of this ancient relique are now nearly obliterated. The origin of these crosses is but imperfectly known, but that they are either Saxon or Danish, appears highly probable. Alfred the Great, who divided England into counties, hundreds, and tythings, erected a number of crosses as land-

marks, which no man was permitted to remove, and, to give them a sacred character, they were sculptured with religious allusions, and the symbols of his faith.

I was now in the midst of the most delightful scenery, but I had not an opportunity of exploring its various beauties on the day of my arrival at Ilam. The following morning the rain fell in torrents, and I had the mortification of being prevented from walking abroad at a place where the cunning hand of nature has contrived to harmonise appearances that seem to be in opposition to each other, and blend the lovely and magnificent together with peculiar felicity. To be in the midst of such scenes, and detained but one hour from wandering amongst them, by so paltry a consideration as a shower of rain, though not actually one of the "miseries of human life," was yet a trial of patience, and I watched the watery clouds roll about the hills with an anxious wish that they would soon pass away. About noon they began to depart, and occasionally a sunny gleam, as it passed hastily along, lighted up a little spot of verdure on the sides of the mountains: shortly, the hill called Thorpe Cloud appeared capped with light, while far below, the fleecy vapours, as they ascended from the valley, curled around its ample sides and obscured its base. The effect was transient, but as long as it remained, it was scarcely less imposing than the fine poetic picture with which Goldsmith has enriched his *Deserted Village*.

"As some tall cliff, that lifts its awful form,  
Swells from the vale, and midway leaves the storm;  
Though round its breast the rolling clouds are spread,  
Eternal sunshine settles on its head."

The sunshine, it is true, was very far from being eternal; but Thorpe Cloud was not less interesting on that account. A brisk wind prevailed, and as the clouds passed onwards, others appeared in succession, and their march athwart the heavens was pictured on the landscape below; where one part was at one moment warm with sunny light, and the next dark with shadow. It was highly amusing to mark the frequent and rapid change of appearance which the hills that surround Ilam, and the various objects in the vale assumed as the clouds passed over them.

The shower having entirely subsided, I wandered over the

meadows and along the margin of the river at the foot of Thorpe Cloud, and spent the remainder of the day in Dove Dale. The ensuing morning I devoted to the groves and gardens of Ilam Hall. At the end of a gravel-walk which passes the front of the house, I came to a path that is carried along the side of a steep rocky hill, covered with a variety of lofty trees of the most luxuriant foliage. In this cool sequestered place there is a grotto, furnished with a stone seat and table, formed in the rock, where Congreve is said to have written his comedy of the "Old Bachelor," and a part of the "Mourning Bride." It is now too closely embowered amidst trees and branches to be a pleasant retreat. The holly, with its bright green leaves, stands at the entrance, and yew and elder bend over the rocky arch; but sun and air are now excluded from it, and it is but ill adapted for poetic inspiration. From this classic ground I descended the hill, and emerged from the thick wood into an open meadow, through which I rambled to a rugged seat, placed under a huge elm by the side of the deserted channel of the river Manyfold. It was morning; the sun shone brightly in the heavens, and the rain, which had fallen in copious showers the preceding day, had given a delightful freshness to the verdure of the fields, and a livelier tone of colouring to every object around me. My right, looking towards Thorpe, was a steep and lofty hill, covered with wood, and involved in shadow; another wood, still more beautiful, that glowed with the bright effulgence of the newly-risen sun, lay on my left:—in distance, rising behind a mass of trees, Thorpe Cloud reared his magnificent head: a beautiful light rested on the side of this lofty eminence, and some thin white clouds played about its summit. The cattle that were grazing near—the freshness of the herbage on which they fed—the smoke rising slowly from a cottage chimney at the extremity of the wood on my right, were all pleasing incidents in the delightful morning picture that was here presented. Delight was not the only emotion with which I gazed upon this tranquil scene: I heard around me only accents of joy, and sounds of pleasure. Every object that had life seemed to be freely and fully partaking of the beneficent gifts of heaven, and for a while I forgot the works, the employments, and the cares of man, in the contemplation of that Being who has made so fair a world, and filled it with happiness; who reared the mightiest barriers of

rock and hill with a word, adorned the vales with verdure, clothed the woods with beauty, and led the streams through pleasant pastures.

Returning from the meadows to the garden grounds of Ilam, I passed a narrow foot-bridge at the base of a rocky bank, from whence the two subterranean streams, the Hamps and the Manyfold, emerge, and "form a river at a burst." This is one of the curiosities of this romantic place. The river Manyfold formerly flowed beneath the amphitheatrical sweep of wood that forms the back-ground of Ilam Hall; but it has abandoned its ancient course, where it had continued to run for ages, and now pursues its way, for the space of five or six miles, through caverns deep in the mountains, where it has obtained a passage to its forsaken channel, which it again enters in the gardens at Ilam. Here the united rivers become a powerful stream, that within a few yards of the place where they first appear, is precipitated over an artificial barrier, where it forms a cascade of considerable extent and great beauty. The Manyfold now becomes a busy and brilliant stream, which after winding round a part of the village, about a quarter of a mile from the principal front of the hall, flows through some pleasant meadows, and enters the river Dove at a short distance from Thorpe Cloud.

This river is one of the beauties, and one of the blemishes, of Ilam. From the cascade in the garden to its junction with the Dove, it is all play and sparkle; above, it is an inactive pool, unless occasionally in winter, when it is inundated with heavy rains, or the breaking up of a snow-storm: then its subterranean passage, not being of sufficient capacity to admit so large a body of water, it flows into its former channel, and becomes an impetuous and ample stream. It is then in harmony with the scenery of Ilam, and the beautiful woods that decorate its banks; but during three-fourths of the year it is far from being an imposing object. Every thing about it, with the exception of water only, has the appearance and the character of a river. To behold this element still and lifeless, amongst lofty and precipitous hills, with which the mind naturally associates impetuous streams and foaming cataracts, seems something like an anomaly in nature, and we are always dissatisfied at her deviation from her accustomed habits. Is it not practicable to remedy this defect? Cannot the stream of the Manyfold, where it first commences its subterranean career be divided, and a part of it made to flow continually

along its obvious channel? — The river scenery of Ilam will then be as beautiful as its woods. Other improvements may be made in this romantic place: the wood immediately connected with the house, should be rendered less impervious and gloomy. It should be made to assume the character of a grove, rather than a wood, and the trees, where they closely beset each other, should be partly removed, and a pleasant walk established amongst them, from whence occasional glimpses of the scenery beyond might be admitted. When the mansion now erecting is completed, this will no doubt be done, and other improvements added, to make Ilam one of the most delightful residences in the kingdom, and an object of attraction to all who visit Dove Dale.

The architecture that most prevailed in the reign of Elizabeth, has been made choice of for Ilam Hall. This peculiar style of building requires “ample space and room enough:” wanting these, it is sometimes devoid both of grandeur and of beauty. The structures of this period were immense, and the park scenery around them of great extent. It is perhaps from association only, that such edifices, and such scenes, appear to be the natural concomitants of each other; but there seems to be a fitness in things that are usually connected, and time sanctions the union. Hence it probably is, that the splendid but ill-contrived structures of Elizabeth’s reign, are not exactly adapted to the scenery of the quiet vale of Ilam, which appears to shun the gaze of the world, not court it. A building of richly ornamented Gothic, like the structure at Fonthill, would have been a fine object in such a place. The monks and abbots of former times would gladly have selected so retired and so beautiful a situation: they loved to fix their habitations in picturesque dales and valleys, amongst embowering woods and murmuring streams; where, secluded from the noise and bustle of the world, nature’s happiest harmonies and sweetest melodies alone prevail.

The preceding observations were written shortly after my first visit to Ilam, which I again saw in June, 1823. The scenery of the place had excited my highest admiration; it was still fresh in my recollection, and I anxiously wished that the new structure should be every way worthy of so fine a situation. I therefore approached the romantic vale where it stands, under the influence of a more powerful interest than if I had been an entire stranger to its beauties. Descending the hill from Thorpe, I had the first view of the object of my

journey. Ilam Hall, though not entirely finished, had a grand effect even at a distance; approaching nearer, the detail began to display itself, and the general design and arrangement to be clearly understood. On a verdant knoll, a little above the margin of the river Manyfold, that ran rippling and sparkling through the meadows below, I stopped to gaze upon the new mansion at Ilam, which is truly a noble structure, and a proof of the professional skill and taste of the architect.\* The principal part of the building, with its large bay windows, octagonal projections, and richly ornamented parapets, is in that peculiar style of architecture which was fashionable in the reign of Elizabeth; but there are portions of this structure that nearly assimilate with the gothic, both in character and ornament, and these are decidedly the finest and most imposing parts. The whole appears to be admirably contrived, both for picturesque effect and convenience; but the most beautiful feature in this noble mansion is the circular gothic lantern by which it is surmounted. It is not a paltry thing, made merely for the purpose of admitting light; its dimensions are ample, and perfectly in proportion with the capacious base whereon it rests. The circle of which it is composed presents to the eye a series of pointed arches, resting on appropriate shafts: these, in connexion with each other, describe a circle, and constitute the frame-work of the lantern. Where light is wanted in the central part of a building, the dome is sometimes so constructed as to be a noble ornament; but the lantern at Ilam is a more noble contrivance, and one of the most tasteful and elegant architectural ornaments that ever adorned a building. The place altogether does infinite credit to the taste and liberal spirit of the proprietor, who will make this romantic spot — this beauteous gem in British scenery — not less attractive than its neighbouring Dove Dale. I have here mentioned a part only of what is already accomplished at Ilam: a museum, a splendid conservatory, and a picture-gallery, upwards of eighty feet long, are intended to be added. J. Watts Russel is in possession of some fine works of modern art, and he is rapidly increasing his collection by new purchases. Hilton's picture of "Una amongst the Satyrs," which in colouring, composition, and character, is a *chef-d'œuvre* of the British school of painting, and Howard's "Solar System," a composition

\* John Shaw, Esq. of Bedford Square, London.

of rare and varied excellence, fine imagination, and elegant poetic feeling, already form a part of those select productions of the pencil which are intended to adorn the picture-gallery at Ilam Hall. \* The spirited proprietor of this delightful place, in his purchase of works of art, is not only influenced by good taste but by true English feeling. . He knows there is abundance of fine talent in his own country, which, if duly encouraged, and exercised on subjects of history and imagination, might produce works worthy of being associated in the same apartment with the best productions of any age or nation in the the world.



## SECTION VIII.

*Wirksworth. — Moote Hall. — Mineral Laws. — Miraculous Escape of a Miner. — New Road from Matlock to Derby. — Unexpected Rencontre. — General Character of the Scenery. — Beautiful Effect of Light during a Shower of Rain. — Walk to Belper.*

ABOUT three miles south of Matlock Bath, within a capacious amphitheatre of hills, lies WIRKSWORTH, the principal town in the mineral districts of Derbyshire. It is a place of great antiquity, and was of some note as early as the Conquest. It is situated on the acclivity of a fine sweep of hill, that forms one side of a pleasant valley. Like all old towns, it is irregularly built, but it contains a number of good houses, and several very genteel families reside in the place. The church is built in the form of a cross, with a square tower in the centre, which is surmounted with a short conical spire that has neither grace nor dignity in its appearance. At the time I visited Wirksworth, this venerable structure was undergoing a thorough regeneration: the pews were taken down, the pavements broken up, and vaults were excavating in various parts of the church. The monuments against the walls were covered to protect them from the dust, — nothing but dirt and litter were to be seen; and, instead of the solemn breathings of the organ, and the sounds of psalmody, the noise of saws and hammers, mingled with an occasional laugh and the clamour of tongues, were heard along the aisles. The whole place, indeed, appeared less like a church than a huge workshop, where every thing was in confusion and disorder.

During our stay at Wirksworth, we stopped at the Lion inn, a good house of entertainment, where we found a public news-room, and for a while amused ourselves with the conflicting opinions and observations of the *Courier* and the *Morning Chronicle*. Truth, says an ancient sage, lies in the bottom of a well: perhaps it would be as reasonable an expectation to

find it there, as in the columns of these two rival papers. Wirksworth is the seat of the administration of the mineral laws for the Low Peak of Derbyshire; and the Moote Hall is the judicial session house where all complaints are heard, and all suits decided, that belong to this peculiar court.

The MOOTE HALL is a neat stone building, with the town's arms carved over the door, and on each side are some emblematic devices in bas-relievo. Within, secured by a chain, is the ancient brazen dish which regulates the admeasurement of lead ore throughout the whole district. The following inscription is engraved upon it: —

“ This dishe was made the iiij day of October, the iiij yere of the reigne of Kyng Henry the VIII. before George Erle of Shrewesbury, Steward of the Kyng most Honourable household, and also Steward of all the honour of Tutbury, by the assent and consent as well of all the Mynours as of all the Brenners within and adjoining the Lordship of Wyrkysworth Pervell of the said honour. This Dyshe to Remayne In the Moote Hall at Wyrkysworth, hanging by a cheyne, so as the Mchanntes or Mynours may have resort to the same att all tymes to make the trw mesure at the same.”

The lead mines of Derbyshire are of very remote antiquity. The *Odin* mine at Castleton bears the name of one of the Saxon deities; it may, therefore, be inferred that it was known to, and worked by the Saxons, previously to the introduction of Christianity. In the wapentake of Wirksworth there were lead mines so early as the year 835; at which time a grant was made by the abbess of Repton, of her estate at *Wircesworth*, on condition that an annual stipend of lead, of the value of three hundred shillings, should be paid for certain religious uses as she then directed. The laws that now govern the mining interests of this county contain some curious provisions: how they originated is now difficult to determine; but, from indisputable records, it appears “ that Edward the First directed the Sheriff of the County to call a meeting at Ashbourne, of such persons as were best acquainted with the rights and customs of the Mines.” On this occasion, their privileges were ascertained and confirmed, the two courts of Moneyash and Wirksworth established, and a code of permanent regulations adopted. These regulations constitute the mineral law of Derbyshire at the present time. The principal officers of these courts are denominated bar-

masters, and it is their peculiar duty to preside on all cases of trial in which the mining interests of their respective jurisdictions are concerned, and generally to see that justice is fully and fairly administered. It is likewise the duty of the barmaster to put miners in possession of any veins of lead ore which they may discover. The mode of doing this is extremely simple, yet curious. When a man has found, or imagines he has found a vein of ore in any part of the "King's field," which, with very few exceptions, includes the whole of the mineral districts of Derbyshire, he may claim it as his own merely by fixing down a few sticks, put together in a peculiar way, and notifying the same to the barmaster, who immediately gives him complete and exclusive possession of his newly-acquired property in a way as summary as it is decisive. The barmaster, accompanied by two jurymen belonging to the mineral court, enters the place, field, or meadow, where the miner intends to commence his operations, marks out a plot of ground of about fourteen yards square, takes it from the former proprietor, whether it be freehold or not, and gives it to a new possessor. But this is not all: the miner has now only obtained a piece of land in which to sink his shaft. The little insulated spot that has just been made his own is surrounded with fields, some covered with grass and some with corn: through these the barmaster and the two jurymen soon mark out a path to the public highway; they arrange themselves on a line with each other, and with their arms wide extended, and their fingers' ends just touching, they march abreast from the mine in the most convenient direction to the nearest public carriage road, placing stakes on each side as they proceed, within which they confirm to the miner a carriage way in perpetuity, whereon he may cart his minerals, uninterrupted by any authority whatever. Neither standing corn nor any other description of property, with the exception of "a dwelling-house, a high road, a garden, or an orchard," is or can be exempt from this fundamental law of the miners. A number of other provisions, equally singular, are included amongst their regulations. "If any miner be killed or slain, or damped upon the mine, within any groove," no king's coroner has power to interfere; the barmaster becomes invested with his authority, and holds an inquest accordingly. In article the thirteenth it is provided, "that no person shall sue any miner for debt that doth belong unto the mines in any court but the mineral court; and if any person do the contrary,

he shall lose his debt, and pay the charges in law." In a subsequent clause it is enacted, "that no officer, for trespass or debt, shall execute or serve any writ, warrant, or precept, upon any miner, *being at work in the mine, nor when the miners come and go to the Barmote Court*, but the barmaster or his deputy only." These extracts are sufficient to shew how extensive and various the authority of the barmaster is; they likewise exemplify the peculiar nature of those provisions which govern and regulate the practice of the miners of Derbyshire.

From Wirksworth we proceeded along the old Derby road to Cromford, and passed near the mine called *Godbeheres Founder*, which has been rendered memorable from an occurrence that took place there about five-and-twenty years ago. Two men, named Boden and Pearson, were working in the mine at different depths, when the earth and water suddenly rushed in upon them, and in one moment buried them alive in the deep recess below. On the third day after the accident happened Pearson was found dead amongst the rubbish, and the men who were employed in clearing away the earth that had choked up the entrance into the mine, had now so little hope of finding Boden alive that they were scarcely at all disposed to persevere in their exertions. They were, however, prevailed upon to proceed, until on the eighth day of their labours they distinctly heard Boden's signal, and ascertained that he was living. They now worked with greater energy, but more care, for a few hours longer, when they found the object of their search, weak and almost exhausted, but still in existence, and fully sensible of the miraculous nature of his escape. His recovery from the effects of this premature entombment was slow but effectual, and he returned to his usual employment in about fourteen weeks, and lived many years afterwards. When this accident took place Boden was in the lower part of the mine; Pearson was at a windlass in the drift above, when the earth rushed suddenly upon him, and he was found dead amongst the mass. Boden's situation was equally perilous, but the earth was stopped in its fall by a projection that considerably narrowed the shaft where he was. Thus circumstanced, with no prospect before him but death, this poor man passed eight days in this narrow cell, without light or food; or wherewithal to quench his thirst, which he felt more severely than any other deprivation. Hunger he bore with fortitude; thirst was intolerable; and during the

whole of his confinement he was sufficiently sensible to feel all the horrors of his situation. He likewise suffered greatly from cold, but having a few yards to move in, he found a windlass, and exercised himself in turning it, but by some mishap the handle fell into the deep vacuity beneath, and he could not recover it again. Deprived of this means of employment, he still found something to do. In the shaft where he was imprisoned a rope was suspended over his head; he clambered up it, and working at the earth above him, he loosened a portion of it from its lodgements, which fell into the chasm at his feet. While thus engaged he imagined he heard the noise of men labouring for his release: he listened, and was almost breathless with anxiety. The sound, for a time, instead of invigorating, only paralyzed his exertions; but while in this situation he yet contrived to make the signal that he was alive distinctly heard and understood. Shortly afterwards, he once more saw the light of heaven, and human faces gazing upon him, as if they had actually beheld a dead man rising from the grave, and not a living body. He was, indeed, little better than the apparition of a man: eight days of mental and bodily suffering had reduced him to a mere skeleton, when compared with what he had been; and the pallid hue and altered expression of his countenance had nearly obliterated his personal identity. In this state he was restored to his family, who felt as if a being from the grave had burst "its cerements," and the dead had returned to life.

We now passed over Cromford Moor, leaving the rocks of Stonnis and the Gang Mine on our right; and after another mile of descending ground, came upon the new road from Matlock to Belper. The last time I saw this valley was in October 1822. I was on my way to Derby, and from thence to London, and the author of the *Wanderer of Switzerland* was one of my companions. Near the woods that cover the hills opposite to Crich, while he was bidding me adieu, and requesting me to be the bearer of his friendly remembrances to the celebrated artist whose illustrations of the Peak Scenery of Derbyshire adorn these pages, we observed a person by the road-side hammering amongst the rocks for geological specimens and vegetable impressions, with which they abound. We approached him more nearly; when, on lifting up his head, we gazed upon him with surprise:—the man of whom we were conversing stood before us. We were mutually pleased with this unexpected *rencontre*, and after spending a short time to-

gether, we separated at the place where we had met. The poet, accompanied by the sculptor, returned to Matlock; I proceeded to Belper, where he met me a few hours afterwards: we then travelled in the same carriage to within one mile of Derby, when I left him at Darley Abbey, the temporary residence of Watts Russel, Esq.

The road from Cromford to within four miles of Derby is carried along the side of the Derwent, through a succession of the most beautiful dales in the country. The scenery is every where marked with the same general character: high sloping hills, luxuriantly wooded, form the two sides of the dale; well cultivated meadows lie between, and in the deepest hollow of the valley, the Derwent, which throughout the whole of its windings is a noble stream, rushes rapidly over its bed, amongst trees of as stately a growth as ever adorned the margin of a river. My readers will call to recollection the date of my excursion through those delightful vales that separate Matlock from Belper, and the bright Italian summer which preceded the autumn of 1822. It was October, but I never saw the trees more beautiful: in some places, the alders, by the side of the Derwent, formed a dark green margin of wood; beyond these, and occasionally mingled with them, every variety of tint that leaves can possibly assume was displayed, and blended together in that harmonious manner which nature invariably observes in the management of all her colouring. The ash had lost none of its leaves; some of them, indeed, were yet of a deep green; others had put on a livery of pale and beauteous yellow: the elms were richly varied; every hue, from a lively green to the deepest orange, marked the foliage, all sliding into each other by the nicest gradations, as beautifully as the colours of the rainbow.

I had parted with one artist amongst the woods of Alderwesley, and was proceeding on foot to Belper, accompanied by another. Near Hot Stanwell Bridge we were overtaken by a shower of rain. A high hill, covered with majestic wood, was immediately before us: the sun shone brightly through an opening amongst the clouds, and strongly illuminating the falling shower, converted the watery particles, as they descended, into drops of light. The leaves of the trees were freshly wet, and glowed with the richest colouring, which the filmy but transparent veil thrown over them had softened and subdued, but not obscured. A screen of lofty trees, in deep shadow, lay between us and this vivid picture, and we looked

through the intervening spaces upon the brilliant scene beyond. The effect was transient, but full of beauty, and we loitered about this picturesque spot until the rich sunny gleam, which had just "lighted up the storm," had passed away.

After a walk of another four or five miles, by the side of the Derwent, amongst high hills and overhanging woods, we reached Belper, a place that, within less than half a century, from a little village has become a populous and thriving town.

## SECTION IX.

*Recurrence to a former Visit to Belper.—Bridge Hill.—View of Belper from the Road to Heage.—Pentrich.—Revolutionists of 1817.—Roman Station on Pentrich Common.—Alfreton.—Hardwick Park.—Hardwick Hall and Picture Gallery.*

I HAD been at Belper on a former occasion: it was the most southern point of my excursions, and the last place I visited within the mountainous districts of Derbyshire. I shall, therefore, in my present detail, follow the route I then pursued, and bring my various rambles in this interesting county to a speedy termination. My remaining observations will therefore be brief. Belper is one of the most flourishing towns in Derbyshire; the old part of it, although not actually hidden amongst better and more modern erections, is but a very insignificant portion of the whole place. New buildings, with neat exteriors, flower gardens, orchards, and plantations, are fast spreading along the rising grounds on one side of the Derwent; on the other is Bridge Hill, the residence of G. B. Strutt, Esq. most delightfully situated on an eminence that swells gracefully from the margin of the river, and commands an uninterrupted view of the many lovely spots and comfortable habitations that are scattered around his dwelling. When he arises in the morning, looks across the vale before him, contemplates the moral improvement, the rapid increase, and the present consequence of Belper, he may with fervent and honest exultation say, "Blessed be the memory of my father; he has brought order and beauty out of rude and chaotic materials, and given richness and fertility to a once-neglected and barren waste."

From Belper, my companion and myself had a long tract of country to traverse before we reached Alfreton, the next place where we intended to make a pause. We ascended the



hill towards Heage, and having attained the summit, we turned to gaze upon the scene we were leaving, before we proceeded on our journey. On our right, and on our left, lay a long range of lofty eminences; before us, hills of great altitude and steep acclivity rose from the margin of the Derwent, which was seen winding through the valley far below. I remember to have passed these hills when they were nearly barren from their base to their highest elevations; I now beheld their lofty slopes every where cultivated, and the dales between beautifully wooded and adorned with buildings. What was once a little village only had now become a populous town. The capacious valley in which Belper is situated is the seat of great mechanical skill and commercial enterprise; a spirit of industry has moved over the face of it, and orchards and gardens, villas and plantations, have succeeded, and a wilderness of naked hills has been transformed into a paradise of beauty. Beholding such a scene as this, and contemplating the power that called its beautiful adornments into existence, I could bless the spirit of trade, and almost forget the consequences that result from the erection of immense factories, and the hardship of peopling them with children of both sexes as soon as they have passed the years of infancy, and making their pliant sinews and tender hands perform the work of adults, at a time when they should be either running wild about the fields, like nature's heirlings, or receiving lessons that might prepare them for the society of their fellow creatures, and have a beneficial influence on their future lives.

About four miles from Belper we passed through Pentrich, a small village, but of some note in the local history of this district. During the wars between King Charles the First and the parliamentary forces of that period, Pentrich Common was the theatre of military operations; and in the year 1817 it was the scene of one of the most silly and absurd attempts that ever entered into the contemplation of men. Here, in the month of June, an infatuated rabble, nearly without arms and destitute of a leader, assembled together for the purpose, as they avowed, of overturning the government of the country. Such conduct would really excite contempt, were not the consequences frequently of too serious a character to admit of such a feeling. These misguided men entertained the idea of progressively increasing their number by terror. As they proceeded, they demanded arms and men at every dwelling; and being denied admittance at a house in the vicinity of

Pentrich Common, Brandreth, the reputed captain of this "set of lawless resolute," shot a man who refused to accompany him in this mad expedition. More outrageous conduct never characterised the proceedings of any body of men, however hardened and atrocious they had previously been. The scheme ended, as all such attempts generally do, in the speedy dispersion of the force collected, and the consequent punishment of the most active. About forty of these revolutionists were convicted at the ensuing Derby assizes. Brandreth, the murderer of the man at Mrs. Hepworth's house, was executed, as he richly deserved; two of his less culpable associates shared the same fate, and the greater part of the others, who had pleaded guilty, were transported.

It is impossible to think of this transaction without reverting to the generally disturbed state of the country when the South Winfield and Pentrich men undertook their hazardous expedition, and the means that were resorted to to organize disaffection and foment disturbances. The agents in this wicked business were far more reprehensible than the men whom they misled; they were labouring under many privations, their sufferings had made them desperate, and prepared them for the commission of crime and outrage. Under such circumstances, it was worse than cruel to send spies and informers among them, to make them rebels, that they might be punished for being so.

On Pentrich Common, the scene of a Roman encampment may be traced: its form is nearly square, and the indications of a double vallum, by which it is distinguished, are not yet entirely obliterated. This is supposed to have been the first Roman station north of Little Chester, from whence it is only twelve miles distant. The Rev. Mr. Pegge, the antiquary, in his observations on the Roman roads in Derbyshire, has fixed the intermediate establishment between Little Chester and Chesterfield at, or near to, Higham; but this supposition divides the distance very unequally: it is therefore more probable, that Pentrich Common was the site of this middle station, and the present remains there favour the opinion.

Another two miles walk brought us to ALFRETON, a small market town, said to have been founded by Alfred the Great, and originally called ALFRED-TOWN, a tradition which is countenanced by *Camden* himself. It is indeed pretended that King Alfred once resided here; and some individuals, fond of making discoveries, are ingenious enough to point out

the place where the palace of this monarch once stood. This probably is all idle and groundless conjecture, but that it is a town of great antiquity can hardly be doubted. In the Domesday record it is called *Elstretune*, and it made a part of the extensive possessions originally bestowed upon Roger de Busli, a Norman chieftain who accompanied William the Conqueror on his successful expedition to this country. Subsequently it belonged to Ranulph, Lord of Alfreton, whose son Robert was the founder of Beauchief Abbey; afterwards it became the property of a family of the name of Latham. The Chaworths, the Babingtons of Dethick, and the Zouches of Codnor Castle, it successively belonged to, from the latter of whom it was purchased by the Moorewoods, who have now possessed it for nearly two centuries. The family mansion stands upon a hill finely embosomed amongst majestic trees, the growth of many a century. The church occupies a pleasant situation near the house. It is an ancient, and in some respects a rude structure; but its embattled tower, surmounted with knotted pinnacles, rising out of the mass of wood by which it is nearly surrounded, has a pleasing and even picturesque effect from many situations in the vicinity of Alfreton. The town contains about two hundred houses; there is a good inn and post-house in it, and stockings and a common brown earthen-ware are manufactured in the place.

From Alfreton we left South Normanton and Blackwell on our right, and passed through Tibshelf to Hardwick, one of the principal objects which had induced us to cross this part of the country. Approaching the hall, we traversed an extensive park well stocked with deer, and clothed with trees, whose knarled trunks and broad-spreading foliage bespoke them the monarchs of the scene, in the midst of which they had flourished for ages. Symptoms of decay were seen in some of their scathed and weather-beaten ramifications, and their appearance excited a feeling of regret that their sylvan honours were on the wane, and that the ravages of time had desolated any of their branches. Pensive emotions are always excited by a contemplation of the dilapidating march of this mighty destroyer, but the objects that exhibit the deepest impress of his frequent footsteps are rendered more truly venerable by the change. The man whose brow is furrowed with age, — the oak of the forest that has stood the pelting of many pityless winters, and whose boughs are scantily covered with foliage, and nearly sapless, — the ancient hall or

castle, mouldering away and sinking into ruins, are infinitely more picturesque to the eye, and more interesting to the mind, than mere beauty of form and fulness of perfection can possibly be.

Hardwick was built by Elizabeth, the celebrated Countess of Shrewsbury; and the parapets, that, like a light and graceful coronet, crest the structure, exhibit some rich carved open-work in stone, where the letters E. S., the initials of the countess, repeatedly occur. Hardwick is a magnificent old-fashioned edifice, and its four towers, when seen at a distance, amongst the woods by which they are encompassed, have a grand and imposing effect, but when nearly beheld, they lose their consequence. This place, which is now the property of the Devonshire family, and occasionally the residence of the present duke, was built about the middle of the sixteenth century. It is certainly a stately mansion, but rather singular than beautiful: a long connected series of large windows inserted in huge stone frames, with comparatively but little space between, the whole arranged in regular divisions, and formed into spacious bays that project from within, with intervening recesses without, constitute the whole of Hardwick; which, in its general character and appearance, may not inaptly be compared to an immense but magnificent lantern. This house, indeed, seems to have been designed as an experiment, to ascertain how little of stone and how much of glass might possibly be combined together in the formation of a splendid edifice. A flood of light is admitted into all the apartments at Hardwick, and a person seated within them has an ample and almost uninterrupted view of the scenery without. The rooms are lofty and spacious, some of them enormous, and, where they are not wainscotted half way from the floor, they are hung with loose tapestry, now strangely faded, and never good. Above, the walls are filled with figures and designs in plaster, uncouthly formed, and very indifferently executed. A profusion of ornament, made up of miserable relievos in stucco, covers the ceilings; but such was the taste of the age when this costly mansion was erected; and altogether it affords a good specimen of the architecture and the style of decoration that prevailed in the days of Elizabeth.

The gallery at Hardwick is an immense apartment, every where hung with pictures, chiefly portraits, but many of them are placed at so great a height from the eye that their excellence, if they have any, cannot be felt. There is however

one use in storing this vast room with portraits, even though as works of art they do not individually possess much merit: there is no being amongst these numerous resemblances of men without receiving serious and salutary impressions; men who, while they "strutted and fretted" away their little hour of human existence, attracted the attention and obtained the honours and regards of mankind, possessed splendid palaces, and had a crowd of followers to do them homage, but who now have no habitation but the grave. It is not the skill of the artist alone that imparts to these portraits their most powerful interest, but the associations they excite, and the train of thinking and tone of feeling produced on beholding them. We have here the likenesses of many dignified and noble personages, and of some who are known only by name, or remembered perhaps for something that had better be forgotten. Here is the picture of Henry the Eighth, by Holbein, which I have previously noticed in my observations on Chatsworth;—of Elizabeth, the arbitrary daughter of this haughty monarch, who, whatever were her excellencies in some respects, one cannot love. Near the resemblance of this cruel queen is the unfortunate Mary Queen of Scots, not in the zenith of her beauty, but with a countenance faded, and marked with grief and suffering. Here too is Stephen Gardiner, the persecuting Bishop of Winchester, and others, likewise, who revive unpleasant recollections, and whose portraits are beheld with emotions remote from love and veneration. In this gallery there are some good pictures of the Devonshire family, one of the most splendid of which is the long-armed duke on horseback. His horse is richly caparisoned, and he is himself gaily dressed, as if for the purpose of exhibition. The picture is, nevertheless, a valuable production; it is well painted, and displays an accurate portraiture of the splendid costume in which the duke sometimes appeared. The most pleasing effort of the pencil which I noticed at Hardwick is a fancy portrait of the beautiful Duchess of Devonshire, the mother of the present duke. She is standing amongst the clouds in the character of Diana, with the crescent beaming on her forehead. Advancing from out the dark starry sky, the clouds appear to recede before her, and to be lighted up by the effulgence that emanates from her. There is a fine poetic feeling in this picture, and the whole is exquisitely managed.

Hardwick Hall was another of the prisons of the Queen of

Scots, and some of her needle-work is still preserved with great care, particularly the covers of a set of chairs, a counterpane, and the hangings of a bed, all richly and beautifully embroidered. Mrs. Ann Radcliffe, the author of the *Mysteries of Udolpho*, &c. &c. in her *Northern Tour*, when speaking of Hardwick, observes, that "the second floor is that which gives its chief interest to this edifice, as nearly all the apartments were allotted to Mary, and the furniture is known by other proofs than its appearance to remain as she left it." From Hardwick we proceeded to Bolsover, which I shall make the subject of the last section of my excursions in Derbyshire.

## SECTION X.

*Walk from Hardwick to Bolsover. — Bolsover. — The Buckle Manufacture formerly there. — Bolsover Church. — The Dead Robin. — Bolsover Castle. — Ancient Fountain. — Historical Notice of Bolsover Castle. — The Terrace, Rampart, and Watch Towers. — King Charles' Visit to Bolsover. — Renishaw Hall. — Return to Sheffield. — Retrospection. — Conclusion.*

A PEDESTRIAN ramble of a few miles through Hardwick Park, and by Glapwell, the seat of B. Hallows, Esq. brought us to Bolsover; and I have not, in any of my excursions, found a more delightful walk. A foot-path is carried along the brow of a hill, which overlooks the beautiful mansion and grounds of Sutton: on the right, situated at one extremity of the same eminence, is Bolsover Castle: on the left, the towers of Hardwick Hall, rising majestically over the surrounding woods, occupy the other: in the middle of this graceful sweep of hill lies the village of Palterton. The houses are all ranged on one side of the road; the other is open to a wide expanse of valley, rich in culture, and beautifully adorned with nearly every object that can give a charm to landscape.

BOLSOVER is a populous village only; it was once a market town; and it still retains many indications of an importance which has passed away. The inhabitants are now almost entirely employed in agricultural pursuits: formerly a considerable manufacture of spurs and buckles was carried on in this place. These were made in a very superior manner of the best malleable iron, and then hardened on the surface only, that they might admit of a fine polish. The process of hardening used by the buckle-makers of Bolsover, is technically called case-hardening, and is well known amongst those who are connected with the manufacture of articles of steel and iron; to those who are not it may be useful to intimate that iron, properly so called, is incapable of receiving a very

high polish; the buckles and spurs were therefore formed and filed into shape when in the state of iron only; the exterior surface was then converted into steel by a peculiar process, in which burnt bones, and ashes made from the leather of old shoes, were generally used. The manufactured article was now internally iron, and therefore not liable to be easily broken, but the exterior surface was converted into the purest steel, and fitted to receive the most brilliant polish that can possibly be imparted to this beautiful metal.

The land in the neighbourhood of Bolsover is very good, and the rents reasonable, not more on an average than twenty shillings an acre: the farmers are therefore many of them in easy and comfortable circumstances. Those who are esteemed the best managers pursue the following routine; they lay down their land in fallow every four or five years, and generally get a crop of turnips at the end of the fallow; they have then, first year, wheat, second, clover, the third wheat again, and the fourth oats.

Bolsover church is but a plain and homely structure without, but within it is neat and even handsome. In a small chapel, which has been added to the original building, there are some costly monuments; one of them contains a group of figures in alabaster, and all the parts are richly and elaborately ornamented: another to the memory of H. Cavendish, Duke of Newcastle, is composed of different coloured materials, chiefly marbles. In design it is architectural: the columns that form part of the composition are lofty, and two figures in white marble occupy the pediment they support: emblematic devices, honorary inscriptions, and a variety of decorative sculpture, are scattered about this splendid monument. My visit here was in autumn: at this season of the year the red-breast begins to leave the fields and the woods, and resort to the hedges and trees of the cottage garden: there he warbles forth his matins and his vespers amongst the habitations of men: grown more familiar, he enters their dwellings and picks his food from their tables. A robin at Bolsover had flown into the chancel of the church, and unable to obtain subsistence, where, perhaps, there was neither a crumb of bread, nor a living thing besides himself, he had perched upon this sumptuous monument, chaunted forth his own melancholy requiem, and died amongst the tombs of the noble and the great. When I found him, life seemed to have only just departed; his plumage was fresh and unruffled, and



he occupied a situation on the monument as if he had been a part of the design of the artist: no red-breast had ever a more splendid sepulchre. A few months afterwards, when looking over the museum of a friend, I regretted that I had not brought away and preserved this bird, to complete his collection. "Here," said he, "you see every British bird, from the eagle to the wren, with the exception of the robin — him I can catch and kill at any time whenever I want him, but — he shall live until then."

The church-yard at Bolsover is a remarkably clean and neat looking place. The grave stones are placed in an upright position at the head of the grave, and many of them contain devices and inscriptions that refer to the uncertainty of life, and the evanescent nature of all human enjoyments. This resting-place of the departed is capacious, and when I saw it, it was covered with a fresh and cheerful verdure. The turf is here but rarely disturbed, and when it is, the removal appears to be done with care, and, as soon as the body is interred, the grass sod is again laid upon the place.

BOLSOVER CASTLE, the place we next visited, occupies the plain of a rocky hill, that rises abruptly from the meadows. This building is of great extent, and, from the elevated situation it possesses, it is a land-mark for the country round. The various parts of which the structure denominated Bolsover Castle is composed, were built at different periods. The north-east end, which was erected by Sir Charles Cavendish, about the year 1613, is the oldest: it is now occupied. A broad flight of steps leads to the entrance, and over the door is a kneeling figure of a Hercules, who supports on his shoulders a heavy balcony, that seems to oppress him with its weight; two lions sculptured in stone stand by his side. The interior of this portion of Bolsover Castle exhibits a curious specimen of the domestic arrangements, and accommodations of the age when it was built. The rooms are small, and the walls are wainscotted and fancifully inlaid and painted. The ceilings of the best apartments are carved and gilt, and nearly the whole of the floors are coated with plaster. In the pillar-hall there are some old portraits of little or no value, and the labours of Hercules are painted in different compartments. The star-chamber has been richly gilt and carved, and the walls are decorated with the portraits of twelve Roman emperors. The only comfortable apartment that I observed in this old structure, is now called the drawing-room, a name it has recently

assumed in place of the pillar-parlour, by which designation it was formerly known. A column of stone is placed in the middle of the room: the capital is the point from whence the ramifications of an arched ceiling branch; the walls are wainscotted, and many old-fashioned devices, partly gilt, are introduced amongst the ornaments. Emblematical representations of the five senses, all very indifferently painted, occupy various compartments round the top of the room, and the windows are formed and fashioned to correspond with the interior decorations. We had wandered over a great part of Bolsover Castle before we entered this apartment, where, in the days of chivalry and romance, "courtly dames and barons bold" communed with each other. Whilst my companion proceeded onwards, I sat down in a corner of the room to meditate on those "by-gone" days: a species of delusion, of which I have sometimes been the sport, soon began to interfere with the realities of the scene: a train of thinking, in which I was disposed to indulge, was soon succeeded by an almost complete abstraction from every thing like thought, and the mind was bewildered amidst its own creations: while thus absorbed, the wind swept gently over the strings of an Eolian harp, and the soft strain swelled wildly to the breeze, then died away in sounds, that the ear followed with eagerness, until all was still. The effect of these mysterious strains, breathed out in such a place at such a time, and the breathless pause that succeeded their close, I have sometimes endeavoured to recal to recollection, but how feeble is the impression that now remains!

A long and narrow flight of stairs brought us to the roof of this building, from whence the view is nearly boundless; earth and sky, as we gazed upon the prospect around us, were blended together in the far-off horizon, and the boundary line was lost in the indistinct haze of distance. Descending from our elevation, we visited the garden, which is surrounded with a high wall, about three yards thick. In this garden there is an old fountain of curious and expensive workmanship. The Rev. S. Pegge, in his history of Bolsover Castle, has inserted two or three very indifferent sketches of this fountain, accompanied with a communication on the subject, from Major Rooke, who speaks in terms of commendation of the elegance of the whole design, and the great excellence of the sculpture: it is certainly a singular, but not an elegant structure: it is ornamented with griffins, birds, satyrs, and niches, in which are the busts of eight Roman emperors. A more curious

assemblage of objects can hardly be imagined, and by what cunning they have been brought together to decorate a fountain, it is equally difficult to conceive. The rusticated pedestal, that forms the central part of this fountain, is surmounted with a statue of Venus in the action of stepping out of a bath, with some wet drapery thrown over her arm, but she is altogether as unlovely in form and feature as any Venus can possibly be.

My observations hitherto have only extended to that part of Bolsover Castle that was formerly denominated the *Little House*, to distinguish it from the more magnificent structure near, which we proceeded to explore. This immense fabric, whose walls are now roofless and rent into fissures, was built by William, the first Duke of Newcastle, some time in the course of the reign of the Second Charles; but it is said never to have been entirely finished; yet there are some appearances about it that lead to a different conclusion. The interior walls, that now exhibit nothing but bare stones, have evidently been wainscotted, in conformity to the taste that then prevailed, and the iron hooks on which the huge shutters for the windows hinged, are worn with frequent use; it does not however appear that this immense edifice was ever long inhabited. The doors, the windows, and the different apartments about it, have all been designed on a scale of magnitude beyond what is common in such structures; every thing appears enormous: the principal apartment now remaining is two hundred and twenty feet by twenty-eight; and the whole western part, including the *Little House* at the northern extremity, extends about one hundred and fifty yards.

Huntingdon Smithson, an architect who has been honoured with the notice of Horace Walpole, is understood to have furnished the designs for Bolsover Castle, but he did not live to witness its erection. He collected his materials from Italy, where he was sent by the Duke of Newcastle for the purpose. Smithson died at Bolsover in the year 1648, and was buried in the chancel of the church, where there is a poetic inscription to his memory, in which his skill in architecture is a principal feature. Walpole says, that "Many of his drawings were purchased by the late Lord Byron from his descendants, who lived at Bolsover:" hence it appears that he was a man of considerable eminence in his profession. The immense pile of building that his genius contributed to produce, is gradually, though slowly, wearing away. Trees now

grow in some of the apartments, and the ivy creeps along the walls; but there is nothing strikingly picturesque in any part of the structure which is now in ruins. The best view of Bolsover castle is from the road, on the north-east entrance into the town, from a place called Iron Cliff. From the Chesterfield road below, a good view of the whole structure may be obtained, but the almost total want of majestic trees and luxuriant foliage, renders it but an indifferent subject for the pencil.

A broad terrace commences at the northern extremity of Bolsover Castle, and extends along the whole front of the building; it then sweeps round the southern side of the village, and inclines towards the east. On the right border of this terrace four watch-towers yet remain; they stand on the brow of a natural rocky rampart, that terminates against the ridge of hill along which we had just passed in our walk from Hardwick through Glapwell and Palterton. Where this junction takes place an artificial rampart, with a deep ditch, commences and spans the other half of Bolsover from the south to the north-east.

Bolsover has been the site of a castle from the Norman Conquest to the present time; but of the first fabric of this description not a single vestige now remains. When the Domesday Survey was made it belonged to William Peveril, Lord of Derbyshire, in whose family it remained for three generations. King John, when Earl of Moreton, became the possessor of Bolsover; but during his contention with Longchamp, Bishop of Ely, it became the property of that prelate. Subsequently it again reverted to John, who, "in the eighteenth year of his reign, issued a mandate to Bryan de L'Isle, the then governor of Bolsover, to fortify the castle, and hold it against the rebellious barons; or if he could not make it tenable, to demolish it."\*. This no doubt was the period when the fortifications, yet visible about Bolsover, were established. In the long and tumultuous reign of the third Henry, this castle still retained its consequence. William Earl Ferrars had the government of it for six years: afterwards, it had eleven different governors in twice that term. It is not necessary to trace this place through all its possessors. In the reign of Henry the Eighth it was the property of

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\* Dugdale Bar. Vol. I. page 737.

Thomas Howard, the first Duke of Norfolk. On the attainder of his son this castle escheated to the crown. Shortly afterwards it was granted to Sir John Byron for fifty years. In the reign of James the First, Gilbert Talbot, Earl of Shrewsbury, was the owner of Bolsover. In the year 1613, he sold it to Sir Charles Cavendish, whose eldest son William was the first Duke of Newcastle, a personage of great eminence amongst the nobility of his time, and in high favour at court. He was sincerely attached to his royal master Charles the First, whom he entertained at Bolsover Castle, on three different occasions, in a style of princely magnificence. On the King's second visit here, when he was accompanied by his Queen, upwards of fifteen thousand pounds were expended. The Duchess of Newcastle, in her *Life of the Duke*, her husband, says, "The Earl employed Ben Jonson in fitting up such scenes and speeches as he could devise; and sent for all the country to come and wait on their Majesties; and, in short, did all that ever he could imagine to render it great, and worthy of their royal acceptance." It was this nobleman who erected the edifice which is now in ruins. Mr. Bray, in his *Tour in Derbyshire*, observes, "This place was seized by the Parliament after the Duke went abroad, and was sold, and begun to be pulled down, but was then bought by Sir Charles, the Duke's youngest brother, and so restored to the family."

In our way from Bolsover we took the Road to Renishaw, leaving Stavely in the valley on our left. We had now but few observations to make during the remainder of our excursion; we therefore passed rapidly over scenes, which, under other circumstances, might have delayed our steps, and excited admiration: we, however, made a pause at Renishaw, the residence of Sir George Sitwell, and the last delightful spot that attracted our attention amongst the scenery of Derbyshire. Renishaw Hall is situated on a gentle elevation amongst groves of trees, lofty in growth and beautiful in foliage. The park is spacious, and the gardens and the pleasure-grounds are laid out with great taste, and exhibit a very favourable specimen of the present improved style of landscape gardening in England. The scenery that surrounds this elegant mansion, although not of a sublime and elevated character, is full of rural and sylvan beauty.

We were now but a short distance from Sheffield, where we terminated our long and laborious peregrination. Having

regained my home, I sat down quietly at my fireside, and took a brief retrospect of the principal scenes I had passed during my various excursions amongst the hills and dales of Derbyshire. Imagination moved rapidly over East Moor, the boundary line of separation between the coal and limestone districts of the county: Eyam, with its interesting local history, Tideswell, the River Wye, Buxton and its numerous improvements, Miller's Dale, Monsal Dale, Bakewell, Had-don Hall, Chatsworth, and the River Derwent, were all presented in succession to my view, as beautiful, as brilliant, and as full of change, as the figures in a Kaleidoscope: the Lath-kill; with its bright transparent stream, Alport, the friendly hospitality of Stanton, the recent loss of a dear friend, and the domestic afflictions there. The pleasurable recollections connected with this place were chequered with emotions of a very different description; the peculiarly kind and friendly attentions of the late Henry Bache Thornhill, Esq. will long have a place amongst my most cherished remembrances. Unworthy should I be of the esteem with which he honoured me while living, if, "while memory holds a seat within my brain," I could either forget him or cease to lament his loss. In the autumn of 1821 he went to France, with the hope that a change of climate might restore the health of a beloved daughter, just blooming into womanhood: his hopes and wishes were alike defeated, and he shortly followed her to the grave. Early in 1822 he returned to England, for a few weeks only, and in June he wrote me an affectionate adieu from Stanton. He was again visiting the country where the mortal remains of his daughter were interred, and from whence he never returned. In a few months after his arrival on the Continent, a severe illness terminated his existence at Tours, in France. These were not the only privations his family were destined to suffer: in the succeeding month of May, his eldest son, a young man about nineteen years of age, of great acquirements, died at his father's house in Montague-Square, London. This brief but affecting history of domestic calamity is given with a feeling of sorrow, and as a testimony of attachment to the memory of a man whom I shall ever remember with affection: his death has left a chasm in my friendships, but his kindness and character will remain indelibly impressed upon my mind. Peace to his ashes!

From this gloomy subject I once more recurred to the recapitulation of my excursions: my third closed with the ro-

mantic and luxuriant scenery of Matlock; my last included a vast extent of country, and a great variety of objects: Norton, the birth-place of Chantrey, Whittington, the Centenary Commemoration of the Revolution there, Chesterfield, the Rainbow-Scene from Stainage, Ashover, the Majestic Ruins of South Winfield, Crich, Via Gellia, the Well-Flowering at Tissington, Ashbourne, Dove Dale, Ilam, Belper, Hardwick, Bolsover, and Renishaw, all came into the review of places I had visited, and the sensations and emotions with which the scenery of these gems in English landscape was beheld, were once more felt and recognised.

In the progress of this work, which I have now brought to a close, I have experienced both trouble and anxiety; it has likewise been attended with gratifications and pleasures of no common order: I have learnt accurately to note the appearances of nature, and to relish her various beauties. In my perambulations in Derbyshire, I have been taught to "look through nature up to nature's God," and, under the canopy of heaven, in the midst of open fields, heathly wastes, and rocks, and mountains, I have felt those sublime and elevated emotions, which neither temples built with hands, nor the crowded assemblies of men, could excite. "My task is done," and with the exception of what memory may once more call into existence, the pains and pleasures that have attended it are at an end.

"My task is done; my song hath ceased; my theme  
Has died into an echo; — it is fit  
The spell should break of this protracted dream:  
The torch shall be extinguish'd which hath lit  
My midnight lamp — and what is writ is writ —  
Would it were worthier! but I am not now  
That which I have been — and my visions flit  
Less palpably before me — and the glow  
Which in my spirit dwells, is fluttering, faint, and low."

LORD BYRON'S *Childe Harold*.

September 1823.

## PEAK ARCHERY.

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SINCE the last page of these Excursions was written and in the press, the Derbyshire Peak Archery Meeting has been held at Chatsworth, and numerous and brilliantly attended. This society of Bowmen originated with the Duke of Devonshire, who is its head and patron. This distinguished nobleman lives in a style of princely magnificence. Wherever he is, whether at his beautiful paladian villa, on the borders of the Thames at Chiswick, at Devonshire House in Piccadilly, or at his Palace of the Peak, at Chatsworth, the gaieties and the elegancies of life are there also. Wherever he moves a thousand fashionable satellites attend upon him; and at the Derbyshire Bow Meeting his accustomed influence brought around his person both the noble and the lowly born, from those who rode in carriages, blazoned with coronets or armorial bearings, to the humble pedestrian, who, for many a weary mile, had plodded it on foot across the heathy moors that surround his mansion. The day was delightful; and a fine day, in such a climate as ours, is a wonderful exhilarator of the animal spirits. When the air is chill or humid, and the sky covered with clouds, the gloom that prevails without not unfrequently throws a shadow over the sunshine of the heart, and saddens the feelings; but the day when the archers of the Peak were assembled was one of the finest of the year; and the rains, which had fallen in copious showers at intervals for six or eight weeks preceding, had given an uncommon freshness to the verdure of the park. The foliage of the trees had recovered from the shrivelled state in which it had been left by the blights and unseasonable frosts, that had not only lingered about departing winter, and "chilled the lap of May," but had actually trespassed upon the brighter months of summer. The lime-trees in Chatsworth Park are some of the finest in



the county, and their white blossoms sparkled amongst the green leaves as the light of a clear summer sun shone full upon them. The eye was delighted with the delicate colouring and pensile filaments of the blossoms of the lime, which filled the air with fragrance, and breathed a delicious odour far around them. On a rising ground, under the shade of these majestic trees, the company that had visited Chatsworth to witness the skill of the Peak Archers, were assembled. The plain below was occupied by the targets, the rival Bowmen, and the personal friends of the Duke of Devonshire, who were seated in groups, or parading the grounds in parties, giving life and splendour to a scene as gay and brilliant as fashion, rank, and beauty could possibly make it. The Archers were habited in green dresses, lined with purple: the ladies wore small white hats, ornamented with dark green pendant feathers. The gentlemen had drap-coloured beavers, with black and green feathers intermixed. The costume in which the whole of the Archers were dressed was simple, picturesque, and elegant, and admirably adapted for an advantageous display of both form and feature.

From fifty to sixty ladies and gentlemen entered the lists as competitors for the prize, and a band of music intimated the commencement of the sports of the day. The Duke of Devonshire, who was attended by a page, had the honour of drawing the first bow-string, and he early placed an arrow on the outer verge of the target. But it was reserved for a lady to bear away the prize; with an aim as unerring as the "blind boy's but-shaft," she hit the bull's-eye in the centre: her success was announced by a signal from the provost or superintendant of the target, and the pealing in of a loud strain of music communicated her triumph to the assembled multitude of spectators. Mrs. Jedediah Strutt was the fair victor on this occasion, and shortly afterwards an arrow from Miss Bateman's bow, penetrated the inner circle of the target. At the termination of the contest, the two gold medals were adjudged to Mrs. J. Strutt and Col. Clowes. When this victory was decided, two sets of bows and arrows, in addition to the usual prizes, were given by Mrs. Mundy, the lady paramount of the field, — and Sir Charles Colville, the president. In the contest for these prizes Miss Bateman was again successful, and W. Mundy, Esq. won the gentlemen's bow and arrows: the ladies, indeed, were the best *marks-men*; they

directed their shafts with greater certainty than the men, and more frequently hit the target.

As the different candidates took their places in succession on the ground, I watched the fixing of the arrow on the string, — saw the bow gradually drawn to its extreme tension, — heard the twang of the winged messenger as it departed, — tracked its progress through the air, and saw it strike or miss the target with an interest far beyond what I had imagined could have been excited by such an exhibition. Some of the arrows trembled and wavered in their progress : others, driven by a more determined and a firmer hand, passed steadily and swiftly to the mark : but the Archers of the Peak are new to the sport ; and probably some years of practice will pass away before they will be sufficiently expert either to “ notch ” each others shafts when on the target, or split a willow wand at a hundred paces distant, with the skill and adroitness of Locksley, the brave bowman of *Ivanhoe*.

The scene altogether was novel and pictorial in effect ; gratifying to the eye by its peculiar and characteristic beauty, and interesting to the mind from the associations it created : the ballad history of Robin Hood, which was the delight and wonder of my boyhood, and the achievements of his faithful associates, were once more revived and recollected. In advanced life, when the space between youth and age is a division of fearful length, our early impressions seen through the vista of departed years, become more powerfully interesting as they are farthest removed : we love to dwell upon scenes and circumstances which delighted us when life and all its enjoyments were new, and threw a charm over our earlier years. A pensive feeling that lingers about half-forgotten remembrances, was connected with the animated picture in Chatsworth Park : although far more refined, elegant, and imposing, than the archery of Nottingham and Sherwood Forest, it was still a scene of archery ; and the females who were mingled with it, adorned it with beauty, and made it lovely to behold. When drawing the arrow to the head, they were graceful in figure as the statue of Diana ; and the anxious feeling with which they marked its flight through the trackless air to its destination, gave additional lustre to the eye, and to the whole countenance a more animated and interesting expression. An artist was upon the grounds studying the scenery of Chatsworth, and storing his mind and his sketch-book with the brilliant picture which the park presented : but only a TURNER could

do justice to such a subject: *he* dips his pencil in light itself, and every thing it touches glows and sparkles with sunshine; his colours are as ethereal, as beautiful, and as transparent as the rainbow: *he* could impart to such a scene its peculiar splendour, people it with groups of living figures, — give grace to their motions and animation to their features; *he* could clothe the hills and woods that surround this lovely spot with the majesty of nature, and the glittering play of the waters of the fountains amongst the branches of the trees would be but sport for his pencil. Turner, at Chatsworth, on this bright and busy day, might have produced a successful rival to his own celebrated picture of Richmond Hill.

During the hours of shooting, the Duke of Devonshire's Russian carriage was upon the ground, and the singularity of its construction, together with the long-bearded Russ coachman, and the beauty, spirit, and prancing of the horses, attracted general attention. At the close of the Archery, the Duke seated himself in this curiously-fashioned vehicle, and passed along the park, through a crowd of spectators, with astonishing rapidity. The horses appeared to be as wild as the untamed colts of Arabia; they were, nevertheless, as manageable and as docile as any road-horse could possibly have been. From the park, the Duke and his friends retired to an out-building, which had been fitted up for the occasion, at Edensor. A company of about one hundred and seventy sat down to dinner. A ball succeeded, and thus ended the Peak Archery Meeting of 1823, in Chatsworth Park.

## THE FLORA OF THE PEAK.

---

TO MR. WM. EDWARDS, of the Moravian Academy at Fulneck, I take this opportunity of returning my acknowledgments for the following List of the Peak Plants of Derbyshire. His accurate knowledge of the subject has enabled me to lay before my readers a valuable document. The communication is given with the accompanying letter, in the form in which it was received.

TO MR. E. RHODES, *the Author of PEAK SCENERY.*

DEAR SIR,

Various necessary engagements have prevented me from sooner completing the subjoined list of Peak plants, remarkable for variety or beauty or other peculiarities. It may still be in time for insertion at the end of your Fourth Part; for its scientific and tabular form would make it appear like a blotch in the midst of your glowing pictures of that delightful region. I am sorry that I have not been able to render the catalogue more worthy of a place in your work: it is principally defective in the ordinary class of plants, to which I never directed much attention, having before gleaned a tolerable collection of them elsewhere. This particularly refers to the grasses, mosses, sedges and willows; in which classes, I believe, the Flora of the Peak does not possess any great richness. Whatever plants I have not myself seen, I have referred to their proper authorities, either in Pilkington's History of Derbyshire, or Smith's Flora Britannica. If this trifling contribution can in any degree repay the pleasure which I have derived from your labours, I shall think myself extremely happy. — With compliments to your family,

I am, very respectfully, yours,

W. EDWARDS.

*Fulneck, Feb. 24, 1820.*

## DIANDRIA.

*Ligustrum vulgare*; Privet.

*Fraxinus excelsior*; common Ash: abundant on limestone rocks.

*Circæa alpina* B. *Smith's Fl. Brit.* A variety of the Alpine Enchanter's Nightshade: Lover's walk, Matlock Bath.

## TRIANDRIA.

*Eriophorum vaginatum*; single-headed Cotton-grass East-moor,

----- *angustifolium*; common ditto: Dove Dale, and turfy bogs.

## TETRANDRIA.

*Dipsacus pilosus*; small Teasel: Matlock Bath.—*Sm.*

*Scabiosa columbaria*; fine-leaved Scabious: Heights of Dove Dale.

*Galium pusillum*; least Mountain Bed-straw: Matlock Bath, in plenty.

*Cornus sanguinea*; wild Cornel-tree.

## PENTANDRIA.

*Lithospermum officinale*; common Gromwell: frequent.

*Cynoglossum officinale*; Hound's-tongue: Ashover, Matlock.—*Pilk.*

*Primula vulgaris*; common Primrose.

----- *elatior*; Oxlip.

----- *veris*; Cowslip.

*Lysimachia nummularia*; creeping Loosestrife: moist shady places.

*Convolvulus sepium*; great Bindweed.

*Polemonium cœruleum*; Greek Valerian, or Jacob's Ladder: Lover's Leap, Buxton; limestone cliffs near Bakewell. Its colour greatly exceeds that of the cultivated plant in brilliancy.

*Viola lutea*; yellow Violet: near Middleton, as plentiful as kingcups in the meadows.

*Campanula latifolia*; giant Bell-flower.

----- *trachelium*; Throatwort.

*Verbascum thapsus*; great Mullein.

*Atropa belladonna*; deadly Nightshade.—*Pilk.*

*Rhamnus catharticus*; Buckthorn.

*Euonymus europæus*; Spindle-tree: Matlock.

*Gentiana amarella*; autumnal Gentian: high pastures at Matlock Bath.

*Conium Maculatum*; Hemlock.

*Parnassia palustris*; grass of Parnassus: Matlock, Buxton: a beautiful floweret.

*Linum catharticum*; purging Flax.

*Drosera rotundifolia*; round-leaved Sun-dew.

## HEXANDRIA.

*Allium vineale*; crow Garlic: plentiful at Matlock Bath.

*Ornithogalum luteum*; yellow Star of Bethlehem: near Derby. Mr. Whately.—*Sm.*

*Scilla nutans*; wild Hyacinth.

*Convallaria majalis*; Lily of the Valley: Via Gellia, Dove Dale, in abundance.

*Colchicum autumnale*; meadow Saffron.

*Alisma plantago*; great Water-plantain.

## OCTANDRIA.

- Vaccinium myrtillus*; Bilberry.  
 ----- *vitis idæa*; Whortle-berry.  
 ----- *oxycoccus*; Cranberry.  
*Erica vulgaris*; common Heath.  
 ----- *tetralix*; cross-leaved ditto.  
 ----- *cinerea*; fine-leaved ditto.  
*Daphne Mezereum*; Mezereon: Matlock.—*Pilk.*  
 ----- *laureola*; spurge Laurel.  
*Adoxa moschatellina*; tuberous Moschatel.  
*Paris quadrifolia*; herb Paris.

## DECANDRIA.

- Saxifraga cæspitosa*; tufted Saxifrage: Castleton.—*Pilk.*  
 ----- *tridactylites*; rue-leaved ditto: Buxton.  
 ----- *hypnoides*; mossy ditto: Castleton, Dove Dale.  
 ----- *granulata*; white ditto: limestone hills.  
*Dianthus arenarius*; pheasant's-eye Pink: Edensor.—*Pilk.*  
 ----- *deltoides*; maiden Pink: Bakewell hills.—*Pilk.*  
*Silene nutans*; Nottingham Catchfly: Dove Dale.  
*Arenaria verna*; mountain Sandwort: near the mouths of mines at Matlock.  
 ----- *saxatilis*; rock ditto: Middleton Dale.—*Pilk.*  
 ----- *laricifolia*; larch-leaved ditto: Middleton Dale.—*Pilk.*

## ICOSANDRIA.

- Pyrus domestica*; true Service-tree.  
 ----- *aucuparia*; mountain Ash.  
 ----- *aria*; white Beam-tree: fissures of rocks, Matlock.—*Pilk.*  
*Rosa spinosissima*; Burnet Rose.  
 ----- *villosa*; apple ditto: Dove Dale.  
*Rubus Chamæmorus*; mountain Bramble or Cloud-berry: Kinderscout.  
*Pilk.*—Axedge: A. B. Lambert, Esq.—*Sm.*  
*Rubus saxatilis*; stone Bramble or Cloudberry: hills opposite Matlock Bath.—*Pilk.*

## POLYANDRIA.

- Chelidonium majus*; greater Celandine: Matlock.  
*Nymphæa lutea*; yellow Water-lily.  
 ----- *alba*; white ditto.  
*Cistus Helianthemum*; dwarf Cistus: Matlock, &c. common.  
*Aquilegia vulgaris*; common Columbine: ditto.  
*Thalictrum minus*; lesser Meadow Rue: Castleton.  
 ----- *flavum*; common ditto.  
*Helleborus viridis*; green Hellebore: Matlock.—*Pilk.*  
*Caltha palustris*; marsh Marigold.

## DIDYNAMIA.

- Ajuga alpina*; Alpine Bugle: summit of a mountain near Castleton. Mr. D. Turner.—*Sm.*  
*Mentha piperita*, var. *a.*; Peppermint: in a rivulet in Bonsal Dale, near Matlock.—*Sm.*  
*Clinopodium vulgare*; wild Basil.  
*Origanum vulgare*; Marjorum.

*Thymus serpyllum* ; wild Thyme.  
 ----- *aciños* ; Basil ditto : Dove Dale.  
*Digitalis purpurea* ; purple and white Foxglove.

## TETRADYNAMIA.

*Thlaspi alpestre* ; Alpine Shepherd's Purse : on limestone rocks, and about the lead mines, Matlock Bath.—*Sm.*  
*Cardamine impatiens* ; impatient Lady's Smock : Matlock Bath, abundant in the woods.  
*Erysimum cheiranthoides* ; treacle hedge Mustard : near Ashbourne.—*Sm.*  
*Turritis hirsuta* ; hairy tower Mustard : Masson Hill.  
 ----- *glabra* ; smooth ditto.—*Sm.*

## MONADELPHIA.

*Geranium lucidum* ; shining Crane's-bill : Matlock Bath.  
 ----- *sanguineum* ; bloody ditto : rocks opposite Haddon Hall.

## DIADELPHIA.

*Fumaria lutea* ; yellow Furmity : old walls near Castleton.—*Sm.*  
*Spartium scoparium* ; Broom.  
*Ulex nanus* ; dwarf Furze : Dove Dale.  
*Ononis arvensis* ; Restharrow.  
*Anthyllis vulneraria* ; Lady's Finger : common on limestone.  
*Vicia sylvatica* ; wood Vetch : Abraham's Heights, Matlock.

## SYNGENESIA.

*Carduus nutans* ; musk Thistle : common.  
*Cnicus eriophorus* ; woolly-headed ditto : Matlock Bath.  
*Eupatorium cannabinum* ; hemp Agremony : Matlock, &c.  
*Tanacetum vulgare* ; common Tansy.  
*Conyza squarrosa* ; Plowman's Spikenard : High Tor.  
*Tussilago farfara* ; Colt's-foot.  
 ----- *petasites* ; Butter-beer.  
*Inula dysenterica* ; Fleabane.

## GYNANDRIA.

*Orchis bifolia* ; butterfly Orchis.  
 ----- *pyramidalis* ; pyramidal ditto.  
 ----- *ustulata* ; dwarf ditto.  
 ----- *conopsea* ; aromatic ditto.  
 ----- *militaris* ; man ditto.  
*Ophrys apifera* ; bee Ophrys ; Abraham's Heights.  
 ----- *muscifera* ; fly ditto : ditto.  
 ----- *cordata* ; heart-leaved ditto : Peak Forest.—*Sm.*  
 ----- *ovata* ; Twayblade.

## MONÆCIA.

*Poterium sanguisorba* ; Burnet.  
*Fagus sylvatica* ; Beech-tree.

## DICEIA.

*Empetrum nigrum* ; black Crow-berry : Peak Forest.  
*Juniperus communis* ; Juniper.  
*Taxus baccata* ; Yew-tree.

## CRYPTOGAMIA.

*Lycopodium clavatum*; common Club-moss: Bogs on East Moor.

----- *selago*; fir ditto: ditto.

*Polypodium calcareum*; rigid three-branched Polypody: Woods opposite the New Bath, Matlock.

*Aspidium aculeatum*; prickly shield Fern.

----- *dilatatum*; great-crested ditto.

*Asplenium trichomanes*; maiden-hair Spleenwort: old walls, Matlock, &c.

----- *ruta muraria*; wall Rue ditto: ditto.

*Scolopendrium vulgare*; Hart's tongue.

*Blechnum boreale*; rough Spleenwort.

*Cyathea fragilis*; brittle cup Fern: Matlock

*Sphagnum latifolium*; broad-leaved Bog-moss.

*Trichostomum fontinaloides*, B.; river Fringe-moss: in the river at Matlock Bath.—*Sm.*

*Hypnum Teesdalii*; Teesdalian Feather-moss: in woods on the south-east side of the river at Matlock Bath. Mr. Teesdale.—*Sm.*

----- *proliferum*; opaque proliferous Feather-moss; Matlock.

----- *recognitum*; lesser opaque Feather-moss; Matlock.—*Sm.*

*Bryum nutans*; silky pendulous Thread-moss: Cromford Moor.—*Sm.*

*Jungermannia pulcherrima cochleariforme*: near Hathersage.



# POSTSCRIPT

TO

## THE QUARTO EDITION OF THIS WORK.

THE Author of these excursions having now accomplished his original intention, and brought his labours to a close, bids adieu to his readers, with a few words at parting. During the progress of this protracted work, he has found the public his most liberal patrons. To one individual only, besides his engraver and his draftsman, is he under any extraordinary obligation, and that individual is now no more. While living he promoted the interests of this publication by his communications, his suggestions, and exertions. In some instances the writer has been disappointed: he has solicited information from those whom he thought competent to give it, and his letters have been too often unnoticed. His townsmen, and those who reside near him, appear to have felt a more lively interest in this work even than the inhabitants of the county the scenery and local history of which it has been his object to explore. It was his intention, originally, to produce a work nearly unique in the beauty of its decorations, elegant in its typography, interesting in matter, and worthy of the patronage of the county it professes to illustrate. To Derbyshire he is under many obligations, to his townsmen more, and he returns them his sincere thanks for their support, with a satisfied feeling, that the last part of his **PEAK SCENERY** will not be found inferior to the first.

*September 1823.*

## PEAK SCENERY.

A few Copies of the Quarto Edition of this Work, illustrated with Engravings by W. B. and G. COOKE, from Drawings by F. CHANTREY, Esq. R. A. Sculptor, may be had of Messrs. Longman and Co. or of the Author, Sheffield: —

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